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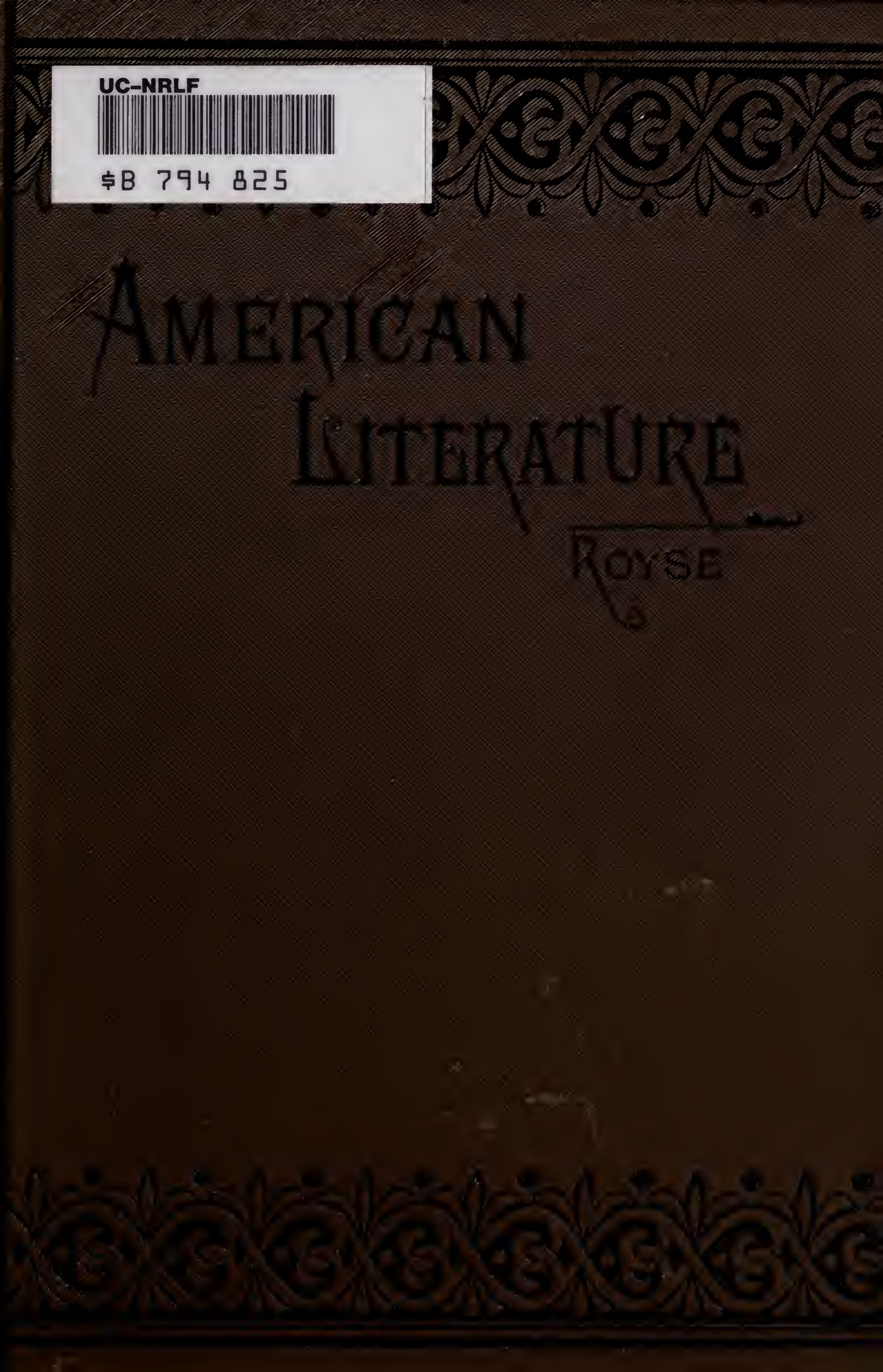

AMERICAN LITERATURE

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IN MEMORY OF
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EUGENE I. McCORMAC

A MANUAL

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS OF ADVANCED GRADES.

BY

N. K. ROYSE.

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REVISED EDITION.

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PREFACE.

Two convictions have prompted the author to the preparation of the present work: first, that American Literature has now attained a rank among the leading modern literatures such as entitles it to both the attention and admiration of the student; and secondly, that its study should precede that of English Literature for equally good reasons with those that have long since placed the study of American History before that of English History.

The plan of the work may be briefly stated as follows: first, to present a succinct history of the causes, natural, political, and otherwise, which have, from time to time, shaped the development of literature in our country; and secondly, to designate the leading representative writers of America, noticing such facts of their biography as concern their literary characters, also the history and a critical estimate of their main works, together with characteristic extracts from the same, and standard critical opinions regarding the authors.

The biographical and historical matter of the book has been collected from such sources as *Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, Cleveland's Compendium of American Literature, Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, Lippincott's Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, The New American Cyclopædia, R. W. Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America, Female*

Poets of America, and *Poets and Poetry of the West*, by W. T Coggeshall, and also from special Biographies and Lives The critical matter, besides owning the above sources, has been drawn from the ablest magazines of the day, both American and English, while the extracts presented have invariably been made from reliable editions of the authors' works, and with a view to being both characteristic and interesting.

From the number and variety of the extracts furnished, it will be seen that this work may be used, apart from its specific intent, as a repository from which to draw selections either for reading or for declamation, and thus, in a great measure, answer the ends of both advanced "Readers" and "Speakers."

In the arrangement of the work the author has seen fit to sacrifice what might be deemed a strictly chronological order to one which he believes will the better address itself to the attention and also the comprehension of the student, although, it is claimed, there is nothing in the present arrangement that will prevent the student from following any order of study he may prefer.

The author would here express his obligations to Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. for permission to make use of suitable extracts from their copyright editions of the works of prominent American authors.

That this book may prove so far palatable to the youthful student that, from its meagre store, he shall go, with educated appetite, to the bountiful feast provided in the works themselves of our eminent writers, is the author's sincere wish.

N. K. Royse.

Cincinnati, July 22, 1872.

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A MANUAL

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

GENERAL VIEW.

Definition.—Literature, in its *broadest* sense, embraces the written productions of every branch of learning and fancy. The *ordinary* sense, however, in which this term is used, restricts its application to works of taste and sentiment, such as poetry, romance, oratory, the essay, and history. A literary work, in the latter sense, must therefore address itself to the imagination, the emotions, and the æsthetic parts of our nature, rather than to our intelligence, or judgment, or reason; and its province is to delight, refine, and inspire the soul, rather than to engage, inform, or sharpen the mind. Hence, all scientific, professional, statistical, and merely matter-of-fact works must be excluded from a view of literature proper. Such a view it is proposed to maintain in the present article, and also in the selection of authors and extracts from their works hereafter to be presented.

Early Influences.—For a hundred and fifty years after the landing from the Mayflower, little or nothing of a literary character had been achieved in America. This will not appear strange, however, if we consider the natural surroundings of the Pilgrims. Primeval forests were to be transformed into dwellings, an unwilling soil was to be subdued and tilled, and a numerous and savage foe, whose character and mode of warfare were wholly new, was to be kept at bay even to enable the Pilgrims to barely preserve their lives, and to secure the exercise of that inestimable right they had periled all to maintain,—the right to worship God with an untrammeled conscience. It is not surprising, then, that the minds of the early colonists were so largely occupied with material cares, and that they were content simply to live and worship.

As the colonists increased in numbers, and in their earlier settlements began to enjoy something of security and social ease, their minds, naturally alert and active, now that the excitement of war and hunting had subsided, began to demand entertainment of a more natural sort, and, being thoroughly imbued with the original Puritan piety, realized such entertainment in *Theology*. *In this way, sermons and doctrinal treatises came to constitute the first development of American literature.*

Foremost in importance among the pioneers of this movement was Jonathan Edwards, author of the celebrated *Treatise on the Will.* "This remarkable man, the metaphysician of America, was formed among the Calvinists of New England when their stern doctrine retained its vigorous authority. His power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed, among men, was joined, as in some of the ancient mystics, with a character which raised his piety to fervor."* Among others of this epoch may be named Roger Williams, the Mathers,† Cooper, Dwight, and Eliot; but of most of their writings it may be said they have become obsolete.

A New Era.—The event of the Revolution brought about a new era in the history of our literature. Indeed, American

---

* Sir James Mackintosh.

† Cotton Mather (1663–1728), a man remarkable for profound learning, indefatigable industry, and great zeal in the advancement of the public interests, both religious and secular. Three hundred and eighty-two of his publications have been enumerated, but this does not complete the list.

Literature, strictly speaking, may be said to have been born at the same time with American Independence. The independence of nature, which, in the Puritans, contented itself with maintaining freedom of the conscience and *religious* utterance, in the people of the United Colonies demanded freedom of *political* conscience and conduct. And as the struggle for the former eventuated in the development of a theological literature, so the struggle for the latter evolved a political literature,—one original—and national too—in its principles, eloquence, and patriotic sentiment.

Early Oratory.—Among the number of those who, in their advocacy of Independence, distinguished themselves for the boldness of their sentiments, the purity of their principles, and the fervor of their oratory, may be named Alexander Hamilton, Joseph Warren, John Adams, James Otis, Patrick Henry, Gouverneur Morris, Pinckney, Jay, and Rutledge. Others, like Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, Quincy, and Samuel Adams, through the public press, wrought in the national cause quite as effectively and zealously, if not as eloquently. With such an origin, and nurtured ever since by great historic events, oratory of a national type has continued to flourish in America, affording not a few most eminent examples.

Early History.—Not only were noble men busy projecting and shaping great national movements; some also assumed the duty of recording these events, thus originating the department of History. In the names of Belknap, Sullivan, Morton, Trumbull, Smith, Watson, Williams, Stephens, Minot, Stith, Gayerre, and Young we recognize the annalists of the original colonies; in Moultrie, Winthrop, Thatcher, Cheever, Frothingham, and Upham, the chroniclers of colonial and revolutionary warfare; and in Weems, Marshall, Tudor, Wirt, Wheaton, and others, the biographers of the prominent political actors of the times.

One of the earliest and most laborious of the workers in this field was Dr. David Ramsay, a native of Pennsylvania. His works were—*Historical View of the World, from the earliest Record to the Nineteenth Century, with a particular Reference to the State of Society, Literature, Religion, and Form of Government of the United States of America; History of the Revolution in South Carolina; History of the American Revolution; Life of Washington; History of South Carolina; History of the United States.*

Most of the writings of these early historians were mere accumulations of facts and dry recitals of events, and though some of them were marked with accuracy and scholarly ability, yet all have either passed into literary oblivion or are referred to by the antiquary only.

Early Poetry.—Still another sort of literary product, arising out of the stirring events of our early struggle, was Poetry. Our fathers were not satisfied merely with giving eloquent utterance to political truths in their legislative halls and before the assembled people, nor yet with having the noble deeds inspired thereby coldly jotted down as memoranda; there were found among them some who sought to incite, cheer, and reward patriotic ardor and endeavor by the heart-thrill of song and by poetic visions of a future national glory.

"The first metrical compositions in this country, recognized by popular sympathy, were the effusions of Philip Freneau, a political writer befriended by Jefferson. He wrote many songs and ballads in a patriotic and historical vein, which attracted and somewhat reflected the feelings of his contemporaries, and were not destitute of merit. Their success was owing, in part, to the immediate interest of the subjects, and in part to musical versification and pathetic sentiment." *

The most memorable constellation of the times was what has been styled the "Pleiades of Connecticut." The stars of this cluster were John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight,

---

* H. T. Tuckerman.

David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, Lemuel Hopkins, Theodore Dwight, and Richard Alsop. Timothy Dwight's great work was *The Conquest of Canaan;* Trumbull's, *McFingal;* and Barlow's, *The Vision of Columbus*, or, *The Columbiad.* Although these writers were men of sound understanding and liberal scholarship, and though their pretentious poems attained a temporary and local notoriety, yet posterity has long since refused to recognize the inspiration of the Muse in either. Their peculiarities have been summed up by a recent critic in the following language:

"There was not a spark of genuine poetic fire in the seven. They sang without an ear for music; they strewed their pages with faded artificial flowers, which they mistook for Nature, and endeavored to overcome sterility of imagination and want of passion by veneering with magniloquent epithets. They padded their ill-favored Muse, belaced and beruffled her, and covered her with garments stiffened with tawdry embroidery to hide her leanness; they over-powdered and over-rouged to give her the beauty Providence had refused. I say their Muse, but they had no Muse of their own; they imported an inferior one from England, and tried her in every style—Pope's and Dryden's, Goldsmith's and Gray's—and never rose above a poor imitation, producing something which looked like a model, but lacked its flavor—wooden poetry, in short."*

With the setting of the "Pleiades" closed the first quarter of the present century, and their setting, far from diminishing the light of American literature, only ushered in the dawn of a fairer day.

Later Theology.—Theological controversy, which had raged through two centuries, now culminated in the recognition of two leading parties—the Orthodox and the Liberal. Among both these have arisen divines no less renowned for their general culture and literary tastes than for their theological acumen and lore. With these, sermons, from being cold, formal, argumentative, and dogmatic, put on a new livery of beautiful and apt figure and sensuous diction, and discoursed more of the practical duties of life and of the æsthetic and moral teachings of Nature. There was less of terror in them and more of love, less of condemnation and more of sympathy, less of argument and more of eloquence, less of imposing logic and more of winning rhetoric.

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xv., p. 197.

These divines, moreover, have labored, to some extent, in the field of pure literature, as lecturers on moral, social, political, and æsthetic questions. Of such of the Orthodox we may name Payson, Abbott, Bedell, Todd, Sprague, Barnes, Tyng, Bushnell, George B. Cheever, and the Beechers. Of the Liberal party, Dewey, Whitman, the Channings, Frothingham, Furness, Clarke, Parker, Wasson, Thos. Starr King, and Chapin. (*See Supplement A.*)

Later Oratory.—Oratory in America did not expire with the Revolutionary fires which kindled it, but in the questions of tariff, domestic industries, territorial acquisition, and government, national finance, slavery, and other momentous issues involved in the administration of a great republican government, has found combustible and ample fuel. And not only have extraordinary occasions for oratory occurred, but also extraordinary opportunities for it; for in our country there has always existed, as there has in no other, perfect freedom of speech. No despotic ruler or law exists to awe, compel, or subsidize to its purposes the opinion of the citizen, but, himself a partner in the national firm, his utterance may be as free as his thought. Under influences so favorable it could scarcely be otherwise than that America should be prolific in her race of orators.

Prominent among these may be enumerated the Adamses, Fisher Ames, William Wirt, Chief-Justice Story, Chancellor Kent, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Clay, Randolph, Crittenden, Preston, Hayne, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Cushing, Johnson, Prentiss, Sprague, Sumner, Phillips, and Corwin. Of these, Webster and Everett may be instanced as setting forth in their highest excellence the literary claims of American oratory. The former was distinguished for his breadth and strength of mental grasp, and for lucid and cogent statement. His language is more purely Saxon than that of any rival, whether English or American; his style is uninvolved and harmonious, while his imagery, never far-fetched, often rises to the sublime. The latter combined more erudition and versatility with, perhaps, less of emphasis in statement. His diction is more classical, and his style more complex and ornate. The poet, the scholar, and the statesman commingle their peculiar excellencies in his oratory.

Later History.—History, too, within the present century, has assumed in our literature its highest office. From the mere chronicles and isolated memoranda of the last century it has come to be a lively record of related events. Not simply the doings of an individual or a state, but both the influences and motives inciting such doings and their effects upon subsequent affairs,—these are matters which now engage the attention of the historian no less heartily than statistics and matter-of-fact details. Thus treated, the events of history become not simply records of the past, inert matter of information, but significant data, whereby even to guess at future events, and thus, in a measure, to anticipate experience.

Such a mastery of the resources of history—under which we include biography also—is associated in American literature with the names of Bancroft, Prescott, Irving, and Motley. These writers have brought to bear upon their several themes of treatment a wealth of information, a discrimination in selection of material, a comprehensiveness and clearness of view, a fervor of treatment and a felicity of style which have rendered their works permanently valuable. Indeed, it is conceded that theirs have superseded, in learning, in philosophical treatment, and in literary finish, all previous works on the same subjects, and that they have won for our literature a lasting and honorable report.

Not to mention all who have graced this field of our literature—though all of them less conspicuously than the foregoing—we shall name in this place Jared Sparks, Hildreth, Cooper, Lossing, and Parkman.* The first has given us well-written biographies of prominent Revolutionary characters: Hildreth, an unadorned but reliable *History of the United States;* Lossing, a minute and popular *Field-Book of the Revolution;* Cooper has all but dramatized the exploits of the American sailor in his *Naval History of the United States*, making up in vivid description and patriotic sentiment what he lacks in fullness of detail; and Parkman, in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac* and *Pioneers of France in the New World*, has presented a picturesque and authentic account of some of the most thrilling events of French and Indian warfare in our country.

Later Poetry.—In a new country like our own—new in natural aspect, in social experience, in political complexion, in fine, in all that appertains to the free growth of the individual and society—it was fair, doubtless, to expect that a characteristic Muse should inspire the souls of its poets, and that our poetry should be as distinctive as our civilization. That such was not the case during the first two centuries of our existence we have already shown.

The poetry of that early period, though aspiring to celebrate new themes, was slavishly English. There was a ludicrous incompatibility, too, between the theme and its poetic garb. The deeds of simply brave and honest men were exalted in swelling words and extravagant figures, becoming rather to Homeric heroes and gods; and in a frenzy of religious ardor, attempts were made to create out of the events of Israelitish history an epic rivaling *Paradise Lost.* These efforts, as we have already seen, were productive of but little poetry and much grandiose rhyming. How far its decay went toward fertilizing a new poetic soil we know not, but certain it is that the present century has witnessed, in our country, a flowering of poetic genius which we fear not to pronounce as both indigenous and praiseworthy.

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* Others of our prominent historical writers are John S. C. Abbott, Jacob Abbott, J. R. Albach, J. N. Arnold, Thomas H. Benton, Cocke, George L. Craik, George T. Curtis, J. W. Draper, Horace Greeley, J. T. Headley, McKenny and Hall, J. G. Palfrey, George Ticknor. Of biographical writers, the Abbotts, S. A. Allibone, W. T. Coggeshall, George W. P. Custis, George T. Curtis, Benjamin Franklin (autobiographer), Parke Godwin, R. W. Griswold, J. T. Headley, P. C. Headley, A. S. Mackenzie, John Marshall, James Parton, S. M. Schmucker, W. B. Stone, George Ticknor, George Townsend, Weems, and Robert C. Winthrop.

No one will claim that America has produced any such lonely and peerless geniuses as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Burns. Neither has the world since their time, if we may except one or two names. No; the Muse of America cannot claim, as yet, to have borne one *transcendent* son or daughter, but she may, and does, claim to have originated *national and good poetry.* And if popularity with the most intelligent reading public of the world, either in the past or present, be granted as a mark of excellence and as a presage of enduring fame, then England herself has produced no poetry, since that of the writers above named, of a more winning music and sentiment, or of a more imperishable nature, than that of the American poets of the last quarter century.

The most prominent of these poets are Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, and Saxe. Longfellow, though an ardent lover of the storied haunts of Europe—particularly of Germany—and though inclining to facts and scenes around which cling mossy and ivied memories, is no copyist, but invests with a peculiar charm both the old and the new. His *Hiawatha*, in its varied incidents, figures, phrases, and vivid portraiture, is one of the most unique poems in the English language; his *Evangeline*, one of the happiest experiments, both artistically and poetically considered, in modern hexameter verse; whilst his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Voices of the Night*, and many others of his poems, flow with a melody and limpid beauty which, if not always, or even generally, national, is yet true to Nature and to the poet.

Bryant is more American. His theatre of thought and fancy is the woods, the fields, and the streams of his native land. To describe in lifelike lines and colors the multiform features of Nature, to interpret their speech and the lessons of beauty, sublimity, and moral import they stand ready to impart to the sympathetic bard,—this is mainly Bryant's office among our poets. The *Forest Hymn* and *Thanatopsis* alone are emphatic witnesses to the truth of this.

Whittier is recognized as the American lyrist. His verses evince strong feeling, strongly, and sometimes pungently, expressed. A bitter, uncompromising enemy of slavery, and a zealous advocate of the national cause in the late rebellion, the whole energy of his poetic genius has expressed itself in lyrics like *Barbara Frietchie* and *Voices of Freedom.* His gentler moods are reflected in the *Songs of Labor;* and his love for the rural, the social, and the domestic has melodized itself in *Snow-Bound* and *A Tent on the Beach.* His poems are not only characteristic, but, in incidents, imagery, and sentiment, singularly American—nay, New-Englandish.

Poe, although popularly known by only a few of his poems, is yet the intensest and most idiosyncratic of all our poets. Leading a life now of the wildest excitement, and anon of the deepest melancholy—a being of caprice and impulse, devoid of principle and natural sensibility—his poems embody in a striking manner the same unlovely elements. Though passages of exquisite beauty and singular vigor abound, yet there is generally evident an incoherence and obscurity of idea, and a labored mechanism of versification, which mark them as being the product of an erratic mind and a diseased heart. Even *Annabel Lee*, his sweetest poem, is sadly marred by the fault-finding and despairing tone which pervades it.

Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell represent the claims of our poets in the realm of wit and humor. The first, by virtue of his clever satires, has won the name of the "Pope of America." Most of his poems, however, like those of Saxe, are short and varied in theme, and, in concise and sparkling phrase and apt figure, delineate and caricature men and manners. Pathos, too, of the most genuine quality characterizes the writings of these poets.

Lowell, in his first and second series of *The Biglow Papers*, has achieved the most sustained effort in the vein of humorous composition, and certainly the most characteristic and national one of the three. "The humor of the *Biglow Papers* is 'audible and full of vent,' racy in hilarious hyperbole, and it has that infusion of poetry necessary to the richest and deepest humor. The book is a national birth, and it possesses that element of nationality which has been the most enduring part of all the best and greatest births in literature and art. . . . The life of art, poetry, and humor must be found at home or nowhere. And the crowning quality of Lowell's book is, that it was found at home. It could not have been written in any other country than America."*

Washington Allston, John Pierpont, Richard H. Dana, James A. Hillhouse, Charles Sprague, James G. Percival, Fitz-Greene Halleck, J. R. Drake, Charles F. Hoffman, George H. Boker, Alfred B. Street, George P. Morris, J. K. Paulding, John H. Payne, and N. P. Willis,† though some

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* *North British Review*, Nov., 1860.

† The names of the best known of our *later* poets are—T. B. Aldrich, J. G. Holland, E. Hopper, S. W. Patten, T. B. Read, Theo. Tilton, R. G. White, Bret Harte, J. J. Piatt, Walt Whitman, G. D. Prentice, G. W. Cutter, and A. Pike. Of poetesses we have had not a few. Prominent among them are the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Cary, Phœbe Cary, Harriet B. Stowe, Julia W. Howe, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Brooks, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Peters, Miss Gould, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs Osgood. (*See Supplement B.*)

of them were earlier known than the poets already noticed have not attained to such wide reputation as have the former, nor are their works at present so familiar to readers. Their names now live with the public as connected with some single poem, or a few, of excellence; as, for instance, Pierpont with *The Pilgrim Fathers*, Dana with *The Little Beach-Bird*, Sprague with *The Family Meeting*, Percival with *New England*, Halleck with *Marco Bozzaris*, Drake with *The American Flag*, and Willis with *Parrhasius* and his *Scripture Pieces.* F. S. Key of Baltimore wrote the *Star-Spangled Banner*, and Judge Hopkinson of Philadelphia, *Hail Columbia.*

Translation.—Another mine of literature which has been industriously and skillfully worked by our poets is that of *Translation.* In this quarter American literature may be justly proud of its success. The initial step was taken during the first quarter of the present century by William Mumford, who translated the *Iliad.* The work at that time elicited considerable applause. It has, however, been reserved for our *chief* poets to attain the main celebrity in this branch of letters.

Longfellow has translated Dante's *Divina Commedia*—a work of vast labor, and one executed with a literal fidelity unprecedented. Besides this master-labor, he had previously introduced into almost every volume of his poems numerous fragmentary versions from the German, the Spanish, the Swedish, the French, the Danish, the Gascon, and the Anglo-Saxon. Bryant has revealed to us anew, and in words, imagery, and metre more nearly identical with the original than any former attempt, the immortal glories of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* while Bayard Taylor has but just given us a most faithful and sympathetic version of Goethe's *Faust.**

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* Besides these we may name, as worthy of honorable mention in this connection, Bancroft, translator of *Heeren;* Brooks, of *Richter;* Ripley, Emerson, Fuller, Channing (W. H.), Osgood, of choice German

Fiction.—The merest glance at the elements of our early history will at once explain why this species of literature was so late in appearing. First of all, the character of the people was antagonistic to its existence. The Puritans were an intensely practical people—were remarkably simple, direct, and scrupulously circumspect in all their intercourse; they believed in nothing marvelous outside religion—were grave and austere in deportment, and in their very affections were swayed by principle and dogma rather than by natural impulse. They restricted Imagination in its flights to the contemplation of the Celestial City and the employments of the glorified saints there, and they regarded as carnal and destructive all thoughts that did not directly concern their religious faith and practice. Among such a people (and we reverence them despite their austerities) it is easy to see how impossible it was for Fiction to flourish, or even to spring up—Fiction, that uses the material out of which the Puritans were wholly made as the merest scaffolding of her marvel-wrought and unsubstantial castles.

Add to the above obstacle the newness of the country—a country without legends, myths, storied spots, or even history—a dumb and repellent wilderness—and we can readily conceive why it was that chivalrous, fabulous, traditionary, dreamy Fiction "found no rest for the sole of her foot" in our country during the colonial period. These two obstacles, however, had gradually disappeared with the increase of years, until, at the beginning of the present century, the first had wholly passed away, and the second very largely so.

And about this time appeared our pioneer of fiction, Charles Brockden Brown of Philadelphia. His works were largely supernatural in their character, dealing in such agencies as pestilence, somnambulism, ventriloquism, and extraordinary incident, and they were marked with rare

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lyrics and bits of philosophy; Dr. Mitchell and Mrs. Nichols, translators of various Italian poems; and Dr. Parsons, Longfellow's predecessor as translator of Dante's great poem.

vigor in conception and with an earnest and minute style The simple fact that he produced some twenty-four volumes in ten years will account for a degree of slovenliness that sometimes mars their pages. The best known of his works are *Arthur Mervyn*, *Ormond*, *Jane Talbot*, *Wieland*, and *Edgar Huntley*. "To the reader of the present day these writings appear somewhat limited and sketchlike; but when we consider the period of their composition and the disadvantages under which they appeared, they certainly deserve to be ranked among the wonderful productions of the human mind. . . . . Had his works been as artistically constructed as they were profoundly conceived and ingeniously executed, they would have become standard."* He died at the early age of thirty-nine.

Brown was closely followed by a no less voluminous writer in the person of James Fenimore Cooper. His *Spy* is pronounced the first successful American novel. Passing his youth on the frontier and on shipboard, he early and thoroughly possessed himself of the knowledge and experience which as an author he worked with such consummate skill into his novels. In description of American forest scenery and nautical life, and in the delineation of aboriginal and sailor traits, Cooper is pre-eminently able and engaging. His works from the first became household companions not only throughout America, but also very widely in Europe.

As a writer who combined Brown's insight of character and mental constitution with artistic perfection of style, we name Nathaniel Hawthorne. No one of our romancers has so contented himself with the use of home scenes and lowly incidents as he, and none has borrowed less in ideas and in the elements of expression. Though, as in *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*, treating of the most shameful crimes, yet his handling of them both in sentiment and language is so maidenly delicate as not only not to offend decency, but even to elicit a lively sympathy in behalf of their victims. Scarcely have we learned the grave nature of Hester Prynne's and Miriam's crimes before, beholding the tender tracings of our author-master on the page, we are content to read, "Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more."

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

Notwithstanding the intense and morbid characterization abounding in Hawthorne's writings, they are rich also in episodes of pathos and humor; and however subjective and secluded from the sensuous world the scene of the story may be, Hawthorne's crystal words and imagery bring it into full view, so that he seems to create understanding within us. His works were slow of gaining popular favor, but both their matter and their execution are such as to assure them a place among standard works.*

The Essay.—The earliest attempts at this kind of prose composition in America were in imitation of the English essayists of Queen Anne's time—Addison and Steele—and, excepting the homely and sententious writings of Benjamin Franklin, this tendency continued until the first quarter of the present century had almost expired. Among the first indications of a new era in this department were the graceful and acute letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent. (Washington Irving), originally published in the *New York Chronicle.* These were the forerunners of one of the most brilliant and memorable careers in the history of letters.

Extensive travel under the most favorable auspices yielded Irving a rare and ample fund of observations, which he wrought into sketches and narratives remarkable for their refined and tender sentiments and kindly humor. Sentiment and humor are Irving's distinguishing modes of thought, while clearness, polish, and harmony of diction denote his style. These attributes have earned for him the appellation of the "American Goldsmith."

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* The character and limits of the present article must preclude a separate notice, however brief, of the many writers of fiction who have appeared in American literature. We shall simply *name* a few of the most distinguished: Of male writers, T. S. Arthur, H. W. Beecher, Emerson Bennett, Jere. Clemens, George W. Curtis, J. P. Kennedy, R. B. Kimball, J. A. Maitland, D. G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), A. S. Roe, J. T. Trowbridge, William Ware, Theo. Winthrop, E. E. Hale. Of female authors, Alice Cary, L. M. Child, A. J. Evans, Marion Harland (Miss Hawes), Mrs. Harris, C. L. Hentz, Olive Logan, Miss Macintosh, H. E. Prescott, A. C. M. Ritchie, Miss Sedgwick, E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Smith. (*See Supplement C.*)

Of an essentially opposite character to Irving as a writer is Ralph Waldo Emerson. Whereas the former viewed the material world and society from the outside and with an artist's eye, tingeing his creations with only such shades and hues of sentiment as seemed naturally to suggest themselves, the latter takes his stand within, views things with a philosopher's eye, and, as it would seem, employs all outward things and facts as merely convenient symbols of his ideas. He doesn't ask the universe what it fain would teach him, but himself assumes to be the oracle, and compels it in a wonderful manner to exemplify his doctrines.

Emerson is the most introspective, nervous, and sententious, whether in thought or style, of all our essayists. In this, and in an utter independence of accepted belief and principles, consists his originality. His essays, however, laborious reading though they be, gleam with striking passages, which, if upon close scrutiny they be found not to be new utterances, have the advantage of generally seeming so at first sight; and undoubtedly they possess the rare quality of stimulating, if not creating, thought in the reader's mind. None of our writers have shown a nicer appreciation of the inherent meaning and power of words than has Emerson, and yet we too often find him employing quaint or self-coined phraseology, thereby obscuring rather than elucidating the idea. This peculiarity, and his aphoristic style of thought and expression, impart to his writings an abruptness and profundity more peculiar than pleasing or edifying to the reader.

Dr. Channing, whom we have already mentioned in another connection, also deserves to be classed with those who have helped toward creating and advancing literary tastes in our country. Theology, in claiming his general thought, did not engross his mind, and the political, social, moral, and literary topics of the day found in him an able expositor. As a lecturer and magazinist he exercised a wide and benign influence over the intelligence and culture of the last generation; and in his writings there is to be found so much of absolute, imperishable truth, so many intrinsically noble principles, and such simplicity, directness, and eloquence of statement, that they never can become obsolete, but must remain as perennial as truth and rhetoric themselves. His address on *Self-Culture* occupies in American literature a rank similar to that which Milton's *Areopagitica*, or "Plea for the Liberty of the Press," occupies in English literature.

Earlier, in their day of popularity, at least, than the foregoing authors were William Wirt, Tudor, Fay, Sands, and Kimball. The first is allowed, even by a recent English Review,* to "have written many moral essays which endow him with a reputation inferior to few since the time of Dr Johnson."

More recently, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), in his *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream-Life*, has graced the sphere of Belles-Lettres with pen-pictures whose natural sentiment and poetic flavor are equaled only by the unambitious incidents they delineate. T. W. Higginson, Dr. Holland (Timothy Titcomb), E. P. Whipple, W. D. Howells, and Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton), have also attained a good report in this sphere of letters. (*See Supplement I.*)

Criticism.—Critical literature, among any people, is an autumn fruit, succeeding, often at a considerable interval, imitative and creative essays. In our literature it can lay claim to not more than fifty years of activity, but these have been eventful ones. Among their most substantial and monumental productions we may claim *An American Dictionary of the English Language*, by Noah Webster, and another by Joseph E. Worcester; *The Cyclopædia of Amer-*

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* *Westminster*, October, 1870.

ican Literature, by E. H. and G. L. Duyckinck; *Poets and Poetry of America*, and *Female Poets of America*, by R. W. Griswold; *Poets and Poetry of the West*, by W. T. Coggeshall; *Dictionary of Authors*, by S. A. Allibone; *New American Cyclopædia* and *Lippincott's Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary*. These works, generally speaking, express the lifelong devotion of men eminent for large knowledge and critical acumen.

The various leading literatures of Europe, together with their representative writers, have found enthusiastic students and able interpreters and reviewers in the persons of Richard H. Dana, Richard H. Wilde, Henry Read, John S. Hart, Alexander H. Everett, James Russell Lowell, E. P. Whipple, George Ticknor, R. W. Emerson, George Ripley, H. T. Tuckerman, D. A. Wasson, Jones, Hoffman, and others.

This class of writers and the essayists have been mainly instrumental in building up solid *magazines* in our midst, such as *The North American Review*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harpers' Magazine*, *The Overland Monthly*, and *The Galaxy*.* Concerning the character of American magazine literature, we have the following staunch testimony fresh from across the waters: "The periodical essays in the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, for instance, are in every sense equal to the best in our own (English) reviews. There is an occasional tartness about them, but they are seldom deficient in knowledge, in wide appreciative sympathy, and critical acumen. And this excellence is found in both the critical and creative essays."†

Prose Humor.—Perhaps no walk of literature affords so little room for distinction and permanent success as this. In the first place, to have been born a humorist—for the poet himself is not a more direct gift from heaven than the humorist—and in the second place, to possess the hardihood that will keep one in the high, bright, true road, and not permit a lounging into the bypaths or short cuts of mere drollery or literary buffoonery,—these are rare endowments. American prose literature has revealed only a few humorous productions of intrinsic and permanent value.

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* In the same connection may be named *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Appletons' Journal*, and *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*.

† *Westminster Review*, October, 1870.

First in time and in merit is the *Knickerbocker History of New York*, from the versatile pen of Washington Irving. The subjects of this elaborate piece of humor are, in the main, veritable historical characters, and, as we are convinced before reading far into the work, no less veritable subjects of burlesque. Their conduct all seems to be most natural, nay, to be the inevitable outcome of their peculiar physical and mental organization, and yet, withal, so primitive and inexperienced as to prove irresistibly ludicrous. The greater part, however, of this effect must be attributed to Irving's inimitable power of hyperbole and epithet and a remarkable faculty for discovering and delineating the amusing weaknesses of humanity. And then the labored, pompous, would-be classical and seemingly authentic character of the language of the narrative, together with its emphasis of unimportant minutiæ, add, in no small degree, to the many-sided charm of the work.

Irving's wealth of humor is further demonstrated, though in a different vein and less elaborately, in *The Legend of the Sleepy Hollow*, *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Stout Gentleman*, and a number of other sketches that lie scattered throughout his voluminous and genial writings.

The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the only other prose composition which deserves to be classed among the productions of legitimate humor in our literature. "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* A very delightful book—a handy book for the breakfast table. A book to conjure up a cozy winter picture of a ruddy fire and singing kettle, soft hearth-rug, warm slippers and easy-chair; a musical chime of cups and saucers, fragrance of tea-and-toast within, and those flowers of frost fading on the windows without, as though old Winter just looked in, but his cold breath was melted, and so he passed by. . . .

The humor and the poetry of the book do not lie in tangible nuggets for extraction, but they are there; they pervade it from beginning to end. We cannot spoon out the sparkles of sunshine as they shimmer on the wavelets of water, but they are there, moving in all their golden life and evanescent grace."*

Of the rhymed humor of Holmes, as well as that of Saxe, and of Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, we have already spoken under the head of poetry. Of simply poetical and national caricaturists and writers of funny sketches, depending, perhaps, more upon a grotesqueness of style and orthography than upon any other element of the ludicrous, we have had many.†

Travel.—Under this head we treat of a branch of letters in which American talents have acquired not only a national, but even a universal, reputation. This remark will hold good whether we take into account the interesting tone of the works and their artistic excellence, or the authentic and scientific character of the information afforded. No people have traveled more extensively, or with a more hearty love or intelligent appreciation of Nature, Art, and Society, or have recorded their observations in a spirit of greater candor, than have Americans. The reasons for this are obvious.

"With few time-honored customs or strong local associations to bind him to the soil, with little hereditary dignity of name or position to sustain, and accustomed from infancy to witness frequent changes of position and fortune, the inhabitant of no civilized land has so little restraint upon his vagrant humor as a native of the United States. The American is by nature locomotive; he believes in change of air for health, change of residence for success, change of society for improvement. Pioneer enterprise is a staple of our history. Not only do the economy of life and the extent of territory in the New World train her citizens, as it were, to travel—their temperament and taste also combine to make them tourists. Their existence favors quickness of perception, however inimical it may be to contemplative energy. Self-reliance leads to adventure. The freedom from prejudice incident to a new country gives more ample scope to observation, and the very freshness of life renders impressions from new scenes more vivid. Thus free and inspired, it is not surprising that things often wear a more clear and impressive aspect to their mind than they do to the jaded senses and the conventional views of more learned and reserved, but less flexible and genial, travelers."*

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* *North British Review*, November, 1860.

† A few of the best known are (using their pseudonyms) Sam Slick, Jack Downing, Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, Mrs. Partington, John Phœnix, and Mark Twain. (*See Supplement D.*)

Irving, Willis, and Taylor are the most eminent of the purely pictorial school of tourists. Contemporary with these, it would not be difficult to enumerate some fifty or more authors whose works have enriched this department of letters; but the writings of more recent travelers must assert a prior claim on the ground, at least, of general and scientific reliableness. Of this kind we may mention *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, by G. W. Curtis; *Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux*, by C. F. Hall; *The Open Polar Sea*, by Dr. Isaac Hays; *Arctic Explorations*, by Dr. E. K. Kane; *The States of Central America*, by E. G. Squier; *Excursions in Field and Forest*, by H. D. Thoreau; *A Journey to Brazil*, by Louis Agassiz; and the works of Samuel Bowles, J. Ross Browne, Walter Colton, W. D. Howells, J. J. Jarves, T. J. Page, S. I. Prime, A. D. Richardson, Benjamin Silliman, J. L. Stephens, and George S. Hillard.

Journalistic Literature.—Though this literary plant cannot be claimed as one indigenous to America, yet it is here that it thrives under the most normal conditions. In monarchical countries generally the press is kept under surveillance more or less rigid, and its utterances of opinion, and the very news it conveys to the people, are such only as the will of the sovereign approves. What is right and what is authentic are, in this way, largely suppressed, and the newspaper becomes a vapid and false sheet. But in our country the press is free to speak out, at all times, its convictions, and publish its information, thus informing and educating the masses.

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* H. T. Tuckerman: *Sketch of American Literature.*

Moreover, the American public is confessedly the greatest reading people, and, as a whole, the most discriminating and appreciative one, in the world. Taught in the art of reading by the ubiquitous "free schools" of the land, every citizen considers his home unfurnished and his family circle incomplete without the presence of the garrulous "daily" or "weekly." 'Tis his traveling companion—often more attractive to his mind than scenes of natural beauty and wonder that lie just outside the car-window—as well as his guest, his counselor in business, his oracle and mouthpiece in politics, and his code in morals. He is never so fatigued or perplexed or sluggish that the newspaper may not befit his hands, and yield entertainment suited to his every mood.

The first newspaper published in the United States was the *Boston Newsletter*. It was begun in 1704, and was edited by John Campbell. At present, the number of newspapers which, as "dailies," "weeklies," and "fortnightlies," are flooding the land, is reckoned by thousands, and is daily on the increase. Not only cities, but even small towns, and those, too, in regions but recently settled, have their own newspapers, which, as "organs" of one or other political party or religious sect, grind out their small or great, but always absorbing, music, and dance their variously-sized puppets of local gossip or dogma. In our country the newspaper, more certainly and vividly than any or all other branches of our literature, indicates the status of the people, whether in social life, morals, politics, or literary culture.

Juvenile Literature.—If the love of American parents for their children, and the interest taken by our people in the instruction and entertainment of the young, are to be measured by the number of domestic juvenile publications, then, indeed, may we rest easy for our national laurels in this direction. Every Christmas, particularly, brings to our book-shelves scores of new volumes, comprehending, in their endless variety, the story of the striking events of the child's own times, books of history and biography, novels and romances with girls and boys for heroes and heroines, incidents of travel, adventure, and pioneer life, games, and wonder- and fairy-stories, many of them admirably written, and loud- and sweet-tongued in pictures, illuminations, type, and binding,—all designed to charm and tutor our youth. Eccentric indeed must be the child's taste that cannot find its own confection on this many-armed and bountiful Christmas-tree.

Prominent among the many authors in this line of literary activity we may name Jacob Abbott, S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley"), "Grace Greenwood," Harriet Beecher Stowe, T. B. Aldrich, "Oliver Optic," "Walter Aimwell," T. S. Arthur, J. T. Trowbridge, Alice B. Haven, "Sophie May," Miss Warner, "Fanny Fern," Harry Castlemon, "Mrs. Madeline Leslie," Mrs. Abby A. Tenney, Louisa C. Tuthill, Dr. Eddy, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. (*See Supplement J.*)

Not only are our youth supplied with their own special literature in *book*-form—they also have *magazines* published expressly in their interests. Such are *Our Little Ones*, *Our Boys and Girls*, *The Little Corporal*, *Golden Hours*, *Children's Hour*, and *St. Nicholas*. These are contributed to by the ablest writers of juvenile literature in the country, and their articles are characterized by instructive matter and edifying thought, as well as by interesting and marvelous narration.

We now close this sketch of the rise and progress of the various phases of American literature, as determined by natural surroundings, political and national events, and as colored by the genius of our authors; and in succeeding articles will invite the student's attention to a more special and minute study of the lives and the literary peculiarities and merits of our most distinguished writers, illustrating their representative character as men of letters by liberal and choice selections from their principal works.

MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow "was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, in an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea. He entered Bowdoin College, where in due time he was graduated in the class with Hawthorne, in 1825."*

But four years elapsed when he was chosen to lecture at his *Alma Mater* as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature. While here he properly began his literary career by contributing to the *North American Review*, and by penning the sketches of travel in *Outre Mer*.

Relinquishing his professorship at Bowdoin in 1835, he accepted a similar one at Harvard College. Prior to entering on each of the above-mentioned appointments, Longfellow visited Europe, and familiarized himself with the scenery, history, and civilization of the western, southern. and northern portions of the Continent.

In 1837 he established himself in the old Cragie House, Cambridge, occupied for a while during the Revolution by Washington as army head-quarters; where he continues to reside, entwining, if not eclipsing, its war-like traditions with the sweeter and nobler associations of the poet.

Hyperion, a Romance, a prose description—though one full of poetic feeling and expression—of a tour up the Rhine, was published in 1839. It abounds in historic, biographical, and legendary notes, together with criticisms of authors and works of art, philosophical speculations, and the most sympathetic and vivid pencilings of season and scenery.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

HYPERION.

GLIMPSES INTO CLOUDLAND.

LIFE is one and universal, its forms many and individual Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never ceasing motion, without rest by night or day: ever weaving tc and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle it flies from Birth tc Death, from Death to Birth; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not, for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end.

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love. Of all these forms the highest and most perfect in its God-likeness is the human soul.

The vast cathedral of NATURE is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning. But all is solitary and silent there: no bending knee, no uplifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt.

It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the Lord of Heaven; and here and there the Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not!

Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not; when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves:—then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend them, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty.

They awake, also, when, in the fullness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness are heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee; and when at evening the singing lark up from the sweet-smelling vineyards rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth into the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled.

For, lo! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not heard; but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where in the soul of man it meets its likeness changeless and firm-standing.

Thus, then, stands Man;—a mountain on the boundary between two worlds;—its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which we have left behind us; and as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the daybreak of Eternity beyond us!

In 1840, *Voices of the Night*, Longfellow's first volume of original poetry, was issued.

FLOWERS.

FROM "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
  One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
  Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
  As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
  Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
  God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
  Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
  Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
  In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
  Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
  Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
  Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
  Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
  Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
  Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
  Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
  Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
  Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
  Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
  And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
  In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
  On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
  Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
  Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
  On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
  In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
  Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
  Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
  How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
  We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
  Emblems of the bright and better land.

After the lapse of two years (in 1842), *Ballads and other Poems* and *Poems on Slavery* appeared. *The Spanish Student* --a play possessing considerable dramatic power and humor, and of exquisite poetic grace and sentiment—*The Belfry of Bruges*, *Evangeline*, *The Seaside and the Fireside*, together with various *Songs*, *Sonnets*, and *Translations*, were produced in separate forms during the seven following years.

A SCENE FROM "THE SPANISH STUDENT."

A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA *and* MUSICIANS.

CHISPA.

ABERNUNCIO Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. . . . (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Geronimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Geronimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why so?

CHISPA.

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.

Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No, your honor.

CHISPA.

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS.

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA.

A pleasing instrument. And thou?

FOURTH MUSICIAN.

The fife.

CHISPA.

I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

OTHER MUSICIANS.

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA.

You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie, is one of our poet's most popular productions. The spectacle of a summer's day issuing from among rosy clouds, musical bird and stream notes, and breaking in mellow glory upon a rural landscape, but anon becoming wrapt in storm-clouds, and going down on a scene of desolation, with but a single ray of parting light, would be no unfit simile of this touching poem. Its imagery and word-colors are lifelike to homeliness, but it is a homeliness that is irresistibly charming. We quote the poet's description of his heroine:

EVANGELINE.

FAIR was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Kavanagh, a Tale, "an idyllic prose companion" to *Evangeline*, was published in 1849. Two years later, *The Golden Legend* was issued—a "quaint anecdotal poem of the Middle Ages." In 1854, Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, and the following year gave *Hiawatha* to the public.

This is a poetic romance, woven of Indian myths. The poet can claim but little originality in the matter of leading events and plot, these being borrowed, with slight variations in their applications, from the grotesque legendary and traditionary tales of the North American Indians, as reported by Mr. Schoolcraft, Mr. Catlin, and others.

But the quaint and aboriginal characteristics of figure, diction, and rhythm; images that palpitate with hardy Algic life, and words that dart like arrows, leap and brawl and tumble like cascades, or murmur and wail with the primeval forest,—these mark this poem as the most unique and American of all Longfellow's writings. Here is what may be termed

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-TOUR.

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha'"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine tree.

* * * * *

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

In 1858, *Miles Standish* was given to the public—a charming idyl of Colonial New England. Could painter desire a more graphic or suggestive theme for his pencil than that afforded by the following extract?—

PRISCILLA AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle,
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering praises of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed
and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John
Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she
adjusted,
He, sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his
fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help
it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Five years later (1863) was published *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a series of seven variously themed and rhythmed poems. Our poet's best-sustained effort at Scandinavian versification is here met with. As an extract from the sweetest and also the most original of these tales, we offer the following from

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

THE PRECEPTOR'S SPEECH, AND THE SEQUEL.

WHEN they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
  From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
  Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
  Flooding with melody the neighborhood:
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
  Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
  Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
  Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
  Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
  Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
  Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
  The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
  Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
  'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
  Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams,
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
  Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
  Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the wingëd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

* * * * * *

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;

A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
  The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
  Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden-beds
  Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
  Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
  The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl and gown,
  Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
  Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do
  When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
  It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
  Without the light of her majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
  The illumined pages of his Doom's Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
  And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen—
  A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
  If some dumb animal had found a tongue!

A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
  Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
  By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
  In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
  Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder caroled they
  Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day;
  And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
  Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Seven minor and recent poems, called *Birds of Passage—Flight the Second*, are included in the above volume. Among these we find one of the most graphic and soul-stirring of the poems inspired by our late war, namely:

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
  On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
    The alarum of drums swept past,
    Or a bugle blast
  From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
  A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
    Was steadily steering its course
    To try the force
  Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam.

Flower de Luce, a volume of thirteen brief poems, bloomed in 1866. In 1867, Longfellow gave to the public what is generally regarded as the greatest artistic achievement of a literary nature of any age—namely, his *Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia.* The entire poem, numbering fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-eight lines, has been rendered into English, answering line for line and word for word to the original Italian; and this, it is claimed, without detracting from the native vigor, sense, and grace of the poem. In this triumph of translation Longfellow stands alone, though Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Sotheby, Coleridge, Fairfax and Rose, and Cary have all been competitors.

In 1868, *The New England Tragedies* appeared. They are two in number, and constitute a romantic setting off of early Quaker history in New England, executed in a style whose clearness and severe plainness are strikingly germain to the incidents. *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, and a volume recently issued, entitled *The Divine Tragedy*, close the long and worthy list of Longfellow's labors. "They are the work of a scholar, of a man of taste, of a fertile fancy, and of a loving heart."*

Longfellow's eminence as a poet consists not so much in originality or boldness of conception, or in ingenuity of plot, as in the exuberance and beauty of his language, the harmonious flow of his verse, and the striking appositeness of his imagery.

"It is at once his aid and his merit that he can produce the choice pictures of the past and of other minds with new accessories of his own; so that the quaint old poets of Germany, the singers of the past centuries, the poetical vision and earnest teachings of Goethe, and the every-day humors of Jean Paul, as it were, come to live among us in American homes and landscapes."†

A healthful, hopeful, solacing, ennobling, religious air pervades his every utterance. He is the poet of the heart and home; and his writings, now so widely and pleasurably read, will continue to savor of beauty, purity, and pathos with the people so long as the affections of the human heart and the interests of home shall remain dear. How almost like a divine message does the following poem from *By the Fireside* address itself to the bereaved and desolate heart most tenderly chiding its anguish, and pouring into its darkness rays of comfort and eternal promise!—

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.* † Ibid.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
  In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
  Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
  The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
  May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
  For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
  She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
  Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
  Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
  And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
  That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
  We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
  The grief that must have way.

The leading peculiarity of Longfellow's style is its musicalness—a musicalness, too, that is not so far removed as that only a practiced ear may catch it, but is simple and unequivocal and spontaneous.

"His artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable study. In this he has now reached a perfection quite unrivaled among living poets, except sometimes by Tennyson. . . . . His literary scholarship, also, his delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times, must rank Longfellow among the learned poets." (*See Supplement E.*)

BRYANT.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794.

"Bryant early displayed the poetical faculty, and fastened upon the genial influences of Nature about him. He began to write verses at nine, and at the age of fourteen he prepared a collection of poems which was published at Boston in 1809."[*]

Leaving Williams College without graduating—though honorably—he began the study, and subsequently the practice, of law, which he prosecuted some ten years.

Thanatopsis was written in his nineteenth year, and, when published in 1816, was for some time, attributed by critics to his father. Of this poem it has been remarked by one of the most scrupulous and able of reviewers,[†] "It alone would establish the author's claim to the honors of genius."

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.
When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—

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[*] Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

[†] Christopher North.

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.
The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.
The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee.
As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

In 1821, Bryant published, together with other poems, *The Ages*, a Phi Beta Kappa poem delivered at Harvard College. "There is running through the whole of this little collection a strain of pure and high sentiment, that expands and lifts up the soul, and brings it nearer to the source of moral beauty."*

* *North American Review*, vol. xiii.

Abandoning the law in 1825 for literature, he came to New York, and edited successively "*The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*," and "*The United States Review and Literary Gazette.*" Through these works were ushered into public notice *The Disinterred Warrior*, *The African Chief*, *The Indian Girl's Lament*, and

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The Murdered Traveller, *The Old Man's Funeral*, *A Forest Hymn*, *March*, and other poems, first appeared in *The United States Gazette*, published at Boston. The most significant of these we quote:

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.
For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty.
Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,

Here, in the shadow of this ancient wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence.
Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and, wandering, steeps the roots
Ot half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee.
This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,

In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again
How on the faltering footstep of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Molder beneath them.
Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre—
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men

Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still.
Oh, God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strife and folly by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

In 1826, Bryant became connected with *The Evening Post*, which connection he has ever since maintained. During the six following years he also contributed poems and tales to *The Talisman*, and to *Tales of the Glauber Spa*.

Bryant visited the continent of Europe in 1834, and again in 1845 and 1849, travelling through the most attractive parts of France, Germany, and Italy. The fruits of these travels were various letters, published from time to time, in *The Post*, afterwards collected and entitled *Letters of a Traveller*. A second series of these letters followed in 1859.

"Mr. Bryant's style in these letters is an admirable model of descriptive prose. Without any appearance of labor, it is finished with an exquisite grace. The genial love of Nature and the lurking tendency to humor which it everywhere betrays, prevent its severe simplicity from running into hardness, and give it freshness and occasional glow, in spite of its prevailing propriety and reserve."*

In 1842 was published *The Fountain, and other Poems*, and, two years later, *The White-footed Deer, and other Poems.*

THE FOUNTAIN.

Fountain, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly,
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birth-place; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green!
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chirping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest.

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
Of oak, and plane, and hickory, o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in Spring.
The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms

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* *Harper's Magazine.*

Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Pausing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-print in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst.
Hark, that quick fierce cry
That rends the utter silence; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men,
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Mangled by tomahawks.
The mighty woods
Are still again, the frighted bird comes back
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside the crystal well,
While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,
And shades his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear

Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened with the year,
Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter, till the white man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs.

The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
The August wind. White cottages were seen
With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
Came loud and shrill the crowing of the cock;
Pastures were rolled, and neighed the lordly horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here,
On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,

And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more.
At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest green
Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise,
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well,
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

In 1860, Bryant delivered a Eulogy on *The Life, Character and Genius of Washington Irving*, which, together with previous addresses on Thomas Cole, the artist, and Cooper, the novelist, affords a specimen of our poet's power as a pure, truthful, and accurate prose-writer.

A new volume of poems, called *Thirty Poems*, was issued in 1864. The most striking of these are those wherein the author describes Nature, and the human feelings it would seem to typify. As a specimen, we quote

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

THE maples redden in the sun;
  In autumn gold the beeches stand:
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done
  Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
  And ask the sower's hand.
Loose the tired steer and let him go
To pasture where the gentians blow,
And we, who till the grateful ground,
Fling we the golden shower around.

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mould the green of spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers, below,
    The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
  The ears that nod in summer's gale,
The shining stems that summer gilds,
  The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber sea, between
The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.
Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year;
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,
And from the distant grange there comes
  The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
  Down in the willowy vale.

Fling wide the golden shower; we trust
The strength of armies to the dust,
This peaceful lea may haply yield
Its harvest for the tented field.

Ha! feel ye not your fingers thrill,
  As o'er them, in the yellow grains,
Glide the warm drops of blood that fill,
  For mortal strife, the warrior's veins;
Such as, on Solferino's day,
Slaked the brown sand and flowed away;—
Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,
Snuffed the red stream and feared to drink;—
Blood that in deeper pools shall lie,
  On the sad earth, as time grows gray,
When men by deadlier arts shall die,
And deeper darkness blot the sky
  Above the thundering fray;
And realms, that hear the battle cry,
  Shall sicken with dismay;
And chieftains to the war shall lead
Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,
  To perish in a day;—
Till man, by love and mercy taught,
Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,
  And lay the sword away.
Oh strew with pausing, shuddering hand,
The seed upon the helpless land,
As if, at every step, ye cast
The pelting hail and riving blast.

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,
  The seed upon the expecting soil;
For hence the plenteous year shall heap
  The garners of the men who toil.
Strew the bright seed for those who tear
The matted sward with spade and share,
And those whose sounding axes gleam
Beside the lonely forest stream,
  Till its broad banks lie bare;
And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,
  With hammer blows, plied quick and strong,
And him, who, with the steady sledge,
  Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
Sprinkle the furrow's even trace
  For those whose toiling hands uprear

The roof-trees of our swarming race,
  By grove and plain, by stream and mere
Who forth, from crowded city, lead
  The lengthening street, and overlay
Green orchard plot and grassy mead
  With pavement of the murmuring way.
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,
For the brave men that climb the mast,
When to the billow and the blast
  It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,
  Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,
  Safe as a seabird in the main.

Fling wide the grain for those who throw
The clanking shuttle to and fro,
In the long row of humming rooms,
  And into ponderous masses wind
The web that, from a thousand looms,
  Comes forth to clothe mankind.
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,
  By whom the busy thread,
Along the garments' even hem
  And winding seam, is led;
A pallid sisterhood, that keep
  The lonely lamp alight,
In strife with weariness and sleep,
  Beyond the middle night.
Large part be theirs in what the year
  Shall ripen for the reaper here.

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat
On the soft mould beneath our feet,
  For even now I seem
To hear a sound that lightly rings
From murmuring harp and viol's strings,
  As in a summer dream.
The welcome of the wedding-guest,
  The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,
  The faint smile of the pallid bride,
And bridemaid's blush at matron's jest,

And dance and song and generous dower
Are in the shining grains we shower.
Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,
Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again
  In the sweet safety of the shore,
And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear
  The herd's light bell once more.
  Freely the golden spray be shed
For him whose heart, when night comes down
On the close alleys of the town,
  Is faint for lack of bread.
In chill roof chambers, bleak and bare,
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,
She who now sees, in mute despair,
  Her children pine for food,
Shall feel the dews of gladness start
To lids long tearless, and shall part
The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,
  Among her thin, pale brood.
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till!
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
  Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mould
With grain for grain, a hundredfold,
  To bend the sturdy stalks.

Strew silently the fruitful seed,
  As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,
For hands that delicately knead
  The consecrated bread.
The mystic loaf that crowns the board,
When, round the table of their Lord,
  Within a thousand temples set,
In memory of the bitter death
Of Him who taught at Nazareth,
  His followers are met,
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,
  As of the Holy One they think,
The glory of whose rising, yet
  Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark brown mould be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air.
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold,
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mould,
Yet safe shall lie the wheat;
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
Shall walk again the genial year,
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew,
The germs we lay to slumber here.

Oh blessed harvest yet to be!
Abide thou with the love that keeps,
In its warm bosom, tenderly,
The life which wakes and that which sleeps.
The love that leads the willing spheres
Along the unending track of years,
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,
Shall brood above thy winter rest,
And raise thee from the dust, to hold
Light whisperings with the winds of May,
And fill thy spikes with living gold,
From summer's yellow ray,
Then, as thy garners give thee forth,
On what glad errands shalt thou go,
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,
Roads wind and rivers flow.
The ancient East shall welcome thee
To mighty marts beyond the sea,
And they who dwell where palm groves sound
To summer winds the whole year round,

  Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,
  The sails that bring thy glistening store.

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
  On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
  And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
          Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
  From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
  Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
          Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
  Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
  That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all—
          Flake after flake—
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
  From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
  Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes, hand in hand, the passage of life;
          Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
  Stream down the snows, till the air is white,

As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
  They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
                    Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
  They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
  Who were for a time and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
                    Flake after flake—
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
  A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
  A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen;
                    Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

The following is perhaps the best of Bryant's few attempts at lyric poetry of the patriotic sort:

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
  Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
  For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
  Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
  The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!
  To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
  That Time in all his course has seen.

See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against his shore

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;

But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

As a gem wherein our poet's elevation and tenderness and ideality of soul have found a common centre and a most exquisite blending, we instance—

WAITING BY THE GATE.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on.
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched for ever, and stilled the sprightly
shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with
fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither make the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

In 1870, Bryant published a translation of Homer's *Iliad.** This production is pronounced by an excellent American authority † to be the most successful attempt of its kind yet made. It aims at as strict an adherence to the original text, in its idioms, phraseology, and imagery, as is consistent with the graces of versification. But in so doing it fails, on the one hand, of seizing the real poetic and Homeric intensity peculiar to Pope's translation, and, on the other, it lacks the literal fidelity of a prose rendition.

Bryant's principal country residence is at Roslyn, Long Island, a picturesquely situated village on the Sound. It is "an ancient mansion, embosomed in trees and vines—a great, ample, dwelling-place in the lap of the hills—built by Richard Kirk, in 1781. . . . Here the venerable host enjoys the society of his chosen friends, and retires for a season from the exacting duties and turmoils of a daily editorial life."*

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* Followed in 1872 by a similar translation of the *Odyssey.*

† *North American Review.*

The following beautiful tribute to Bryant's lifelong fidelity to his early calling is rendered him by one of the ablest of American critics.†

"He has preserved the elevation which he so early acquired. He has been loyal to the Muses. At their shrine his ministry seems ever free and sacred, wholly apart from the ordinary associations of life. With a pure heart and a lofty purpose has he hymned the glory of Nature and the praise of Freedom. To this we cannot but, in a great measure, ascribe the serene beauty of his verse. . . . As the patriarch went forth alone to muse at eventide, the reveries of genius have been to Bryant holy and private seasons. They are as unstained by the passing clouds of this troubled existence as the skies of his own *Prairies* by village smoke."

Bryant's poems may be classified, first, as those possessing a universal interest—*Thanatopsis* for instance; secondly, poems of Nature, as the *Forest Hymn;* and thirdly, heroic or national poems, as *Our Country's Call.*

"Of these, probably the most enduring will be those which draw their vitality more immediately from the American soil. In these there is a purity of nature and a certain rustic grace which speak at once the nature of the poet and his subject. . . . It is American air we breathe, and American Nature we see in his verses, and the plain living and high thinking of what should constitute American sentiment inspires them."‡

"Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake—

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* *Western Monthly*, Nov., 1870.

† H. T. Tuckerman.

‡ Duyckinck.

the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes."*

"It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight. He ensouls all dead, insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life in which they breathe and smile before the eyes 'that love all they look upon;' and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude."†

"His genius is not versatile; he has related no history; he has not sung of the passion of love; he has not described artificial life. . . . The melodious flow of his verse, and the vigor and compactness of his language, prove him a perfect master of his art. But the loftiness of his imagination, the delicacy of his fancy, the dignity and truth of his thoughts, constitute a higher claim to our admiration than mastery of the intricacies of rhythm and of the force and graces of expression."‡

Bryant died June 12, 1878.

* Washington Irving. † Christopher North. ‡ R. W. Griswold.

WHITTIER.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born of a Quaker family, in the neighborhood of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. "Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working on the farm, writing occasional verses for the Haverhill *Gazette*, and turning his hand to a little shoemaking."*

After two years of academic study he entered on editorial duties at Boston, and subsequently at Hartford.

"In 1831 appeared, in a small octavo volume, at Hartford, his *Legends of New England*, which represent a taste early formed by him of the quaint Indian and colonial superstition of the country. The *Supernaturalism of New England*, which he published in 1847, may be considered a sequel to this volume."*

Mogg Megone—a poem—was published in 1835. The poet says of it: "The long poem of Mogg Megone was, in a great measure, composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period." It was intended by the author as a mere frame-work for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants.

In 1836, Whittier was chosen secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and about the same time he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman* in Philadelphia. Four years later he took up his residence in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he has since resided.

"In 1845, appeared *The Stranger in Lowell*, a series of sketches of scenery and character, which the varied characters of the populace of that famed manufacturing town might naturally suggest."†

The Bridal of Pennacook, an Indian romance of consid erable length and descriptive interest, was published in 1848. In the same year appeared *Voices of Freedom*, a collection of some forty poems, written during the preceding fifteen years, and upon themes suggested by Slavery. In these poems may be felt the intensest heart-throbbings of Whittier's freedom- and right-loving nature.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

† Cleveland's *Compendium of American Literature.*

"These 'Voices of Freedom' are no bad reading at the present day. They are themselves battles, and stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. What a beat in them of fiery pulses! What a heat, as of molten metal, or coal-mines burning underground! What anger! What desire! And yet we have in vain searched these poems to find one trace of base wrath, or of any degenerate or selfish passion. He is angry, and sins not. . . . All the fires of his heart burn for justice and mercy, for God and humanity; and they who are most scathed by them *owe* him no hatred in return, whether they *pay* him any or not."*

The subjoined *Lines*, written on the passage of a "Bill for excluding papers written or printed, touching the subjec of Slavery, from the U. S. Post-office," will fully sustain the above criticism.

Men of the North-land! where's the manly spirit
  Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
    Their names alone?
Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,
  Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
    To silence now?
Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
  In God's name, let us speak while there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
    Silence is crime!
What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
  Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature gave us,
    God and our charter?

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* D. A. Wasson, in *Atlantic Monthly*, March, '64.

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights deny,
And, in the church, their proud and skilled abettors
Make truth a lie?
Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God?
Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger
Day after day?
Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains—
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky—
From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billow's motion
Round rock and cliff—
From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer
Rings the red steel—
From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A People's voice.
Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.
Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.
Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and lowly,
Let it go forth!
Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
With all they left ye perilled and at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake!
Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,
Maintain the right!

Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal, a series of prose essays, written in an antique style, and descriptive of the habits and customs of 1678, appeared in 1849. This volume was, the next year, succeeded by *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, which consisted of prose essays on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Nayler, Andrew Marvill, the Quaker John Roberts, for the Ancients, and the Americans, Leggett, Rogers, and Dinsmore, for the Moderns.

In the same year with the last-named publication was also issued a volume of poems, under the name, *Songs of Labor, and other Poems.* These "Songs" are six in number, and are severally ascribed to *The Ship-builders*, *The Shoemakers*, *The Drovers*, *The Fishermen*, *The Huskers*, and *The Lumbermen.* They abound in accurate pencillings of the industrial spheres they commemorate, and in devout and poetic expressions.

THE LUMBERMEN.

Wildly round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the South-land heading,
    Screams the gray wild-goose;
On the night-frost sounds the treading
    Of the brindled moose.
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,
    Frost his task-work plies;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
    Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
    On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
    Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
    To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
    With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
    In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
    Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
    To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
    All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
    Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
    Hide the browsing deer:
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,
    Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
    White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
    Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
    Torn and ploughed by slides!
Far below, the Indian trapping,
    In the sunshine warm;

Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!

For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—with every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—

Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part;
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart!

O! our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way!

In 1852 appeared *The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems*. *The Panorama, and other Poems*, constituted the next volume, issued in 1856. As the most significant and beautiful of the miscellaneous poems of the last-named volume, we present, beginning with the eighth stanza,

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

ALONE, the Thebaid hermit leaned
At noontime o'er the sacred word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and mild;
And, looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool, green doums, nor grass, nor well,
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said:
"With God I dwell.

"Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live
Here only?—where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field: beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while,
My mother weaves

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
"Dear Lord!" he said, "Thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with men
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
  The eyes that smiled through lavish locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,
    And bleat of flocks.

"O. child!" he said, "thou teachest me
  There is no place where God is not;
That love will make, where'er it be,
    A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
  And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand in hand,
    Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
  And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
    And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
  He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
    Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
  She thanked the stranger with her eyes,
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
    And dumb surprise.

And, lo! with sudden warmth and light
  A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
    A man became.

"O, sister of El Zara's race,
  Behold me!—had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face;—
    "Thou art my brother!"

"O, kin of blood!—Thy life of use
  And patient trust is more than mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
    This child of thine.

"For, taught of him whom God hath sent,
That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
I come, life's cares and pains content
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man!

The above volume was followed successively by *Ballads*, *Later Poems*, *Home Ballads*, and *Occasional Poems*. Of the "Ballads," the most eventful and poetic is

MARY GARVIN.

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort Mary's walls;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crackling walnut log;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years!" said Goodman Garvin, speaking sadly, under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks of death.

The Goodwife dropped her needles: "It is twenty years, to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew the other's thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were needed not

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The door was open thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin from his head:
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the Goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night is chill with rain.
And the Goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It is Mary's self I see!
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me, has my child come back to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger, sobbing wild;
"Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Garvin's child!

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She said, 'May God forgive me! I have closed my heart too long.

"'When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother's call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.

"'Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no tie of kin apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

"'Tell me not the Church must censure: she who wept the Cross beside
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood denied;

"'And if she who wronged her parents, with her child atones to them,
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother! thou at least wilt not condemn!'

"Lo, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother spake;
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake."

'God be praised!" said Goodwife Garvin, "He taketh, and he gives;
He woundeth, but he healeth; in her child our daughter lives."

"Amen!" the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearth-stone, said, with reverence, "Let us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin. "Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried:
"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died!

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and the dear God watches all!"

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee;
"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to me.

"Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one:
Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and
frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and
to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the
clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock,
shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher: "Goodman Garvin and
his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed
them through life,

For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from
the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has sent to them
her child:

And the prayers of all God's people they ask that they may
prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof
of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is Papist born
and bred;"
Thought the young men, "'Tis an angel in Mary Garvin's
stead!"

In War Time—a little volume of thirteen patriotic poems, written at intervals during the Rebellion—was the next of Whittier's publications. Of one of these poems it may be truly said that the late War produced no lyric superior to it in terse and graphic description, and in intense patriotic fervor; and surely none have been received into a wider or more cherished favor. We allude to

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall--
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf:
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

Snow-Bound was produced in 1865. As might well be inferred from the name, this is a winter idyl. "What Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* has long been to Old England, Whittier's *Snow-Bound* will always be to New England. Both poems have the flavor of native soil in them. . . . . Every page has beauties on it so easy to discern, that the common as well as the cultured mind will at once feel them without an effort."*

The scene is laid in the country; its features being an old farm-house, with its usual surroundings. A snow-storm comes on at early morn, and rages all day.

* *Atlantic Monthly*, for March, 1866.

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A path to the barn is next cleared by the boys, and the reception they meet with from its brute occupants described. The storm continues throughout the day, and

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;

While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed·
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

* * * * *

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about.

* * * * *

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter's day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust

(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

* * * * *

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book lore,
"The chief of Gambia's golden shore."

* * * * *

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the viol play
Which led the village dance away;
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.

* * * * *

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,)
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;

We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

* * * * *

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.

* * * * *

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.

How the time for a week or more is whiled away is next described, and the poem closes musingly thus:

These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,

Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

In 1867 appeared *The Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems.* This (the main poem) is an idyl of the sea-shore, and in its general plan is similar to Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

When heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys through,
Three friends, the guests of summer-time,
Pitched their white tents where sea-winds blew.

These friends were "a lettered magnate," "a dreamer born."

And one, whose Arab face was tanned
  By tropic sun and boreal frost,
So traveled there was scarce a land
  Or people left him to exhaust.

They rested there, escaped awhile
  From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
  And drink the poppies of Cathay,—
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes brown,
And in the sea-waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon their track.

The time is spent in hunting, fishing, and story-telling The stories are nine in number, and comprehend great variety, both in metre and in subject-matter. The two following, perhaps, have elicited the most general interest:

THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free,
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss:
For there the river comes winding down
From salt sea-meadows and uplands brown,
And waves on the outer rocks a foam,
Shout to the waters, "Welcome home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
And Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
And southerly, when the tide is down,
'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills brown,
The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel
Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,
Two hundred years ago and more,
A boat sailed down through the winding ways
Of Hampton River to that low shore,
Full of a goodly company
Sailing out on the summer sea,
Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
With the Boar to left, and the Rocks to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers laid
Their scythes to the swaths of salted grass,
"Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be made!"
A young man sighed, who saw them pass.
Loud laughed his fellows to see him stand
Whetting his scythe with a listless hand,
Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
Watching a white hand beckoning long.

'Fie on the witch!" cried a merry girl,
As they rounded the point where Goody Cole
Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.

"Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave to-day!
But I hear the little waves laugh and say,
'The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it's one to go, but another to come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper, "speak her fair:
I'm scary always to see her shake
Her wicked head, with its wild gray hair,
And nose like a hawk, and eyes like a snake."
But merrily still, with laugh and shout,
From Hampton River the boat sailed out,
Till the huts and the flakes on Star seemed nigh,
And they lost the scent of the pines of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy tide,
Drawing up haddock and mottled cod;
They saw not the shadow that walked beside,
They heard not the feet with silence shod.
But thicker and thicker a hot mist grew,
Shot by the lightnings through and through;
And muffled growls, like the growl of a beast,
Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the darkening sea
Up to the dimmed and wading sun;
But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
"Yet there is time for our homeward run."
Veering and tacking, they backward wore;
And just as a breath from the woods ashore
Blew out to whisper of danger past,
The wrath of the storm came down at last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:
"God be our help!" he only cried,
As the roaring gale, like the stroke of flail,
Smote the boat on its starboard side.
The shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise blown,
Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's glare,
The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door:
The Isles of Shoals were drowned and gone,

Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
She clasped her hands with a grip of pain,
The tear on her cheek was not of rain:
"They are lost," she muttered, "boat and crew
Lord, forgive me! my words were true!"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall;
The low sun smote through cloudy rack;
The Shoals stood clear in the light, and all
The trend of the coast lay hard and black.
But far and wide as eye could reach,
No life was seen upon wave or beach;
The boat that went out at morning never
Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
Look from the meadows green and low:
The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe!
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall thy watching be:
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day!
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and sea-weed where they lay.
The mad old witch-wife wailed and wept,
And cursed the tide as it backward crept:
"Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-snake!
Leave your dead for the hearts that break!

Solemn it was in that old day
In Hampton town and its log-built church,
Where side by side the coffins lay
And the mourners stood in aisle and porch.
In the singing-seats young eyes were dim,
The voices faltered that raised the hymn,
And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,
  Because of his sin at fourscore years:
He stood apart, with the iron-gray
  Of his strong brows knitted to hide his tears.
And a wretched woman, holding her breath
In the awful presence of sin and death,
Cowered and shrank, while her neighbors thronged
To look on the dead her shame had wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,
  Old Goody Cole looked drearily round,
As two by two, with their faces hid,
  The mourners walked to the burying-ground.
She let the staff from her clasped hands fall:
"Lord, forgive us! we're sinners all!"
And the voice of the old man answered her:
"Amen!" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore
  In the calm of a closing summer day,
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
  In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth Rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed once more
  With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the east was moon-rise, with boats off-shore,
  And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star;
And life and death in my old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day!

THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham,
  Through gaps of leafy green
  Across the lake were seen,—

When, in the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
  In the warm summer weather,
  Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood
The gleam and shade of lake and wood,—
  The beach the keen light smote,
  The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—
  Hardhack, and virgin's bower,
  And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash
And breezy wash of Attitash,
  The wood-bird's plaintive cry,
  The locust's sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful hand,
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,
  Whose uncouth frolic spilled
  Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
  Tossed back her queenly head,
  And, lightly laughing, said,—

"No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold
That is not lined with yellow gold;
  I tread no cottage-floor;
  I own no lover poor.

"My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings,—
  Not foul with kitchen smirch,
  With tallow-dip for torch."

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
  With look for home-hearths meet,
  And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered,—"We will not rivals be;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me;
  Mine be the cottage small,
  And thine the rich man's hall.

I know, indeed, that wealth is good;
But lowly roof and simple food,
  With love that hath no doubt,
  Are more than gold without."

Hard by a farmer hale and young
His cradle in the rye-field swung,
  Tracking the yellow plain
  With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene'er he paused to whet
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met
  Of large dark eyes, where strove
  False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain;
That love shall overmatch disdain,
  Its instincts soon or late
  The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod
  The margin of the pond,
  Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom;
  And so the maids laughed on,
  Nor dreamed what Fate had done,—

Nor knew the step was Destiny's
That rustled in the birchen trees,
  As, with their lives forecast,
  Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side
The summer roses paled and died,
  And Autumn's fingers shed
  The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
The partridge in the brake,
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attitash;
And earth and air made room
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod
With blushes and with smiles
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant,
Attempered and low-toned,
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed;
The sunshine seemed to bless,
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,
With scornful toss of midnight hair,
Her dark, disdainful eyes,
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,
But all she dreamed and coveted
Wears, half to her surprise,
The youthful farmer's guise!

With more than all her old-time pride
She walks the rye-field at his side,
Careless of cot or hall,
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground
Of life is gained; her hands have found
The talisman of old
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dispense
With all its glittering accidents,
And trust her heart alone,
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can build
Awaits her; but her cup is filled
Even now unto the brim;
Her world is love and him!

Of the remaining poems in this volume, we instance, as expressive of a devotion the most self-abasing and the most deity-reposing, uttered in language of the purest poetic grace and melody,

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
  His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
  The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
  A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
  And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
  Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
  Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
  I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
  A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
  I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
  And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in Him
  Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
  I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,—I know
  His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
  Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
  His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
  For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
  And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
  But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
  Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
  And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
  If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on Thee!

The next of Whittier's works was *Among the Hills, and other Poems.* In the poem giving name to this work, a tranquil, lovely rural scene, like a carved framework, invests a still more quiet and charming love-story; but since the poem is too lengthy for insertion entire, and too vital throughout to allow of dismemberment, we present instead, as the most beautiful and religious of the miscellaneous poems of the volume,

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat, and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a voice,
Behold the royal preacher's words: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."
Marveling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the bees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many prayers;
But even as one who, followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe.

Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhorred
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blackness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a domèd tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck, Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend, if not in act," he said,
"In thought, have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
'Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander'? Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own,

Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"*Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;*
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!"

The latest products of our poet's pen are *John Woolman's Journal*, *Poems of Childhood*, and *Miriam, and other Poems.* They fully sustain the author's previous reputation.

Whittier's poetic life has been divided by a very able critic of the day* into three epochs. The first begins and ends with his *Voices of Freedom*, and is called the oratorical or didactic, during which Whittier gave merely poetic expression to thoughts and feelings not poetic in themselves.

The transition to the second epoch is reached in his *Songs of Labor and other Poems*, and is more perfectly realized in his *Chapel of the Hermits.* This is the epoch of Culture, in which themes pertaining rather to the inner life of man—its experiences and its aspirations—employ the poet's vision and pen.

The Panorama, and other Poems constitute his passage to the third epoch, which fully dawns with the appearing of *Home Ballads.* This is the period of *poetic realism*, in which subject and form alike assume the ideal and poetic nature. "He states God and inward experience as he would state sunshine and the growth of grass. This, with the devout depth of his nature, makes the rare beauty of his hymns and poems of piety and trust. He does not try to *make* the facts by stating them; he does not try to embellish them; he only seeks to utter, to state them; and even in his most perfect verse they are not half so melodious as they were in his soul." *

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* D. A. Wasson, in *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xiii., pp. 333–338.

"This, then, is the general statement about Whittier. His genius is Hebrew, biblical, more so than that of any other poet now using the English language. In other words, he is organically a poem of the Will.

"Imagination exists in him, not as a separable faculty, but as a pure vital suffusion. Hence he is an *inevitable* poet. There is no drop of his blood, there is no fibre of his brain, which does not crave poetic expression. . . . He is intelligible and acceptable to those who have little either of poetic culture or of fancy and imagination. Whoever has common sense and a sound heart has the power by which he may be appreciated.

"And yet he is not only a real poet, but he is *all* poet. The Muses have not merely sprinkled his brow; he was baptized by immersion. His notes are not many, but in them Nature herself sings. He is a sparrow that half sings, half chirps on a bush, not a lark that floods with Orient hilarity the skies of morning; but the bush burns, like that which Moses saw, and the sparrow herself is part of the divine flame." * (*See Supplement F.*)

* D. A. Wasson.

HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty he graduated at Harvard University. For a year succeeding his graduation he studied law, but practiced poesy; his earliest effusions appearing in "The Collegian," a periodical published in 1830 by a number of the University students. Among these earliest poems were *The Spectre Pig*, *Evening—By a Tailor*, and *The Meeting of the Dryads.* This last, which as we are told in a late edition of our author's poems, was "written after a general pruning of the trees around Harvard College," we present:

It was not many centuries since,
  When gathered on the moonlit green,
Beneath the Tree of Liberty,
  A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

The Freshman's lamp had long been dim,
  The voice of busy day was mute,
And tortured Melody had ceased
  Her sufferings on the evening flute.

They met not, as they once had met,
  To laugh o'er many a jocund tale:
But every pulse was beating low,
  And every cheek was cold and pale.

There rose a fair but faded one,
  Who oft had cheered them with her song;
She waved a mutilated arm,
  And silence held the listening throng.

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,
  "From opening bud to withering leaf,
One common lot has bound us all,
  In every change of joy and grief.

"While all around has felt decay,
We rose in ever-living prime,
With broader shade and fresher green,
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

"When often by our feet has past
Some biped, Nature's walking whim,
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

"Go on, fair Science; soon to thee
Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go paint the birch's silver rind,
And quilt the peach with softer down;
Up with the willow's trailing threads,
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown!

"Go plant the lily on the shore,
And set the rose among the waves,
And bid the tropic bud unbind
Its silken zone in arctic caves;

"Bring bellows for the panting winds,
Hang up a lantern by the moon,
And give the nightingale a fife,
And lend the eagle a balloon!

"I cannot smile,—the tide of scorn,
That rolled through every bleeding vein,
Comes kindling fiercer as it flows
Back to its burning source again.

"Again in every quivering leaf
That moment's agony I feel,
When limbs, that spurned the northern blast,
Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel.

"A curse upon the wretch who dared
To crop us with his felon saw!
May every fruit his lip shall taste
Lie like a bullet in his maw.

"In every julep that he drinks,
May gout, and bile, and headache be;
And when he strives to calm his pain,
May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,
And thistles shoot, and brambles cling;
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall,
When fever racks his throbbing brow,
And his last shilling buy a rope
To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke;—the morning's herald beam
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,
And every mangled sprite returned
In sadness to her wounded tree.

Concerning these verses the author adds: "A little poem, on a similar occasion, may be found in the works of Swift, from which, perhaps, the idea was borrowed; although I was as much surprised as amused to meet with it some time after writing the preceding lines."

Holmes next turned his mind, as yet not sure of its preference, to medicine, and in the prosecution of this study visited Paris in 1833. Three years later he returned to his home and took his medical degree. The same year he delivered before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Society—

POETRY: A METRICAL ESSAY.

. . . . THERE breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge;

The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain;
The hot-cheeked reveler, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne";
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn
The jeweled beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier;
E'en trembling age, when Spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs!

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind;
If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset sky;
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;
If passions, following with the winds that urge
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest verge;—
If these on all some transient hours bestow
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,
Then all are poets; and, if earth had rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told,
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave!

* * * * * *

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unrestrained,
Tired of her wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centering all in thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead;
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years;
Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end;
On every bud the changing year recalls,
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,
Still following onward as the months unclose
The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;
And still shall follow, till they sink once more
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail!

What shall I give thee? Can a simple lay,
Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,
Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,
Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?
Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and free,
The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-tree,
Panting from play, or dripping from the stream,
How bright the visions of my boyish dream!
Or, modest Charles, along thy broken edge,
Black with soft ooze and fringed with arrowy sedge,
As once I wandered in the morning sun,
With reeking sandal and superfluous gun;
How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,
Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale!
Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the skies,
Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,
How should my song with holiest charm invest
Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest!
How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,
Till all was classic on my native green!

As the drained fountain, filled with autumn leaves,
The field swept naked of its garnered sheaves;

So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,
The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star
Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar;
Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious toil,
Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;
And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
But take the leaflets gathered at your side.

This poem, of which the above is a mere fragment, together with *The Cambridge Churchyard*, *The Last Leaf*, *My Aunt*, and *Old Ironsides*, constituted a part of his first volume. The last-named poem, now accepted as a national lyric, is accredited with having preserved from demolition the old frigate "Constitution," so famed in the war of 1812 for her victories over the "Guerriere" and "Java":

OLD IRONSIDES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
  Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
  The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
  Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
  That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
  As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
  For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
  Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
  In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
  And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
  She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
  This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
  Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
  'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
  "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
  To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
  To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
  They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
  In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
  My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
  Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
  Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
  Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
  Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
  His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
  And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
  On my ancestral tree.

Eleven years later we find Dr. Holmes occupying the distinguished position of Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard.

Holmes, more properly perhaps than any other American poet, may be styled the Postprandial Poet, not a few of his verses having been delivered on occasions of medical, literary, alumnal, or social feasts. Of this sort are *Terpsichore*, *The Stethoscope Song*, *A Modest Request*, and many others. We quote—

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

THERE was a young man in Boston town,
  He bought him a Stethoscope nice and new,
All mounted and finished and polished down,
  With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,
  And spun a web of ample size,
Wherein there chanced one day to fall
  A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,
  The second was smaller, and thin and long;

So there was a concert between the two,
  Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris recently,
  This fine young man would show his skill;
And so they gave him, his hand to try,
  A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
  And some that his heart was over size,
While some kept arguing all the while
  He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,
  And all the doctors made a pause;
Said he,—The man must die, you see,
  By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,
  To explore his chest it may be well;
For if he should die and it were not done,
  You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
  And on it placed his curious ear;
Mon Dieu! said he, with a knowing look,
  Why here is a sound that's mighty queer!

The *bourdonnement* is very clear,—
  Amphoric buzzing, as I'm alive!
Five doctors took their turn to hear;
  Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt;
  We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side.—
The diagnosis was made out,
  They tapped the patient; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys
  Began to look extremely glum;
They said that *rattles* were made for boys
  And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a hum.

There was an old lady had long been sick,
  And what was the matter none did know:

Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was quick;
  To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,
  With phials and boxes all in a row;
She asked the young doctor what he was at,
  To thump her and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,
  The flies began to buz and whiz;—
Oho! the matter is clear, no doubt;
  An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*
  And the *bruit de diable* are all combined;
How happy Bouillaud would be
  If he a case like this could find!

Now, when the neighboring doctors found
  A case so rare had been descried,
They every day her ribs did pound
  In squads of twenty; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
  Received this kind young doctor's cares;
They all were getting slim and pale,
  And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and "skies,"
  And loathed their puddings and buttered rolls,
And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,
  On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
  The frightened insects buzzed the more,
So over all their chests he found
  The *râle sifflant*, and *râle sonore*.

He shook his head;—there's grave disease,—
  I greatly fear you all must die;
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,
  Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,
  Which so prevailed on six young men,
That each his honest love avowed,
  Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast;
  The price of stethoscopes came down;
And so he was reduced at last
  To practice in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,
  A stethoscope they did devise,
That had a rammer to clear the bore,
  With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,
  But don't forget to mind your eyes,
Or you may be cheated, like this young man,
  By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

Urania: a Rhymed Lesson was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in 1846. In 1852, Dr. Holmes appeared before the public in a course of Lectures on the *English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, in which he manifested a preference for the bold and sparkling poets, the Scotts and Byrons, as contrasted with the quiet and thoughtful, the Wordsworths.

Our author began writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, the year in which that magazine was started. His articles were entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* These were begun as opinions and observations, wittily expressed, on conversational topics of the day; but they gradually assumed a dramatic form, and their characters grew into the warm personages of a novel.

A second series soon followed, called, this time, *The Professor of the Breakfast Table*, which preserved rather a more sober, pathetic, and theological tone than the first. Next in order of time appeared *The Professor's Story*, or *Elsie Venner: a Romance of Destiny.*

In this work Dr Holmes ventured in a new field of authorship, namely, that of the Romancer; and by his clear and accurate conception, and his faithful and vivid delineation of character, and by his mastery of the resources of narrative and dialogue, to which he brought those also of wit and satire, he proved himself as skilful a tiller of this semi-poetic precinct as he was new.

In 1861, Dr. Holmes issued a collection of his professional writings, under the name of *Currents and Counter-currents in Medical Science, with other Addresses and Essays.*

During the late war, no voice of bard was oftener raised, surely none in more rousing, devout, patriotic, or, to the disloyal and craven, in more scathing utterance than that of Holmes through his *War Lyrics.* Here is one of the last class, "dedicated to the stay-at-home rangers":

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
  Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
  What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
  All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping,
  What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible war-like moustaches,
  Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes,
  Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
  Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
  That is the corps for the sweet little man.

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
  Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
  Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan.—
Surely the spot where there's shooting 's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers!
Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran!
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan;
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers,
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens!
Sauve qui peut! Bridget, and right about! Ann;—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field's threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little man?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady-love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man!

As a lyric of the rousing and patriotic order, the following may well serve:

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

'Tis midnight: through my troubled dream
Loud wails the tempest's cry;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound?—The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.
The good ship, Union, Southward bound:
God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er our fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And field of starry blue?
Ay! look aloft! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from the sky
This black typhoon has past!

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark!
May I thy peril share?
O landsman, these are fearful seas
The brave alone may dare!
Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me naught to save!

O landsman, art thou false or true?
What sign hast thou to show?
The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart-blood's flow!
Enough! what more shall honor claim?
I know the sacred sign;

Above thy head our flag shall spread,
  Our ocean path be thine!

The bark sails on; the Pilgrim's cape
  Lies low along her lee,
Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes
  To lock the shore and sea.
No treason here! it cost too dear
  To win this barren realm!
And true and free the hands must be
  That hold the whaler's helm!

Still on! Manhattan's narrowing bay
  No Rebel cruiser scars;
Her waters feel no pirate's keel
  That flaunts the fallen stars!
But watch the light on yonder height,—
  Ay, pilot, have a care!
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud
  The capes of Delaware!

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
  Whose sentinels look down
From moated walls that show the sea
  Their deep embrasures' frown?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
  But these are friends, we know,
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
  And this is?—Fort Monroe!

The breakers roar,—how bears the shore?
  The traitorous wreckers' hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays
  Along the Hatteras sands.
Ha! say not so! I see its glow!
  Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
  The Union Stars by day!

The good ship flies to milder skies,
  The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
  The breath of Beaufort's rose.

What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
  Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls these orphaned walls,
  The twins of Beauregard?

What! heard you not Port Royal's doom?
  How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort's roses' bloom
  To redder wreaths of fame?
How from Rebellion's broken reed
  We saw his emblem fall,
As soon his cursèd poison-weed
  Shall drop from Sumter's wall?

On! on! Pulaski's iron hail
  Falls harmless on Tybee!
Her topsails feel the freshening gale,
  She strikes the open sea;
She rounds the point, she threads the keys
  That guard the Land of Flowers,
And rides at last where firm and fast
  Her own Gibraltar towers!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
  At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
  Her joyous welcome rings:
Hurrah! Hurrah! it shakes the wave,
  It thunders on the shore,—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
  One Nation, evermore!

Our poet's pen is still active, employing itself now in prose, and now in verse, both grave and gay, or tender and caustic, as may be seen from month to month on the pages of our leading periodicals. His latest work is *Mechanism in Thought and Morals.**

"The muse of Holmes is a foe to humbug. . . . He clears the moral atmosphere of the morbid literary and other pretences afloat. People breathe freer for his verse. They shake the cobwebs out of the system, and keep up in the world that brisk, healthy current of common sense, which is to the mind what circulation is to the body." * We present the following as one of his most literally rejuvenating poems.

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* See Supplement G.

"THE BOYS."

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me
laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true!*
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop at his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!

It is not a little singular to note with what unanimity critics, both American and English, agree as touching Holmes' literary character, not only as a whole, but in respect also to its minor qualities. Let us briefly instance the testimony of a few.

"The most concise, apt, and effective poet of the school of Pope this country has produced is Oliver Wendell Holmes." *

"He possesses Swift's quaintness and motley merriment, Pope's polish and graceful point, and the solemn pathos and allied excruciating mirth of Hood." †

"His fancy teems with bright and appropriate images, and these are woven into his plan usually with exquisite finish and grace." ‡

"His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as successful in their way as those mirthful frolics of his muse for which he is best honored—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness." § As, for instance,

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

† *Irish Quarterly Review*

‡ *North American Review*, Jan., 1847.

§ R. W. Griswold.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drops their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of Spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
  Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
  That tried to blossom in the snow,
  Lies withered where the violets blow.

"His best lines are a series of rhymed pictures, witticisms, or sentiments, let off with the precision and brilliancy of the scintillations that sometimes illumine the northern horizon. The significant terms, the perfect construction, and acute choice of syllables and emphasis, render some passages of Holmes absolute models of versification, especially in the heroic measure. Besides these artistic merits, his poetry abounds with fine satire, beautiful delineations of nature, and amusing caricatures of manners."*

* H. T. Tuckerman.

POE.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in the city of Baltimore January, 1811. In early youth he lost both parents, and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy and generous-hearted merchant of Richmond, Virginia, and by him afforded all the facilities for obtaining a liberal education.

In 1816, Poe accompanied his benefactor to England, and remained in London until his eleventh year, attending school. He then returned home, and after spending a short time at an academy in Richmond, entered the university at Charlottesville. Here he speedily became as notorious for intemperate habits as he was distinguished for proficiency in studies and athletic sports. For the former he was shortly expelled from the school.

This disgraceful event was followed, at no great interval, by a rupture with Mr. Allan, most probably because the latter's liberality refused to keep pace with his own prodigality; when he left home with the determination, like the illustrious Byron, of assisting the Greeks in their struggle for liberty.

His purpose, however—if indeed it was ever anything more than a momentary impulse—seems to have readily deserted him; for, although he spent a year in Europe, and traveled extensively, he did not so much as reach Greece.

On returning home, Mr. Allan magnanimously received him into former favor, and was instrumental in procuring him a cadetship at West Point. But in less than a year both his tastes and his dissolute habits demonstrated, beyond question, his utter unfitness for this school of stern discipline and practical life. Shortly after, he had a final disagreement with Mr. Allan, and thenceforth was compelled to rely on his own resources.

Between his sixteenth and nineteenth years, Poe wrote verse, which were published in 1829, with the title of *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems.* "A certain vague poetic luxury and sensuousness of mere sound, distinct from definite meaning—peculiarities which the author refined upon in his latest and best poems—characterize these juvenile effusions."*

AL AARAAF: AN EXTRACT.

YOUNG flowers were whispering in melody
To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
Yet silence came upon material things—
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings—
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

"'Neath blue-bell or streamer—
  Or tufted wild spray
That keeps, from the dreamer,
  The moonbeam away—
Bright beings! that ponder,
  With half-closing eyes,
On the stars which your wonder
  Hath drawn from the skies,
Till they glance thro' the shade, and
  Come down to your brow
Like—eyes of the maiden
  Who calls on you now—
Arise! from your dreaming
  In violet bowers,
To duty beseeming
  These star-litten hours—
And shake from your tresses
  Encumber'd with dew
The breath of those kisses
  That cumber them too—

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

(O! how, without you, Love!
  Could angels be blest?)
Those kisses of true love
  That lull'd ye to rest!
Up!—shake from your wing
  Each hindering thing:
The dew of the night—
  It would weigh down your flight
And true love caresses—
  O! leave them apart!
They are light on the tresses,
  But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!
  My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
  Will to melody run,
O! is it thy will
  On the breezes to toss?
Or, capriciously still,
  Like the lone Albatross,
Incumbent on night
  (As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
  On the harmony there?

Ligeia! wherever
  Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
  Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
  In a dreamy sleep—
But the strains still arise
  Which *thy* vigilance keep—
The sound of the rain
  Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again
  In the rhythm of the shower—
The murmur that springs
  From the growing of grass
Are the music of things—
  But are modell'd alas!—

Away, then, my dearest,
  O! hie thee away
To springs that lie clearest
  Beneath the moon-ray—
To lone lake that smiles,
  In its dream of deep rest,
At the many star-isles
  That enjewel its breast—
Where wild flowers, creeping,
  Have mingled their shade,
On its margin is sleeping
  Full many a maid—
Some have left the cool glade, and
  Have slept with the bee—
Arouse them, my maiden,
  On moorland and lea—
Go! breathe on their slumber,
  All softly in ear,
The musical number
  They slumber'd to hear—
For what can awaken
  An angel so soon
Whose sleep hath been taken
  Beneath the cold moon,
As the spell which no slumber
  Of witchery may test,
The rhythmical number
  Which lull'd him to rest?"

In 1833, Poe, through his prize tale, *A MS. Found in a Bottle*—first published, however, in 1831—made the acquaintance of Mr. Kennedy, the novelist, and, through his influence, shortly afterwards became a regular contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. His connection with this magazine lasted until 1837, and, though marked with high ability, was, sad to relate! terminated by his irregularities.

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE (*abridged*).

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18-- from the port of Batavia, in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda Islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me as a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wood and oil, from the Lachadive Islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular isolated cloud, to the N.W. It was remarkable, as well for its color as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girting in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapor, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky-red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away, and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive.

However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below—not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed, every appearance warranted me in apprehending a Simoon. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and left me without deigning to give a reply.

My uneasiness, however, prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck. As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion-ladder, I was startled by a loud humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant, a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beamends, and, rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire deck from stem to stern.

By what miracle I escaped destruction it is impossible to say Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was at first struck with the idea of our being among breakers; so terrific, beyond the wildest imagination, was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed.

After a while I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of leaving port. I hallooed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard; the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like pack-thread at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us.

For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggeree, procured with great difficulty from the forecastle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which without equaling the first violence of the Simoon, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, S.E. and by S.; and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon—emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury.

We waited in vain for the arrival of the sixth day—that day to me has not arrived--to the Swede, never did arrive. . Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelop us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliancy to which we had been accustomed in the tropics.

We observed, too, that, although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf, or foam, which had hitherto attended us. All around were horror, and thick gloom, and a black sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapt up in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves, as well as possible, to the stump of the mizenmast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean.

In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses, when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! See!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke, I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship, of perhaps four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence.

Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns, which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame that was nearly under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible violence, upon the rigging of the stranger. As I fell, the ship hove in stays, and went about; and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way, unperceived, to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold.

I had scarcely completed my work when a footstep was heard in the hold. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burden. He muttered to himself, in a low broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood and the solemn dignity of a God. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

About an hour ago I made bold to trust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had at first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity; their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude; their shriveled skins rattled in the wind; their voices were low, tremulous, and broken; their eyes glistened with the rheum of years; and their gray hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them, on every part of the deck, lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

* * * * * * * * *

When I look around me I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which had hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey any idea of which the words tornado and simoon are trivial and ineffective? All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but about a league on either side of us may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice, towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe. . . .

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current—if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dash of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible; yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself. It must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild has every probability in its favor. . . .

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; but there is upon their countenance an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and, as we carry a crowd of canvas, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out of the sea! Oh, horror upon horror!—the ice opens suddenly to the right, and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily, in immense concentric circles, round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder on my destiny! The circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and thundering of ocean and tempest, the ship is quivering—O God! and—going down!

In 1838, we find Poe publishing a book of marvelous sketches of sea-life, entitled *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket.* This, though a fiction displaying considerable ingenuity, he himself thought but slightingly of.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque—a collection in two volumes of the prose stories he had then written—followed in 1840, and the ensuing year, *The Gold Bug* and *The Murders of the Rue Morgue* were written; while at the same time our author was engaged as editor of *Graham's Magazine*. *The Raven*, Poe's master-poem, was given to the public in 1845, through *Colton's Whig Review*.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December.
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer,
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels
he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both
adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of the lie thy soul hath
spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door'

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door·
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is
dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the
floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

During the four years succeeding the publication of the above poem, and while residing at New York, Poe contributed, at various times, to the *Broadway Journal*, and *Godey's Lady's Book.* A series of articles, published in the latter, and entitled *The Literati of New York City*, were, together with other sketches and essays, collected and republished in 1850.

Poe died in his native city, while on a visit there, of fever occasioned by intemperance and exposure, Oct. 7, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight.

Poe figures in American literature as essayist, fictionist, and poet. Of his merits in each of these departments there is no lack of weighty opinions, which, though they pretty generally agree as touching the main points of his genius, vary not a little in the terms employed to describe these points. We select the following as being, to our mind, the most candid and temperate.

"In his criticisms he has displayed a keen analysis, a clear discrimination; they are sharp and well defined, but unfair. . . . He was a master in the criticism of words and their collocation, but had not sufficient breadth of mind fully to appreciate thought, nor sufficient candor to acknowledge excellence." *

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* Cleveland's *Compendium of American Literature.*

Of his poems, the same authority remarks, "Their elaboration is minute, their metre exquisite, both in its adaptation and polish. In this, indeed, lies their principal power; and perhaps a great part of the charm which they have is a kind of ear-jugglery. They do not move the heart, for of *feeling* there is an essential want. His poetry, as he himself tells us, is the result of cold, mathematical calculation."

"But it is through his tales that Poe is best known, and in them is displayed the real bent of his genius. Their chief characteristic is a grim horror—sometimes tangible, but usually shadowy and dim. He revelled in faintly sketching scenes of ghastly gloom, in imagining the most impossible plots, and in making them seem real by minute detail. His wild and weird conceptions have great power; but they affect the fears only, rarely the *heart;* while sometimes his morbid creations are repulsive and shocking; yet in the path he has chosen he is unrivalled." *

* Cleveland's *Compendium of American Literature.*

HALLECK.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1790. In boyhood the poetical faculty manifested itself, and so genuine and deep-rooted was its planting that not even the prosaic and distracting employments of a life spent mainly in mercantile pursuits could prevent the divine germ from growing into a goodly perfection.

From his eighteenth year until his fifty-fourth he resided in New York City. Here it was he achieved his earliest celebrity as a town wit and as a political and social satirist under the pseudonym of "Croaker & Co.," J. R. Drake being the other member of this literary firm. The death of this early and beloved associate, in 1820, gave birth to the following tender elegy from our poet's pen:

Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
  From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying
  Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
  Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
  To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and wo were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
  And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
  Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
  That mourns a man like thee.

Fanny, his longest poem, was published in 1821. "It is a satirical squib, in Don Juan measure, at the fashionable literary and political enthusiasms of the day."* The next year our author visited England and the Continent, and as a reminiscence of the tour has left us *Alnwick Castle.* This poem, together with *Burns*, *Marco Bozzaris*, and several others, were gathered into a volume, published in 1827. As one of the noblest and most imperishable lyrics in the language we quote, unmutilated,

MARCO BOZZARIS.†

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
  The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
  Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's Garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
  Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
  Heroes in heart and hand.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

† Marco Bozzaris, one of the bravest of the modern Greek chieftains, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August, 1823, and expired at the moment of victory.

There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
  On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
  As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear the sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
  And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
  God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word:
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells·
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;

For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:
  And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
  The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

The following verses afford an example of the melody of diction, the grace of rhythm, and the felicity of personification, so universally accorded our poet's writings.

TWILIGHT.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
  When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
  As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
  We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
  But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
  Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of woe
  Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
  We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
  With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,

And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though at times might lower the thunderstorm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

Speaking of Halleck, an able critic* has remarked: "His theory of poetic expression is that of the most popular masters of English verse—manly, clear, vivid, warm with genuine emotion, or sparkling with true wit. The more recent style of metrical writing, suggestive rather than emphatic, undefined and involved, and borrowed mainly from German idealism, he utterly repudiates. All his verses have a vital meaning, and the clear ring of pure metal. They are few, but memorable."

Halleck died November 19, 1867.

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, January 20, 1806. At the age of six he removed to Boston, and in 1827 graduated at Yale College. While a student here he published several religious poems, which, it is thought, his finest maturer efforts have failed to surpass. We cite, as one of the most graphic, melodious, and touching of these,

THE HEALING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance—
Her thin, pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.

The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips,
And, as it stirr'd with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from her languid eyes,
And her slight fingers moved, and heavily
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—
The same loved, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast-falling tears; and, with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept.

The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face;
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceased its pressure; and he could not hear,

In the dead utter silence, that a breath
Came through her nostrils; and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse; and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ached with its deadly stillness. . . .

* * * * * *

It was night—
And, softly, o'er the Sea of Galilee,
Danced the breeze-ridden ripples to the shore,
Tipp'd with the silver sparkles of the moon.
The breaking waves play'd low upon the beach
Their constant music, but the air beside
Was still as starlight, and the Saviour's voice,
In its rich cadences unearthly sweet,
Seem'd like some just-born harmony in the air,
Waked by the power of wisdom. On a rock,
With the broad moonlight falling on his brow,
He stood and taught the people.

At his feet
Lay his small scrip, and pilgrim's scallop-shell,
And staff—for they had waited by the sea
Till he came o'er from Gadarene, and pray'd
For his wont teachings as he came to land.
His hair was parted meekly on his brow,
And the long curls from off his shoulders fell,
As he lean'd forward earnestly, and still
The same calm cadence, passionless and deep—
And in his looks the same mild majesty—
And in his mien, the sadness mix'd with power—
Fill'd them with love and wonder.

Suddenly,
As on his words entrancedly they hung,
The crowd divided, and among them stood
Jairus the Ruler. With his flowing robe
Gather'd in haste about his loins, he came,
And fixed his eyes on Jesus. Closer drew
The twelve disciples to their Master's side;

And silently the people shrunk away,
And left the haughty Ruler in the midst,
Alone.
A moment longer on the face
Of the meek Nazarene he kept his gaze,
And, as the twelve look'd on him, by the light
Of the clear moon they saw a glistening tear
Steal to his silver beard; and, drawing nigh
Unto the Saviour's feet, he took the hem
Of his coarse mantle, and with trembling hands
Press'd it upon his lids, and murmur'd low,
"*Master! my daughter!*"— . . . .

The same silvery light,
That shone upon the lone rock by the sea,
Slept on the Ruler's lofty capitals,
As at the door he stood, and welcomed in
Jesus and his disciples. All was still.
The echoing vestibule gave back the slide
Of their loose sandals, and the arrowy beam
Of moonlight, slanting to the marble floor,
Lay like a spell of silence in the rooms,
As Jairus led them on.

With hushing steps
He trod the winding stair; but ere he touch'd
The latchet, from within a whisper came,
"*Trouble the Master not—for she is dead!*"
And his faint hand fell nerveless at his side,
And his steps falter'd, and his broken voice
Choked in its utterance; but a gentle hand
Was laid upon his arm, and in his ear
The Saviour's voice sank thrillingly and low,
"*She is not dead; but sleepeth.*"

They pass'd in.
The spice-lamps in the alabaster urns
Burn'd dimly, and the white and fragrant smoke
Curl'd indolently on the chamber walls.
The silken curtains slumber'd in their folds—
Not even a tassel stirring in the air—
And as the Saviour stood beside the bed,

And pray'd inaudibly, the Ruler heard
The quickening division of his breath
As he grew earnest inwardly. There came
A gradual brightness o'er his calm, sad face;
And, drawing nearer to the bed, he moved
The silken curtains silently apart,
And looked upon the maiden.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails.
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencil'd on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polish'd neck, scarce touching it, they hung,
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful.

The Saviour raised
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
"*Maiden! Arise!*"—and suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vesture; and she clasped
The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—arose!

Upon leaving college, Willis edited *The Legendary* and *The Token*, volumes of tales published by S. G. Goodrich. In 1828 he established the *American Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted two years and a half, when it was merged in the *New York Mirror*, and our author went to Europe.

Here, during a stay of four years, he visited Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Turkey, and England. As the more immediate fruits of these travels, he published a series of sketches, entitled *Pencillings by the Way*, and a little later, in 1835, *Inklings of Adventure*, a collection of tales which appeared originally in a London magazine.

In 1837, having returned to America, Willis established himself in a lovely rural retreat on the Susquehanna, which he called, in honor of his wife, "Glenmary," and from this spot issued his *Letters from Under a Bridge*, and *Paul Fane.*

A few years later his ardent love of travel prompted our author to undertake a second tour of Europe; and while there he added to his former publications the volume *Loiterings of Travel*, and a couple of plays, under the common title *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband.*

"As a traveller, Mr. Willis has no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He is sympathetic, witty, observant, and at the same time inventive."*

Returning home, Willis shortly afterwards, in company with George P. Morris, begun the publication of the *Home Journal*, which venture proved an eminent success. His subsequent writings have largely consisted of editorial articles, descriptive of journeys through the Western and Southern States of our Union, the West Indies, and other foreign parts, and of occasional papers written from his latest country residence of "Idlewild" on the Hudson Highlands. These articles and papers have been republished, from time to time, in book form. The following is a complete list of them, with the dates of their issue:

Rural Letters, 1849; *People I have Met*, 1850; *Life Here and There*, 1850; *Hurry-graphs*, 1851; *Memoranda of the Life of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt*, 1851; *Health Trip to the Tropics*

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

1853; *Summer Cruise on the Mediterranean*, 1853; *Fun-Jottings*, 1853; *Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*,* 1853; *Out Doors at Idlewild*, 1854; *Famous Places and Persons*, 1854; *The Rag-Bag*, 1855; *The Convalescent*, 1859; *Old Leaves. Gathered from Household Words*, 1860.

To which must be added a complete edition of his poetry, published in 1848.

"His decease occurred on the 20th of January, 1867, at Idlewild, being just sixty-one years of age."†

"Few American authors were known to a wider circle of readers than Mr. Willis. He came before the public for the first time at a moment when our literature was passing from the delicate bloom of infancy to the florid and lusty vigor of early youth. Everything was in a state of transition; everything was unsettled; but everything was rich with the glow of dawning promise. Irving was in the fulness of his fame; Bryant had won the vernal honors which have since ripened into glorious maturity; R. H. Dana had struck a chord in many hearts by the mystic strains of his melancholy music; Percival was hailed by waiting and sanguine spirits as the morning-star of a new poetical day; Pierpont had gathered bright laurels on the banks where 'Hermon sheds its dews,' and 'decked his couch with Sharon's deathless rose;' Everett had returned from his quest of knowledge in distant lands, radiant with enthusiasm and hope; Channing had sent an electric spark into the bosom of society by his seraphic discussion of worldly themes amidst the solemnities of the pulpit; Lyman Beecher was disturbing the repose of the dry bones in the valley of vision by his athletic sledge-hammer blows on the heresies of Boston; Longfellow was beginning to gather around him a cluster of gracious sympathies by the tender pathos of his imagition and the sweet felicities of his diction.

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"He will be remembered not as a philosopher or a celestial genius; but as a man eminently human, with almost unique endowments, who contributed his share to the good-will, cheerful enjoyment, and intellectual life of the present. . . .

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* Assisted by George P. Morris.

† From Biographical Sketch in Clark and Maynard's (1869) Edition.

"The prose and poetry of Mr. Willis are alike distinguished for exquisite finish and melody. His language is pure, varied, and rich; his imagination brilliant, and his wit of the finest quality. Many of his descriptions of natural scenery are written pictures; and no other author has represented with equal vivacity and truth the manners of the age."*

The following extract from *Famous Persons and Places* is one of his *Letters of a Trip to Scotland*, and describes Gordon Castle, the company there, the Park. the duke of Gordon, and the personal beauty of the English aristocracy:

The last phaeton dashed away, and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his Grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deers' horns, and armor, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye.

"Who is at the castle?" I asked, as the boy busied himself in unstrapping my portmanteau.

"Oh, a great many, sir." He stopped in his occupation, and began counting on his fingers: "There's Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Claud Hamilton and Lady Harriette Hamilton, (them's his lordship's two step-children, you know, sir,) and the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Sophia Lennox, and Lady Keith, and Lord Mandeville and Lord Aboyne, and Lord Stormont and Lady Stormont, and Lord Morton and Lady Morton, and Lady Alicia, and—and—and—twenty more, sir."

"Twenty more lords and ladies?"

"No, sir! that's all the nobility."

"And you can't remember the names of the others?"

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* R. W. Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America.*

"No, sir."

He was a proper page. He could not trouble his memory with the names of commoners.

"And how many sit down to dinner?"

"Above thirty, besides the Duke and Duchess."

"That will do." And off tripped my slender gentleman with his laced jacket, giving the fire a terrible stir-up in his way out, and turning back to inform me that the dinner-hour was seven precisely.

It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September, and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks, and small fallow-deer grazed near them; the trees were planted and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession.

A mile from the castle wall the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his pony to its mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels; and all this little world of enjoyment and luxury and beauty lay in the hands of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid result of wealth and primogeniture.

The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet upon the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, I knew the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the Duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of introduction lying upon the table.

I was sitting by the fire imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle.

The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his other guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée.* The Duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

It was a large and very lofty hall, supported at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armor to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship, I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large coursing-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-two, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had upon my right Lady ——, "the most agreeable woman in Scotland." It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen "heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble" so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found; the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of "thoroughbred."

There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the Continent—the *paysans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur.

The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressement*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian, and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manners of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *dereglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally "gentleman-like" and Indian-like.

You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses who should bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country-house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he could contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-cafe* were brought in when the wines began to circulate more slowly; and at eleven there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards, tea, and music filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels.

"However full of beauty, and wit, of rich paintings of natural scenery, and delicate and humorous touches of the various phases of social life, Mr. Willis's prose writings are, it is by his poetry, and especially by his sacred poetry, that he will be most known and prized by posterity. There is a tenderness, a pathos, and a richness of description in it which give him a rank among the first of American poets."*

Inasmuch as we presented in our first selection a specimen of his sacred poetry, we here offer, as an example of his more impassioned verse,

THE DYING ALCHYMIST.

The night wind with a desolate moan swept by;
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stain'd and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

*   *   *   *   *   *

The fire beneath his crucible was low;
Yet still it burn'd; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirr'd the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Mutter'd a curse on death!

* Cleveland's *Compendium of American Literature.*

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologue beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compress'd,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:—

I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt—O God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow!

And yet it is—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly
Like a chain'd eaglet at its parent's call?
I fear—I fear—that this poor life is all!

Yet thus to pass away!—
To live but for a hope that mocks at last—
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are—for this—for naught!

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!

Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

Vain—vain!—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying! Oh God! If I might only live!
My phial—Ha! it thrills me—I revive!

Ay, were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

Earth has no mineral strange—
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings—
Water no quality in covert springs—
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.
Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye—
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
To chase Day's chariot to the horizon-walls—

And more, much more—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move—
To nurse and purify this human love—
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one—

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living-stream—
To live—O God! that life is but a dream!
And death—Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye—
Cover me! save me!—God of heaven! I die!

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had pass'd from its unequal frame
A soul of fire—a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wreck'd—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest!

Willis's ability in the path of bright, fanciful, and suggestive versification we hang on the sweet lyric,

TO A CITY PIGEON.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so loud in thy mellow throat,

And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshen'd leaves?
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
How canst thou bear
This noise of people—this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feather'd race
Dost look unscared on the human face,
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
And the "gentle dove"
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'rt link'd with all that is fresh and wild
In the prison'd thoughts of the city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart,
Wisely by Him who has tamed thy heart,
To stir the love for the bright and fair
That else were seal'd in this crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever when daylight leaves
The page I read, to my humble eaves,
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
And murmur thy low sweet music out!
I hear and see
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

SAXE.

JOHN G. SAXE was born at Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, and, turning his attention to law, was, four years later, admitted to the Bar, and began practice at St. Alban's in his native State. In 1850 he removed to Burlington, and for five years conducted *The Sentinel* there.

Saxe's longest poems have been introduced to the public in the guise of lectures delivered, from year to year, under the auspices mainly of library and literary associations. Of these the best known are *Progress: a Satire*, 1846; *The Rape of the Lock*, 1847; *The Proud Miss McBride*, 1848; *The Times*, 1849; *The Money-King*, 1854; *Literature and the Times*, 1855; and *The Press*, 1855.

Under the title of *Humorous and Satirical Poems* was published at Boston, in 1850, a complete edition of his writings up to that date. Later editions have succeeded in the following order: *The Money-King, and Other Poems*, in 1859; *The Flying Dutchman; or, The Wrath of Herr Von Stoppelnoze*, in 1862; *Clever Stories of Many Nations rendered in Rhyme*, in 1864; *The Masquerade, and other Poems*, in 1866; *Fables and Legends of Many Countries*, in 1872.

The following extracts are from

PROGRESS: A SATIRE.

NOR less, O Progress, are thy newest rules
Enforced and honored in the "Ladies' Schools;"
Where Education, in its nobler sense,
Gives place to Learning's shallowest pretence;
Where hapless maids, in spite of wish or taste,
On vain accomplishments their moments waste;
By cruel parents here condemned to wrench
Their tender throats in mispronouncing French;

Here doomed to force, by unrelenting knocks,
Reluctant music from a tortured box;
Here taught, in inky shades and rigid lines,
To perpetrate equivocal "designs;"
"Drawings" that prove their title plainly true,
By showing Nature "drawn" and "quartered" too!
In ancient times, I've heard my grandam tell,
Young maids were taught to read, and write, and spell;
(Neglected arts! once learned by rigid rules,
As prime essentials in the "common schools;")
Well taught beside in many a useful art
To mend the manners and improve the heart;
Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy wheel,
To ply the shuttle, and to twirl the reel,
Could thrifty tasks with cheerful grace pursue,
Themselves "accomplished," and their duties too.
Of tongues, each maiden had but one, 'tis said,
(Enough, 'twas thought, to serve a lady's head,)
But that was ENGLISH,—great and glorious tongue .
That CHATHAM spoke, and MILTON, SHAKSPEARE sung!
Let thoughts too idle to be fitly dressed
In sturdy Saxon, be in French expressed;
Let lovers breathe Italian,—like, in sooth,
Its singers, soft, emasculate, and smooth;
But for a tongue whose ample powers embrace
Beauty and force, sublimity and grace,
Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,
And formed alike for eloquence and song,
Give me the English,—aptest tongue to paint
A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,
To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,
To lash the oppressor, and to soothe the oppressed,
To lend fantastic Humor freest scope
To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,
Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,
And Wit his merriest whims and keenest stings!

* * * * * *

In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes,
Prepare to follow FASHION'S gay advance,
And thread the mazes of her motley dance;

And marking well each momentary hue,
And transient form, that meets the wondering view,
In kindred colors, gentle Muse, essay
Her Protean phases fitly to portray.

To-day, she slowly drags a cumbrous trail,
And "Ton" rejoices in its length of tail;
To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,
She trims her flounces just as much too short;
To-day, right jauntily, a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, haply, searching long in vain,
You spy her features down a Leghorn lane;
To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
To-morrow ambles in a mincing pace.
To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
And envious train-bands emulate the fair;
To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,
"She stoops to conquer" in a "Grecian curve."
To-day, with careful negligence arrayed
In scanty folds of woven zephyrs made,
She moves like Dian in her woody bowers,
Or Flora floating o'er a bed of flowers;
To-morrow, laden with a motley freight,
Of startling bulk and formidable weight,
She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze
The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze!

THE MONEY-KING (EXTRACTS).

HE wears no crown upon his royal head,
But many millions in his purse, instead;
He keeps no halls of state, but holds his court
In dingy rooms where greed and thrift resort;
In iron chests his wondrous wealth he hoards;
Banks are his parlors; brokers are his lords;
Bonds, bills, and mortgages, his favorite books,
Gold is his food, and coiners are his cooks;
Ledgers his records; stock-reports his news;
Merchants his yeomen, and his bondsmen Jews;
Kings are his subjects, gamblers are his knaves,
Spendthrifts his fools, and misers are his slaves!

The good, the bad, his golden favor prize,
The high, the low, the simple, and the wise,
The young, the old, the stately, and the gay,—
All bow obedient to his royal sway!

* * * * * *

He builds the house where Christian people pray,
And rears a bagnio just across the way;
Pays to the priest his stinted annual fee;
Rewards the lawyer for his venal plea!
Sends an apostle to the heathen's aid;
And cheats the Choctaws for the good of trade;
Lifts by her heels an Ellsler to renown,
Or, bribing "Jenny," brings an angel down!

He builds the Theatres and gambling Halls,
Lloyds and Almacks, St. Peter's and St. Paul's;
Sin's gay retreats, and Fashion's gilded rooms,
Hotels and Factories, Palaces and Tombs;
Bids Commerce spread her wings to every gale;
Bends to the breeze the Pirate's bloody sail;
Helps Science seek new worlds among the stars,
Profanes our own with mercenary wars;
The friend of wrong, the equal friend of right,
Oft may we bless and oft deplore his might,
As buoyant hope or darkening fears prevail,
And good or evil turns the moral scale.

* * * * * *

To me the boon may gracious Heaven assign,—
No cringing suppliant at Mammon's shrine,
Nor slave of Poverty—with joy to share
The happy mean expressed in Agur's prayer;—
A house (my own) to keep me safe and warm,
A shade in sunshine, and a shield in storm;
A generous board, and fitting raiment, clear
Of debts and duns throughout the circling year;
Silver and gold, in moderate store, that I
May purchase joys that only these can buy;
Some gems of art, a cultured mind to please,
Books, pictures, statues, literary ease.

That "Time is Money" prudent Franklin shows
In rhyming couplets and sententious prose.

Oh, had he taught the world in prose and rhyme,
The higher truth that Money may be Time!
And showed the people, in his pleasant ways,
The art of coining dollars into days!—
Days for improvement, days for social life,
Days for your God, your children, and your wife;
Some days for pleasure, and an hour to spend
In genial converse with an honest friend.

Such days be mine!—and grant me, Heaven, but this,
With blooming health, man's highest earthly bliss,—
And I will read, without a sigh or frown,
The startling news that stocks are going down;
Hear without envy that a stranger hoards
Or spends more treasure than a mint affords;
See my next neighbor pluck a golden plum,
Calm and content within my cottage-home;
Take for myself what honest thrift may bring,
And for his kindness bless the Money-King!

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.—A BALLAD.

An Attorney was taking a turn,
  In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
  And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,
  His linen and worsted were worse;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
  And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,
  A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
  Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
  I've never a client but grief:
The case is, I've no case at all,
  And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief!

"I've waited and waited in vain,
  Expecting an 'opening' to find,

Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

"O, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression,—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotion, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came,
('Twas the coroner bade them attend,)
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end!

"The man was a lawyer, I hear,"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
"A lawyer! Alas!" said another,
"Undoubtedly died of remorse!"

A third said, "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause."

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
That the lawyer was drown*d*ed, because
He could not keep his head above water!

EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be a-bed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep.

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night,
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

PHAËTHON; OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAËTHON—so the histories run—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun—
Or rather of Phœbus; but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
Some going for one, and some for another!
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
Drove a very fast coach, by the name of "The Sun",
Running, they say,
Trips every day,
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way,)
All lighted up with a famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman's "shay,"
With never a fare, and nothing to pay!

Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father
To grant him a favor, and this the rather,
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he wasn't by any means Phœbus's boy!
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!

"By the terrible Styx!" said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,

"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire!"
"Then by my head,"
The youngster said,
"I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive!"

"Nay, Phaëthon, don't—
I beg you won't,—
Just stop a moment and think upon't!
You're quite too young," continued the sage,
"To tend a coach at your tender age!
Besides, you see,
'Twill really be
Your first appearance on any stage!

"Desist, my child,
The cattle are wild,
And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'
Depend upon't the coach'll be 'spiled,'—
They're not the fellows to draw it mild!
Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day—
So mind and don't be foolish, Pha!"

But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud,
'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd,—
He'd have the horses and wouldn't be cowed!
In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow of force
Could manage a dozen coursers, of course!

Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
He had given his word in such a hurry,
But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.

So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of advice:

"'*Parce stimulis, utere loris!*'"
(A "stage direction," of which the core is,
Don't use the whip,—they're ticklish things,—
But whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)
Remember the rule of the Jehu-tribe is,
"*Medio tutissimus ibis,*"
(As the Judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
Who was going to quod between two watchmen!)
"So mind your eye, and spare your goad,
Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!"

Now Phaëthon, perched in the coachman's place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-chase!
Of whip and shout there was no lack,
"Crack—whack—
Whack—crack,"
Resounded along the horses' back!

Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
On—on they sped as swift as a flash,
Through thick and thin away they dash,
(Such rapid driving is always rash!)
When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
The whole "establishment" went to smash!
And Phaëthon, he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
Into a puddle, and out of the world!

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,—
Nor set it down in your table of forces,
That any one man equals any four horses.
Don't swear by the Styx!—
It's one of Old Nick's
Diabolical tricks
To get people into a regular "fix,"
And hold 'em there as fast as bricks!

THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.

"Give me a motto!" said a youth
To one whom years had rendered wise;
"Some pleasant thought, or weighty truth,
That briefest syllables comprise;
Some word of warning or of cheer
To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the boy,
"Since life, they say, is ever made
A mingled web of grief and joy;
Since cares may come and pleasures fade,—
Pray, let the motto have a range
Of meaning matching every change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks you ask
A labor something over-nice,
That well a finer brain may task,—
What think you, lad, of this device,
(Older than I,—though I am gray,)
'Tis simple,—'This will pass away'?

"When wafted on by Fortune's breeze,
In endless peace thou seem'st to glide,
Prepare betimes for rougher seas,
And check the boast of foolish pride;
Though smiling joy is thine to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped in black,
And, beaten by tempestuous gales,
Thy shuddering ship seems all-awrack,
Then trim again thy tattered sails;
To grim Despair be not a prey;
Bethink thee, 'This will pass away!'

"Thus, oh, my son, be not o'er proud,
Nor yet cast down; judge thou aright;
When skies are clear, expect the cloud;
In darkness, wait the coming light;
Whatever be thy fate to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away!'"

TIME AND LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

OLD Time and young Love, on a morning in May,
  Chanced to meet by a river in halcyon weather,
And, agreeing for once, ('tis a fable, you'll say,)
  In the same little boat made a voyage together.

Strong, steady, and patient, Time pulled at his oar,
  And swift o'er the water the voyagers go;
But Love, who was thinking of Pleasure on shore,
  Complained that his boatman was wretchedly slow.

But Time, the old sailor, expert at his trade,
  And knowing the leagues that remained to be done,
Content with the regular speed that he made,
  Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

Love, always impatient of doubt or delay,
  Now sighed for the aid of the favoring gales,
And scolded at Time, in the sauciest way,
  For not having furnished the shallop with sails.

But Time, as serene as a calendar saint,
  (Whatever the graybeard was thinking upon,)
All-deaf to the voice of the yonker's complaint,
  Tugged away at his oar and kept steadily on.

Love, vexed at the heart, only clamored the more,
  And cried, "By the gods! in what country or clime
Was ever a lubber who handled an oar
  In so lazy a fashion as old Father Time!'

But Time only smiled in a cynical way,
  ('Tis often the mode with your elderly Don,)
As one who knows more than he cares to display,
  And still at his oar pulled steadily on.

Grown calmer at last, the exuberant boy
  Enlivens the minutes with snatches of rhyme;
The voyage, at length, he begins to enjoy,
  And soon has forgotten the presence of Time!

But Time, the severe, egotistical elf,
Since the day that his travels he entered upon,
Has ne'er for a moment forgotten himself,
But tugs at his oar and keeps steadily on.

Awaking once more, Love sees with a sigh
That the River of Life will be presently passed,
And now he breaks forth with a piteous cry,
"O Time, gentle Time! you are rowing too fast!"

But Time, well knowing that Love will be dead,
Dead—dead! in the boat!—ere the voyage is done,
Only gives him an ominous shake of the head,
While he tugs at his oar and keeps steadily on!

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

Beneath the hill you may see the mill
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same,—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name,
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye;"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And so the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;

I've seen a sack upon his back
  As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
  Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
  Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
  But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came,
  "The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered, mournfully,
  The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see;
  "Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed,—
  His miller's coat his only shroud;
"Dust to dust," the parson said,
  And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
  And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
  To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
  Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
  But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.

The foregoing extracts, we think, will serve as tolerably fair specimens of Saxe's ability in the several spheres of satire, humor, sentiment, and pathos. It will be seen his satire bites on the grin. He attacks abuses by ingeniously disclosing any possible comicalities or ludicrous absurdities they may possess, and rests satisfied when he has provoked the laugh against them.

Saxe, however, finds his truest and happiest employ in poems where humor, wit, and a prevailing *bonhomie* constitute the ingredients. This class of composition comprises by far the majority of his poems. In a few instances, however, he has ventured beyond the immediate influence of Momus into the realm of fantasy and of earnest and tender sentiments, and has here proven himself so appreciative and eloquent that it is to be regretted he has not oftener indulged in this vein.

"Like our best humorists, he shows that the founts of tears and laughter lie close together; for his power of pathos is almost as marked as that of fun." *

"His verse is nervous and generally highly finished, and in almost all cases it is admirably calculated for the production of the desired effects." †

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, July, '66.

† R. W. Griswold.

LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell was born, February 22, 1819, at the country-seat of Elmwood, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1838 he graduated at Harvard. Three years later he gave to the public his first literary offering—a volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life*. This was followed in 1844 by a second volume, styled *Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets*. These, while they lacked not the sensibility and poetic tenderness of the first series, were more artistic, and evinced a power in the elements of intense feeling also.

A volume of prose essays, displaying a critical familiarity with English literature, was issued in 1845, by title, *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*. The year 1848 was one prolific in works from our author's pen, no less than four volumes appearing. They were a new series of *Poems*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *A Fable for Critics*, and *The Biglow Papers*.

The last named production "purports to be written by Homer Wilbur, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam and (prospective) member of many literary, learned, and scientific societies. It is cast in the Yankee dialect, and is quite an artistic production in that peculiar lingo. The subject is an exposure of the political pretences and shifts which accompanied the war with Mexico, the satire being directed against war and slavery. It is original in style and pungent in effect." *

In the winter of 1854–5, Lowell delivered in Boston a series of twelve lectures on the British poets. The favorable opinion created by these, it is surmised, helped our author into the chair of modern languages and belles-lettres just being vacated by Longfellow, at Harvard. In 1857, upon the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Lowell was made its editor, and exercised the functions of this office for about five years. Again, after a brief interval, he was called to a participation in the editorial management of the *North American Review.* In 1881 he was appointed United States Minister to England.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

His works, not already mentioned, are *Fireside Travels* (1864), a new instalment of the *Biglow Papers*, abounding in wit, humor, and practical wisdom touching the topics of the times, *Under the Willows, and other Poems* (1869), *The Cathedral* (1870), *Among my Books* (1870), and *My Study Windows* (1871).

"Among the poets of America, Lowell is distinguished by the great range, (if we may use the expression,) as well as by the versatility, of his powers. He seems equally at home in the playful, the pathetic, or the meditative realms of poetry. And we always rise from the perusal of his productions with the impression that he has not put forth all his strength, but that, had he aspired to something still higher, it would not have been beyond the reach of his genius." *

"The music of his verse seems the unsought charm of the words that could most clearly give his sense; and the sincerity and originality of his genius are in nothing more manifest than in a diction as distinctively his own as it is inartificial and unmannered. . . . There is as fresh and racy a flavor in his phrase as if he had newly plucked it from the fields, and it were part of the great life of skies and woods and seas on which, in its relation to that of man, he dwells with so true a love." †

"Lowell's prose-writings are as remarkable as his poetry: the copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, and the force and clearness of his reasoning, give to his reviews and essays a fascinating charm that would place him in the front rank of our prose-writers, if he did not occupy a similar position among our poets."*

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* Lippincott's *Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography.*

† *Atlantic Monthly,* Feb., '69.

A LETTER

From Mr. Ezekiel Biglow of Jaalam to the Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, Editor of the Boston Courier, inclosing a poem of his son, Mr. Hosea Biglow.

Jaylem, june, 1846.

Mister Eddyter: Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jist come down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figured onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, bein he haint aney grat a shows o' book larnin himself. bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz verry well As they wuz, and then Hosy ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in the villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosy's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

Ezekiel Biglow.

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* *The Homes of American Authors.*

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
  On them kittle drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin kind o' cattle
  Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
  Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
  'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
  Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
  To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
  Ef you must wear humps like these,
Sposin you should try salt hay fer't,
  It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southern fellers,
  They're a dreffle graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
  Wen they want their irons het;
May be it's all right ez preachin',
  But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
  O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,
  Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegaders,)
  Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
  To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
  All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
  There you have it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump and fairly,
  It's ez long ez it is broad,

An' you've gut to get up airly
  Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
  Make the thing a grain more right·
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
  Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
  An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer fer it,
  God 'ill send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meeting-goin'
  Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
  Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
  Trainin' round in bobtail coats.—
But it's curus Christian dooty
  This ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
  Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetery
  Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
  So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
  An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
  Take such everlastin' pains
All to git the Devil's thankee,
  Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
  Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers,
  Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
  Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, too,
  Any gump could larn by heart;

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
  Hev one glory an' one shame,
Ev'y thin' that's done inhuman
  Injurs all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
  You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
  Coz you're put upon by wite;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
  'Taint the hide that makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
  'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
  I expect you 'll hev to wait;
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
  You 'll begin to kal'late;
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
  All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
  To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
  Whether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye—guess you'd fancy
  The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me for home consumption,
  Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
  You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
  Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
  Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime set o' fellers?
  'Fore they think on't they will spout,
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers,)
  With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
  Bigger pens to cram with slaves,

Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
  Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
  Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
  Whitewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
  She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, that ough' to ha' clung for ever
  In her grand old eagle-nest;
She that ough' to stand so fearless
  Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
  To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?
  Haint they made your env'ys wiz?
Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
  Wut 'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
  Is your duty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin
  In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
  Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
  The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
  Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
  In the ears of all the South:

I'll return ye good fer evil
  Much ez we frail mortals can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
  Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
  Jest az suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
  An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther
  We should go to work an' part,—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
  Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man hed ough' to put asunder
  Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't greatly wonder
  Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

From *Under the Willows, and other Poems*, we select, as being strikingly characteristic of our poet's style and vein of thought,

AL FRESCO.

The dandelions and buttercups
Gild all the lawn; the drowsy bee
Stumbles among the clover-tops,
And summer sweetens all but me:
Away, unfruitful lore of books,
For whose vain idiom we reject
The soul's more native dialect,
Aliens among the birds and brooks,
Dull to interpret or conceive
What gospels lost the woods retrieve!
Away, ye critics, city-bred,
Who set man-traps of thus and so,
And in the first man's footsteps tread,
Like those who toil through drifted snow!
Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
Can make a garden of a cell!
I need ye not, for I to-day
Will make one long sweet verse of play.

  Snap, chord of manhood's tenser strain!
To-day I will be a boy again;
The mind's pursuing element,
Like a bow slackened and unbent,
In some dark corner shall be leant.
The robin sings as of old, from the limb!
The cat-herd croons in the lilac-bush;
Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,

Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him;
The irreverent buccaneering bee
Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery
Of the lily, and scattered the sacred floor
With haste-dropt gold from shrine to door;
There, as of yore,
The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge;
And our tall elm, this hundredth year
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who, with an annual ring, doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows with his palatial mass
The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unestranged birds and bees!
O face of nature always true!
O never-unsympathizing trees!
O never-rejecting roof of blue,
Whose rash disherison never falls
On us unthinking prodigals,
Yet who convictest all our ill,
So grand and unappeasable!
Methinks my heart from each of these
Plucks part of childhood back again,
Long there imprisoned, as the breeze
Doth every hidden odor seize
Of wood and water, hill and plain.
Once more am I admitted peer
In the upper house of Nature here,
And feel through all my pulses run
The royal blood of breeze and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
No hum of neighbor toil intrudes;
The only hammer that I hear
Is wielded by the woodpecker,
The single noisy calling his
In all our leaf-hid Sybaris;

The good old time, close-hidden here,
Persists, a loyal cavalier,
While Roundheads prim, with point of fox,
Probe wainscot-chink and empty box;
Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast
Insults thy statues, royal Past;
Myself too prone the axe to wield,
I touch the silver side of the shield
With lance reversed, and challenge peace,
A willing convert of the trees.

How chanced it that so long I tost
A cable's length from this rich coast,
With foolish anchors hugging close
The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,
Nor had the wit to wreck before
On this enchanted island's shore,
Whither the current of the sea,
With wiser drift, persuaded me?

O, might we but of such rare days
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place!
A temple of so Parian stone
Would brook a marble god alone,
The statue of a perfect life,
Far-shrined from earth's bestaining strife.
Alas! though such felicity
In our vext world here may not be,
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut
Shows stones which old religion cut
With text inspired, or mystic sign
Of the Eternal and Divine,
Torn from the consecration deep
Of some fallen nunnery's mossy sleep,
So, from the ruins of this day
Crumbling in golden dust away,
The soul one gracious block may draw
Carved with some fragment of the law,
Which, set in life's uneven wall,
Old benedictions may recall,
And lure some nunlike thoughts to take
Their dwelling here for memory's sake.

CARY.

Alice Cary was born in Mount Healthy, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, April, 1820. Furnished with but a very limited schooling, and unsurrounded by the incitements of cultured and literary society, she surrendered herself fully to the teachings of her own sweet spirit, and the poetical influences of Nature that lay in variety and beauty around her home.

At the age of eighteen she contributed verses to the Cincinnati press, which were well received; but it was by a series of sketches of rural life, published, under the disguise of "Patty Lee," in the *National Era*, that she first attracted marked attention. In 1850, in company with her sister Phœbe, she removed to New York, where, the same year, the two gave to the public a first volume of *Poems*. The works that have since been issued by Alice are:

Clovernook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West, a volume of prose sketches, in 1851; *Lyra, and other Poems*, in 1852; *Hagar, a Story of To-Day*, in 1852; *Clovernook*, second series, in 1853; *Clovernook Children*, in 1854; *Poems*, a new collection, in 1855; *Married, not Mated*, and *Hollywood*, novels, in 1856; *Pictures of Country Life*, in 1859; *The Bishop's Son*, in 1867; *Snow Berries*, in 1867.

She died at her residence in New York City, February 12, 1871.

Of her Clovernook sketches one of our greatest poets* has said: "They bear the true stamp of genius—simple, natural, truthful—and evince a keen sense of the humor and pathos, of the comedy and tragedy of life in the country."

"It is impossible to deny that she has original and extraordinary powers, or that the elements of genius are poured forth in her verses with an astonishing richness and prodigality."†

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* John G. Whittier.

† E. P. Whipple.

"Her characters are remarkable, considering their variety, for fidelity to nature, and her sentiments are marked by womanly delicacy, humanity, and reverence for religion; while over all is the charm of a powerful imagination, with frequent manifestations of the most quiet and delicious humor."*

"No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Cary."†

MAY VERSES.

FROM "LYRA, AND OTHER POEMS."

Do you hear the wild birds calling—
  Do you hear them, oh my heart?
Do you see the blue air falling
  From their rushing wings apart?

With young mosses they are flocking,
  For they hear the laughing breeze,
With dewy fingers rocking
  Their light cradles in the trees!

Within nature's bosom holden,
  'Till the wintry storms were done,
Little violets, white and golden,
  Now are leaning to the sun.

With its stars the box is florid,
  And the wind-flower, sweet to view
Hath uncovered its pale forehead
  To the kisses of the dew.

While thousand blossoms tender,
  As coquettishly as they,
Are sunning their wild splendor,
  In the blue eyes of the May!

In the water softly dimpled—
  In the flower-enameled sod—
How beautifully exampled
  Is the providence of God!

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* Prof. Jno. S. Hart. † *Westminster Review.*

From the insect's little story
  To the fartherest star above,
All are waves of glory, glory,
  In the ocean of his love.

RESPITE.

From 'Lyra, and Other Poems."

Leave me, dear ones, to my slumber,
  Daylight's faded glow is gone;
In the red light of the morning
  I must rise and journey on.

I am weary, oh, how weary!
  And would rest a little while;
Let your kind looks be my blessing,
  And your last "Good-night" a smile.

We have journeyed up together,
  Through the pleasant day-time flown,
Now my feet have pressed life's summit
  And my pathway lies alone.

And, my dear ones, do not call me,
  Should you haply be awake,
When across the eastern hill-tops
  Presently the day shall break.

For, while yet the stars are lying
  In the gray lap of the dawn,
On my long and solemn journey
  I shall be awake and gone;
Far from mortal pain and sorrow,
  And from passion's stormy swell,
Knocking at the golden gateway
  Of the eternal citadel.

Therefore, dear ones, let me slumber—
  Faded is the day and gone;
And with morning's early splendor,
  I must rise and journey on.

TO THE BOYS.

From "Snow Berries."

Don't you be afraid, boys,
  To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
  Should call it rude or wrong.

Keep yourselves good-natured,
  And if smiling fails,
Ask them if they ever saw
  Muzzles on the quails!

Or the lovely red rose
  Try to hide her flag,
Or the June to smother all
  Her robins in a bag!

If they say the teaching
  Of nature isn't true,
Get astride the fence, boys,
  And answer with a Whew!

I'll tell you what it is, boys,
  No water-wheel will spin,
Unless you set a whistle
  At the head of every pin.

And never kite flew skyward
  In triumph like a wing
Without the glad vibration
  Of a whistle in the string

And when the days are vanished,
  For idleness and play,
'Twill make your labors lighter
  To whistle care away.

So don't you be afraid, boys,
  In spite of bar and ban,
To whistle,—it will help you each
  To make an honest man.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

From "Snow Berries."

Painter, paint me a sycamore,
  A spreading and snowy-limbed tree,
  Making cool shelter for three,
And like a green quilt at the door
  Of the cabin near the tree,
  Picture the grass for me,
With a winding and dusty road before,
  Not far from the group of three,
  And the silver sycamore-tree.

'Twill take your finest skill to draw
  From that happy group of three,
  Under the sycamore tree,
The little girl in the hat of straw
  And the faded frock, for she
  Is as fair as fair can be.
You have painted frock and hat complete!
Now the color of snow you must paint her **feet;**
Her cheeks and lips from a strawberry-bed;
From sunflower-fringes her shining head.

Now, painter, paint the hop-vine swing
  Close to the group of three,
And a bird with bright brown eyes and wing,
  Chirping merrily,
 "Twit twit, twit twit, twee!"
That is all the song he makes,
And the child to mocking laughter breaks,
  Answering, "Here are we,
  Father and mother and me!"
Pretty darling, her world is small,—
Father and mother and she are all.

Ah, painter, your hand is still!
  You have made the group of three
  Under the sycamore-tree,
But you cannot make all the skill
  Of your colors say, "Twit twit, twee!"
  Nor the answering, "Here are we,
  Father and mother and me."
I'll be a poet, and paint with words
Talking children and chirping birds.

COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. At an early age he removed with his father to the neighborhood of Otsego Lake, New York, where he passed his boyhood, "surrounded by noble scenery, and a population composed of adventurous settlers, hardy trappers, and the remnant of the noble Indian tribes who were once sole lords of the domain." *

At thirteen, young Cooper entered Yale College, where he proved himself an excellent classical student: but leaving after a term of three years, he entered the navy as midshipman, and remained six years in the service. He then married, and settled down to a domestic and village life near the city of New York.

Cooper's literary career was begun by accident, as it would seem. One evening, laying aside an English novel which he had been reading to his wife, he remarked, half playfully, that he believed he could write a better one himself. *Precaution* was the result of this sudden conviction; but, if we may judge of its worth both by its author's and the public's estimation of it, it is not altogether certain that Cooper realized the conceit which gave birth to the effort.

Cooper published, in 1821, what is conceded to have been the first successful American novel, entitled, *The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground.*

"The rugged, homely worth of Harvey Birch (the Spy), his native shrewdness combined with heroic boldness, which develops itself in deeds, not in the heroic speeches which an ordinary novelist would have placed in his mouth, the dignified presentation of Washington in the slight disguise of the assumed name of Harper, the spirit of the battle scenes and hairbreadth escapes which abound in the

* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

narrative, the pleasant and truthful home scenes of the country mansion, place *The Spy* in the foremost rank of fiction."*

CHAPTER IX., VOL. I.—AN EXTRACT.

"WELL, Tom, your slanderous propensity is incurable—but," stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, "what animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary," added the captain, still eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed, "Harvey Birch—take him dead or alive."

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination to the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock, where he had been seen by the passing glance of Henry Wharton, until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred. He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of the approaching horse. Trusting to the increasing darkness, he, notwithstanding, determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unnoticed.

Captain Lawton was too much engrossed with the foregoing conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the pedler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passed him, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress. The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground, it was seen, and the chase commenced. For a single instant Birch remained helpless, with his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of his danger and his legs refusing their natural, and what was now so necessary office. But it was for a moment only. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the pedler betook himself to flight.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

He knew that by bringing himself into a line with his pursuers and the wood his form would be lost to the sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge. The pedler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was in this manner passed unseen. But delay, now, became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of the hasty Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of the trooper near him on the subject, when a man, at a short distance in his rear, crossed the road in a single bound. At the same instant the stentorian voice of Captain Lawton rang through the valley, shouting in a manner that told the truth at once to his men:

"Harvey Birch—take him dead or alive."

Fifty pistols lighted the scene instantly, and the bullets whistled in every direction around the head of the devoted pedler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and he exclaimed bitterly: "Hunted like a beast of the forest." He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed; he feared that, if taken, his life would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to die as a spy, and only escaped that fate by stratagem.

These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions; and he again fled before them. A fragment of a wall that had withstood the ravages made by war, in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers, and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security against the approach of any foe.

The heart of the pedler now beat high with the confidence of his revived hopes, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to give him room. The order was promptly obeyed, and the fearless trooper came at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle like lightning, and in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, now too plainly assured the pedler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die," said the trooper, in the suppressed tones of inveterate determination.

Harvey stole a fearful glance over his shoulder, and saw, within a bound of him, the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and threatening sabre. Fear, exhaustion, and despair, seized on his heart, and the intended victim suddenly fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate pedler, and both steed and rider came together violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, and with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. . . . All the wrongs of the pedler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper; and the pedler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehannah: a Descriptive Tale, appeared in 1823. For the minute and vivid description of natural scenery and the graphic pioneer portraitures which mark this volume, the author had recourse to the early experiences of his wild lake home. "The best known character of the story is the world-renowned Leatherstocking, the noble pioneer, the chevalier of the woods."*

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

LEATHERSTOCKING.

He was tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings. On his head, which was thinly covered with lank, sandy hair, he wore a cap made of fox-skin. His face was skinny, and thin almost to emaciation, but yet bore no sign of disease—on the contrary, it had every indication of the most robust and enduring health. The cold and the exposure had, together, given it a color of uniform red; his gray eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of gray mingled with their natural hue; his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt to the same tint with his face: though a small part of a shirt-collar, made of the country check, was to be seen above the over-dress he wore.

A kind of coat, made of dressed deer-skin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body, by a girdle of colored worsted. On his feet were deer-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupine quills, after the manner of the Indians, and his limbs were guarded with long leggings of the same material as the moccasins, which, gartering over the knees of his tarnished buckskin breeches, had obtained for him, among the settlers, the nickname of Leatherstocking, notwithstanding his legs were protected beneath, in winter, by thick garments of woollen, duly made of good blue yarn.

Over his left shoulder was slung a belt of deer-skin, from which depended an enormous ox horn, so thinly scraped as to discover the dark powder that it contained. The larger end was fitted ingeniously and securely with a wooden bottom, and the other was stopped tight by a little plug. A leathern pouch hung before him, from which, as he concluded his last speech, he took a small measure, and, filling it accurately with powder, he commenced reloading the rifle, which, as its butt rested on the snow before him, reached nearly to the top of his fox-skin cap.

As a specimen of the noble and almost tangible descriptions of natural scenery which abound in this work, we append the following fragment:

The side of the mountain, on which our travelers (Marmaduke Temple and his daughter Elizabeth) were journeying, though not absolutely perpendicular, was yet so steep as to render great care necessary in descending the rude and narrow path, which, in that early day, wound along the precipices. The negro reined in his impatient steeds, and time was given to Elizabeth to dwell on a scene which was so rapidly altering under the hands of man, that it only resembled, in its outlines, the picture she had so often studied, with delight, in her childhood.

On the right, and stretching for several miles to the north, lay a narrow plain, buried among mountains, which, falling occasionally, jutted in long low points, that were covered with tall trees, into the valley; and then again, for miles, stretched their lofty brows perpendicularly along its margin, nourishing in the crags that formed their sides, pines and hemlocks thinly interspersed with chestnut and beech, which grew in lines nearly parallel to the mountains themselves. The dark foliage of the evergreens was brilliantly contrasted by the glittering whiteness of the plain, which exhibited, over the tops of the trees, and through the vistas formed by the advancing points of the hills, a single sheet of unspotted snow, relieved occasionally by a few small dark objects that were discovered, as they were passing directly beneath the feet of the travelers, to be sleighs moving in various directions.

On the western border of the plain, the mountains, though equally high, were less precipitous, and as they receded, opened into irregular valleys and glens, and were formed into terraces, and hollows that admitted of cultivation. Although the evergreens still held dominion over many of the hills that rose on this side of the valley, yet the undulating outlines of the distant mountains, covered with forests of beech and maple, gave a relief to the eye, and the promise of a kinder soil.

Occasionally, spots of white were discoverable amidst the forests of the opposite hills, that announced, by the smoke which curled over the tops of the trees, the habitations of man, and the commencement of agriculture. These spots were sometimes, by the aid of united labor, enlarged into what were called settlements; but more frequently were small and insulated; though so rapid were the changes, and so persevering the labors of those who had cast their fortunes on the success of the enterprise, that it was not difficult for the imagination of Elizabeth to conceive they were enlarging under her eye, while she was gazing, in mute wonder, at the alterations that a few short years had made in the aspect of the country.

The points on the western side of the plain were both larger and more numerous than those on its eastern, and one in particular thrust itself forward in such a manner as to form beautifully curved bays of snow on either side. On its extreme end a mighty oak stretched forward, as if to overshadow, with its branches, a spot which its roots were forbidden to enter. It had released itself from the thraldom, that a growth of centuries had imposed on the branches of the surrounding forest-trees, and threw its gnarled and fantastic arms abroad, in all the wildness of unrestrained liberty.

A dark spot of a few acres in extent at the southern extremity of this beautiful flat, and immediately under the feet of our travellers, alone showed, by its rippling surface, and the vapors which exhaled from it, that what at first might seem a plain, was one of the mountain lakes, locked in the frosts of winter. A narrow current rushed impetuously from its bosom at the open place we have mentioned, and might be traced for a few miles, as it wound its way towards the south through the real valley, by its borders of hemlock and pine, and by the vapor which arose from its warmer surface into the chill atmosphere of the hills. The banks of this lovely basin, at its outlet, or southern end, were steep but not high; and in that direction the land continued for many miles a narrow but level plain, along which the settlers had scattered their humble habitations, with a profusion that bespoke the quality of the soil, and the comparative facilities of intercourse.

The following abridged extract will convey an idea of the more racy and characteristic parts of the work:

CHAPTER XVII.

The ancient amusement of shooting the Christmas turkey, is one of the few sports that the settlers of a new country seldom or never neglect to observe. It was connected with the daily practices of a people, who often laid aside the ax or the scythe to seize the rifle, as the deer glided through the forests they were felling, or the bear entered their rough meadows to scent the air of a clearing, and to scan, with a look of sagacity, the progress of the invader.

On the present occasion, the usual amusement of the day had been a little hastened, in order to allow a fair opportunity to Mr Grant, whose exhibition was not less a treat to the young sportsmen, than the one which engaged their present attention. The owner of the birds was a free black, who had been preparing for the occasion a collection of game that was admirably qualified to inflame the appetite of an epicure, and was well adapted to the means and skill of the different competitors, who were of all ages.

The order of the sports was extremely simple, and well understood. The bird was fastened by a string of tow, to the base of a stump of a large pine, the side of which, towards the point where the marksmen were placed, had been flattened with an ax, in order that it might serve the purpose of a target, by which the merit of each individual might be ascertained. The distance between the stump and this point was one hundred measured yards: a foot more or a foot less being thought an invasion of the right of one of the parties. The negro affixed his own price to every bird, and the terms of the chance. but when these were once established, he was obliged, by the strict principles of public justice that prevailed in the country, to admit any adventurer who might offer.

The throng consisted of some twenty or thirty young men, most of whom had rifles, and a collection of all the boys in the village. The little urchins, clad in coarse but warm garments, stood gathered around the more distinguished marksmen, with their hands stuck under their waistbands, listening eagerly to the boastful stories of the skill that had been exhibited on former occasions, and were already emulating in their hearts these wonderful deeds in gunnery.

The chief speaker was the man who had been mentioned by Natty (Leatherstocking) as Billy Kirby. This fellow, whose occupation, when he did not labor, was that of clearing lands, or chopping jobs, was of great stature, and carried in his very air, the index of his character. He was a noisy, boisterous, reckless lad, whose good-natured eye contradicted the bluntness and bullying tenor of his speech.

Between him and the Leatherstocking there had long existed a jealous rivalry, on the point of their respective skill in shooting. Notwithstanding the long practice of Natty, it was commonly supposed that the steady nerves and quick eye of the woodchopper rendered him his equal. Their competition had, however, been confined hitherto to boastings, and comparisons made from their successes in their various hunting excursions: but this was the first time that they had ever come in open collision.

The turkey was already fastened at the "mark," but its body was entirely hid by the surrounding snow, nothing being visible but its red swelling head, and long proud neck. If the bird was injured by any bullet that struck below the snow, it was still to continue the property of its present owner, but if a feather was touched in a visible part, the animal became the prize of the successful adventurer.

"Stand out of the way there, boys!" cried the wood-chopper, who was placing himself at the shooting-point—"stand out of the way, you little rascals, or I will shoot through you. Now, Brom (the negro), you may say good-bye to that turkey."

"Don't be boasting, Billy Kirby," said Natty, throwing the breech of his rifle into the snow, and leaning on its barrel. "Maybe it's true that I can't shoot as I used to could, but a hundred yards is but a short distance for a long rifle."

"What, old Leatherstocking, are you out this morning?" cried his reckless opponent. "Well, fair play's a jewel. But I've the lead of you, old fellow; so here goes, for a dry throat or a good dinner."

The countenance of the negro evinced not only all the interest which his pecuniary adventure might occasion, but also the keen excitement that the sport produced in the others, though with a very different wish as to the result. While the wood-chopper was slowly and steadily raising his rifle, he exclaimed—"Fair play—Billy Kirby—stand back—make 'em stand back, boys—gib a nigger fair play—poss-up-gobbler; shake a head, fool; don't a see 'em pokin gun at 'em?"

These cries, which were intended as much to distract the attention of the marksman, as for anything else, were, however, fruitless. The nerves of the wood-chopper were not so easily shaken, and he took his aim with the utmost deliberation. The dead stillness of expectation prevailed for a moment, and he fired. The head of the turkey was seen to dash on one side, and its wings were spread in momentary fluttering; but it settled itself down calmly into its bed of snow, and glanced its eyes uneasily around. For a time long enough to draw a deep breath not a sound was heard. The silence was then broken by the noise of the negro, who laughed, and shook his body, with all kinds of antics, rolling over in the snow with the excess of his delight.

The mirth of Brom vanished the instant that Natty took his stand. By this time the old hunter was ready for his business, and throwing his right leg far behind him, and stretching his left arm along the barrel of his piece, he raised it towards the bird Every eye glanced rapidly from the marksman to the mark, but at the moment when each ear was expecting the report of the rifle, they were disappointed by the ticking sound of the flint only.

"A snap—a snap," shouted the negro, springing from his crouching posture, like a madman, before his bird. "A snap as good as a fire—Natty Bumppo gun he snap—Natty Bumppo miss a turkey!"

"Natty Bumppo hit a nigger," said the indignant old hunter, "if you don't get out of the way, Brom. It's contrary to the reason of the thing, boy, that a snap should count for a fire, when one is nothing more than a fire-stone striking a steel pan, and the other is good lead, ay! and with a good aim; so get out of my way, boy, and let me show Billy Kirby how to shoot a Christmas turkey."

"Gib a nigger fair play!" cried the black, who continued resolutely to maintain his post. "Ebbery body know that snap as good as fire. Leab it to lady."

"Sartain," said the wood-chopper; "it's the law of the game in this part of the country, Leatherstocking. If you fire agin, you must pay up the other shilling. I b'lieve I'll try luck once more myself; so, Brom, here's my money, and I take the next fire."

"It's likely you know the laws of the woods better than I do, Billy Kirby!" returned Natty. "You come in with the settlers, with an ox-goad in your hand, and I come in with moccasins on my feet, and with a good rifle on my shoulder, so long back as afore the old war. Which is likely to know the best? I say no man need tell me that snapping is as good as firing, when I pull the trigger. I think Miss Elizabeth's thoughts should be taken. I've known the squaws give very good counsel when the Indians have been dumb-founded in their notions. If she says that I ought to lose, I agree to give it up."

"Then I adjudge you to be a loser, for this time," said Miss Temple; "but pay your money, and renew your chance; unless Brom will sell me the bird for a dollar. I will give him the money, and save the life of the poor victim."

This proposition was evidently but little relished by any of the listeners, even the negro feeling unwilling to lose the sport, though he lost his turkey. In the meanwhile, as Billy Kirby was preparing himself for another shot, Natty left the goal with an extremely dissatisfied manner, muttering to himself and speaking aloud:

"There hasn't been such a thing as a good flint sold at the foot of the lake since the time when the Indian traders used to come into the country; and if a body should go into the flats along the streams in the hills to hunt for such a thing, it's ten to one but they will be all covered up with the plough. Heigho! it seems to me that just as the game grows scarce, and a body wants the best of ammunition, to get a livelihood, everything that's bad falls on him like a judgment. But I'll change the stone, for Billy Kirby hasn't the eye for such a mark, I know."

The wood-chopper seemed now entirely sensible that his reputation in a great measure depended on his care; nor did he neglect any means to insure his success. He drew up his rifle and renewed his aim again and again, still appearing reluctant to fire. No sound was heard from even Brom during these portentous movements, until Kirby discharged his piece, with the same want of success as before. Then, indeed, the shouts of the negro rung through the bushes, and sounded among the trees of the neighboring forest like the outcries of a tribe of Indians. He laughed, rolling his head, first on one side, then on the other, until nature seemed exhausted with mirth. He danced, until his legs were wearied with motion, in the snow; and, in short, he exhibited all that violence of joy that characterizes the mirth of a thoughtless negro.

"Look this a-way, Billy Kirby," said Leatherstocking, "and let them clear the mark, and I'll show you a man who's made better shots afore now, and that when he's been hard pressed by the savages and wild beasts."

Although Natty Bumppo had certainly made hundreds of more momentous shots at his enemies or his game, yet he never exerted himself more to excel. He raised his piece three several times; once to get his range, once to calculate his distance, and once because the bird, alarmed by the deathlike stillness that prevailed, turned its head quickly to examine its foes. But the fourth time he fired.

The smoke, the report, and the momentary shock, prevented most of the spectators from instantly knowing the result; but Elizabeth, when she saw her champion drop the end of his rifle in the snow, and open his mouth in one of its silent laughs, and then proceed very coolly to recharge his piece, knew that he had been successful. The boys rushed to the mark and lifted the turkey on high, and with nothing but the remnant of a head.

The Pilot was Cooper's next work—his first sea story; and it not only demonstrated the versatility of his genius, but also proved it to be master of a creative and pictorial energy exceeding any evidence yet given. "The ships with whose fortunes we have to do in this story interest us like creatures of flesh and blood. Long Tom Coffin is probably the most widely known sailor character in existence."*

We present a condensed extract from this work, which may well stand as one of its many great battle pieces, with Long Tom Coffin prominently in the foreground.

BATTLE BETWEEN THE ARIEL AND THE ALACRITY

THE English cutter held her way from the land until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number, and, heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction opposite to that which pointed to the Ariel.

"Now, I would wager a quintal of codfish, Master Coffin," said Barnstable, "against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind's eye! If he wishes to speak to us, why don't he give his cutter a little sheet and come down?"

The cockswain (Long Tom Coffin) had made his arrangements for the combat with much more method and philosophy than any other man in the vessel. When the drum beat to quarters, he threw aside his jacket, vest, and shirt, with as little hesitation as if he stood under an American sun, and with all the discretion of a man who had engaged in an undertaking that required the free use of his utmost powers. He was standing at the breech of his long gun, with his brawny arms folded on a breast that had been turned to the color of blood by long exposure, his grizzled locks fluttering in the breeze, and his tall form towering far above the heads of all near him.

"Keep a good full!" cried the commander, in a stern voice, "and let the vessel go through the water. That fellow walks well, Long Tom; but we are too much for him on a bowling though, if he continue to draw ahead in this manner, it will be night before we can get alongside him."

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain; "them cutters carry a press of canvas when they seem to have but little; but it's no hard matter to knock a few cloths out of their bolt-ropes, when she will both drop astarn and to leeward."

"I believe there is good sense in your scheme, this time," said Barnstable; "speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the cockswain, sinking his body in such a manner as to let his head fall to a level with the cannon that he controlled, when, after divers orders, and sundry movements, to govern the direction of the piece, he applied a match, with a rapid motion, to the priming. An immense body of white smoke rushed from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, until, losing its power, it yielded to the wind, and, as it rose from the water, spread like a cloud, and, passing through the masts of the schooner, was driven far to leeward, and soon blended in the mists which were swiftly scudding before the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Barnstable sprang lightly on a gun, and watched the instant when the ball would strike, with keen interest, while Long Tom threw himself aside from the line of the smoke with a similar intention; holding one of his long arms extended towards his namesake, with a finger on the vent, and supporting his frame by placing the hand of the other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most men might have despaired of imitating with success.

"There go the chips!" cried Barnstable. "Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more judgment; let him have another piece of it, and if he like the sport, we'll play a game of long bowls with him!"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the cockswain, who, the instant he witnessed the effect of his shot, had returned to superintend the reloading of his gun; "if he holds on half an hour longer, I'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close, and make an even fight of it."

The drum of the Englishman was now, for the first time, heard, rattling across the water, and echoing the call to quarters, that had already proceeded from the Ariel.

"Ah! you have sent him to his guns!" said Barnstable; "we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom—wake him up.'

"We shall start him on end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly," said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. "My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly sail in each other's wake."

"Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!" cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; "is your namesake never to open his throat again!"

"Ay, ay, sir; all ready," grumbled the cockswain, "depress a little; so—so; overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match—fire."

This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin traveled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence, and the report of the second gun from the Ariel was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the Alacrity. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance, and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good humor became gradually restored, as the combat thickened, remarked with his customary apathy—"Them count for no more than love taps—does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes!"

"Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes," cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee, as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close.

Barnstable watched each movement of his foe with eager eyes, and when the vessel had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The shouts of the young sailors, as they handled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued his occupation with the silence and skill of one who labored in a regular vocation.

"Give it them!" occasionally cried Barnstable, in a voice that might be heard amid the bellowing of the cannon; "never mind their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge-ropes."

In the meantime the Englishman played a manful game. He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs.

The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols; and streaks of fire might be seen glancing like flashes of lightning through the white cloud which enshrouded the combatants, and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed before the deeply-interested soldiers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered on whose banners victory had alighted.

The fire of the Ariel was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course, but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy half-way, and as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

"Away there, boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarters!" shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument, for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and seizing his sabre, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small arms.

"Sweep him from his decks!" cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; "drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!"

"Away there, marines!" retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; "leave not a man of them to sup his grog again."

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the Alacrity, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

"Board her! gray-beards and boys, idlers and all!" shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew—a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself he was drawn violently back to his own vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

"The fellow's in his flurry," said Tom, "and it wouldn't be wise to go within reach of his flukes; but I'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon."

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the Ariel supposed his fall to be occasioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and by the cry of their commander to—"Revenge Long Tom! board her; Long Tom or death!"

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the forecastle of the Alacrity. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted—he rallied his crew, and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes and blows of sabres were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who were kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline towards either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men.

A marine who preceded him leveled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece, with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

"Hurrah!" shouted the unconscious Barnstable from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. "Revenge—Long Tom and victory!"

"We have them!" exclaimed the Englishman; "handle your pikes! we have them between two fires."

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated had not a wild-looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was Long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and with a powerful effort pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

"Starn all!" cried Tom, by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and, catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle.

The unfortunate commander of the Alacrity brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head drooped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the Alacrity.

Lionel Lincoln, a second attempt in the revolutionary field, and *The Last of the Mohicans: a Narrative of* 1757, made their appearance in the same year with the above work.

About this time Cooper visited Europe and passed several years abroad. The very general and favorable acquaintance, through translations, with his principal works, everywhere secured him a hearty greeting. Indeed, it is claimed that many of the educated class of German emigrants owed their earliest knowledge of this country to Cooper's novels.

In 1827, *The Prairie* was published. Here "Leather-stocking" appears before us once more, this time as a trapper of the wilds of the Great West. This is regarded as one of Cooper's most successful efforts in descriptive and animated composition.

Fully equalling *The Pilot* in lively, thrilling incident, and excelling it in romantic interest, appeared, in 1827, *The Red Rover*, a second sea-story. Of a similar character with this, though of a more marvelous nature, was *Water Witch*, which next followed. In 1832 and 1833, Cooper published not less than five volumes, all, for the most part, of a political character, the incidents of three of them being laid in foreign parts. The best of them is *The Bravo*, a dramatic story, whose scene of action is Venice. His most perfect delineation of female character is to be found in this novel.

Homeward Bound and *Home as Found* were published in 1838. The introduction into these works of an elaborate portraiture of a newspaper editor provoked numerous caustic and personal comments from certain influential journals of the day, and these proved the occasion of divers and celebrated suits for libel, brought by our author.

Cooper's *Naval History of the United States*, issued in 1839, is regarded as a generally accurate and a truly brilliant record, "and from the finish and vigor of its battle pieces, an American classic." * Four distinct works, three of them foreign, were the fruits of as many years following 1836. The most important of them is *The Pathfinder*, a tale re-introducing us to the scenes and personages of the *Last of the Mohicans.*

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

In 1841, *The Deerslayer* was published. Again, in the preparation of this work, has Cooper drawn upon the fond and all but inexhaustible resources of his youthful experience in the region of Otsego Lake, and we are presented with rare and energetic pencillings of primeval scenery and backwoods life. *Deerslayer* "is the author's ideal of a chivalresque manhood, of the grace which is the natural flower of purity and virtue; not the stoic, but the Christian of the woods, the man of honorable act and sentiment, of courage and truth. . . . In point of style it is Cooper's purest composition. There are passages of Saxon in the dialogues and speeches which would do honor to the most admired pages of the romantic old Chroniclers. The language is as noble as the thought." *

The next nine years of Cooper's life, the closing ones, were characterized by truly wonderful literary activity; he having published in that time seventeen separate works. He died, September 14, 1851, at his country estate at Cooperstown, on the eve of his sixty-second birthday.

"Cooper was the first American author who attained a wide popular reputation beyond the limits of his own language. His novels were translated, as soon as they appeared, in the principal countries of Europe, where the Indian tales especially were universal favorites. His delineation of the aboriginal character was a novelty which gained him a hearing, and the attention thus obtained was secured and extended by his vivid pictures of the forest and the frontier. . . . Cooper wisely chose a new path, which he could make and hold as his own. He tried and succeeded." *

"What Cooper had the bold invention to undertake, he had the firmness of purpose and the elasticity of spirit to pursue with unflinching zeal. Indeed, his most characteristic trait was self-reliance. He commenced the arduous career of an author in a new country, and with fresh materials: at first, the tone of criticism was somewhat discouraging; but his appeal had been to the popular mind, and not to a literary clique, and the response was universal and sincere. . . .

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

"His faculty of description, and his sense of the adventurous, were the great sources of his triumph. Refinement of style, poetic sensibility, and melodramatic intensity, were elements that he ignored; but when he pictured the scenes of the forest and prairie, the incidents of Indian warfare, the vicissitudes of border life, and the phenomena of the ocean and nautical experience, he displayed a familiarity with the subjects, a keen sympathy with the characters, and a thorough reality in the delineation, which at once stamped him as a writer of original and great capacity.

"It is true that in some of the requisites of the novelist he was inferior to many subsequent authors in the same department. His female characters want individuality and interest, and his dialogue is sometimes forced and ineffective; but, on the other hand, he seized with a bold grasp the tangible and characteristic in his own land, and not only stirred the hearts of his countrymen with vivid pictures of colonial, revolutionary, and emigrant life, with the vast ocean and forest for its scenes, but opened to the gaze of Europe phases of human existence at once novel and exciting."*

"In his personal character Cooper presents to us a manly resolute nature, of an independent mood, aggressive, fond of the attack; conscious of the strength which had led him to choose his own path in the world and triumph. He never exerted his power, however, but in some chivalrous cause."†

* H. T. Tuckerman: *Sketch of American Literature.*

† Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804, and was descended from Puritan ancestors. He was graduated from Bowdoin College, Maine, in 1825, where he was a fellow-student with Henry W. Longfellow and Franklin Pierce.

His first volume, entitled *Twice-Told Tales*, appeared in 1837, and a second series of these *Tales* followed after an interval of five years. The following sketch, necessarily and largely abridged, is one of the sunniest and simplest of these *Tales:*

LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE.

DING-DONG! ding-dong! ding-dong!

The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's door-steps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen, too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. . . .

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie; and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth! What a strange couple to go on this ramble together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth. . . .

Now we turn the corner. . . . Now her eyes brighten with pleasure! A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the roar of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ-grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loath that music should be wasted without a dance.

But where would Annie find a partner? Some have the gout in their toes, or the rheumatism in their joints; some are stiff with age; some feeble with disease; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flagstones; but many, many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

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Oh, my stars! Is this a toyshop, or is it fairy-land? For here are gilded chariots, in which the king and the queen of the fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers, on these small horses, should gallop in triumphal procession before and behind the royal pair. . . . Betwixt the king and the queen should sit my little Annie, the prettiest fairy of them all. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music; they have halted on the shelf of this window, after their weary march from Liliput. But what cares Annie for soldiers?

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Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, and his ding-dong bell! Look! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of Æsop. But they are choosing neither a king nor a president; else we should hear a most horrible snarling!

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As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased, and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best-bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef-bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf—do not go near him, Annie!—

the selfsame wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood, and her grandmother. In the next cage, a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled around the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow-prisoners, and most excellent friends. Are there any two living creatures who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends?

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But, oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous, and queer little brutes. Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet, because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity.

But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music. And here—with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding-whip in his hand—here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

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Ding-dong! ding-dong! ding-dong!

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"Strayed from her home, a Little Girl, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantalets, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother—"

Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. O, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of the little girl who has not once let go my hand! Well, let us hasten homeward; and as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that, after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again.

Hawthorne's next publication was *The Journal of an Afri-*

can Cruiser, a work prepared from the MS. of his friend and college companion, Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy. About this time our author took up his residence in Concord, occupying the Old Manse, wherein he indited two volumes of characteristic and charming stories, which he called *Mosses from an Old Manse.*

"In description, narration, allegory, humor, reason, fancy, subtilty, inventiveness, they exceed the best productions of Addison, but they want Addison's sensuous contentment and sweet and kindly spirit."* As an example of this fancy and subtilty, and perhaps allegory too, we subjoin an extract from

THE BIRTHMARK.

In the latter part of the last century there lived a man of science, an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy, who not long before our story opens had made experience of a spiritual affinity more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife.

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One day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer sat gazing at his wife with a trouble in his countenance that grew stronger until he spoke.

"Georgiana," said he, "has it never occurred to you that the mark upon your cheek might be removed?"

"No, indeed," said she, smiling; but perceiving the seriousness of his manners, she blushed deeply. "To tell you the truth, it has been so often called a charm that I was simple enough to imagine it might be so."

"Ah, upon another face perhaps it might," replied her husband; "but never on yours. No, dearest Georgiana, you came so nearly perfect from the hand of Nature that this slightest possible defect, which we hesitate whether to term a defect or a beauty, shocks me as being the visible mark of earthly imperfection."

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, 1860.

"Shocks you, my husband!" cried Georgiana, deeply hurt; at first reddening with momentary anger, but then bursting into tears. "Then why did you take me from my mother's side? You cannot love what shocks you!"

To explain this conversation, it must be mentioned that in the centre of Georgiana's left cheek there was a singular mark, deeply interwoven, as it were, with the texture and substance of her face. . . . Its shape bore not a little similarity to the human hand, though of the smallest pygmy-size.

[NOTE.—As a consequence of the foregoing conversation there followed an agreement between husband and wife for removing the birthmark. After several fruitless efforts upon Aylmer's part to concoct a chemical potent enough for the purpose, he at length obtains it and applies it, with what result the following passage will show.]

The sound of her husband's footsteps aroused her. He bore a crystal goblet containing a liquor colorless as water, but bright enough to be the draught of immortality.

"The concoction of the draught has been perfect," said he, in answer to Georgiana's look. "Unless all my science have deceived me, it cannot fail."

"Save on your account, my dearest Aylmer," observed his wife, "I might wish to put off this birthmark of mortality by relinquishing mortality itself in preference to any other mode. Life is but a sad possession to those who have obtained precisely the degree of moral advancement at which I stand. Were I weaker and blinder, it might be happiness. Were I stronger, it might be endured hopefully. But, being what I find myself, methinks I am of all mortals the most fit to die."

"You are fit for heaven without tasting death!" replied her husband. "But why do we speak of dying? The draught cannot fail. Behold its effects upon this plant."

On the window seat there stood a geranium diseased with yellow blotches which had overspread all its leaves. Aylmer poured a small quantity of the liquid upon the soil in which it grew. In a little time, when the roots of the plant had taken up the moisture, the unsightly blotches began to be extinguished in a living verdure.

"There needed no proof," said Georgiana, quietly. "Give me the goblet. I joyfully stake all upon your word."

"Drink, then, thou lofty creature!" exclaimed Aylmer, with fervid admiration. "There is no taint of imperfection on thy spirit. Thy sensible frame, too, shall soon be all perfect.'

She quaffed the liquid and returned the goblet to his hand.

"It is grateful," said she, with a placid smile. "Methinks it is like water from a heavenly fountain; for it contains I know not what of unobtrusive fragrance and deliciousness. It allays a feverish thirst that had parched me for many days. Now, dearest, let me sleep. My earthly senses are closing over my spirit like the leaves around the heart of a rose at sunset."

She spoke the last words with a gentle reluctance, as if it required almost more energy than she could command to pronounce the faint and lingering syllables. Scarcely had they loitered through her lips, ere she was lost in slumber. Aylmer sat by her side, watching her aspect with emotions proper to a man the whole value of whose existence was involved in the process now to be tested.

Not the minutest symptom escaped him. A heightened flush of the cheek, a slight irregularity of the breath, a quiver of the eyelid, a hardly perceptible tremor through the frame, such were the details which, as the moments passed, he wrote down in his folio volume. Intense thought had set its stamp upon every previous page of that volume; but the thoughts of years were all concentrated upon the last.

While thus employed, he failed not to gaze often at the fatal hand, and not without a shudder. Yet once, by a strange and unaccountable impulse, he pressed it with his lips. His spirit recoiled, however, in the very act; and Georgiana, out of the midst of her deep sleep, moved uneasily and murmured as if in remonstrance.

Again Aylmer resumed his watch. Nor was it without avail. The crimson hand, which at first had been strongly visible upon the marble paleness of Georgiana's cheek, now grew more faintly outlined. She remained not less pale than ever; but the birth mark, with every breath that came and went, lost somewhat of its former distinctness. Its presence had been awful; its departure was more awful still. Watch the stain of the rainbow fading out of the sky, and you will know how that mysterious symbol passed away.

"By Heaven! it is well nigh gone!" said Aylmer to himself, in almost irrepressible ecstasy. "I can scarcely trace it now. Success! success! And now it is like the faintest rose color.

The lightest flush of blood across her cheek would overcome it But she is so pale!"

He drew aside the window curtain and suffered the light of natural day to fall into the room and rest upon her cheek. At the same time he heard a gross, hoarse chuckle, which he had long known as his servant Aminadab's expression of delight.

"Ah, clod! ah, earthly mass!" cried Aylmer, laughing in a sort of frenzy, "you have served me well! Matter and spirit—earth and heaven—have both done their part in this! Laugh, thing of the senses! You have earned the right to laugh."

These exclamations broke Georgiana's sleep. She slowly unclosed her eyes and gazed into the mirror which her husband had arranged for that purpose. A faint smile flitted over her lips when she recognized how barely perceptible was now that crimson hand which had once blazed forth with such disastrous brilliancy as to scare away all their happiness. But then her eyes sought Aylmer's face with a trouble and anxiety that he could by no means account for.

"My poor Aylmer!" murmured she.

"Poor? Nay, richest, happiest, most favored!" exclaimed he. "My peerless bride, it is successful! You are perfect!"

"My poor Aylmer," she repeated, with a more than human tenderness, "you have aimed loftily; you have done nobly. Do not repent that, with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best the earth could offer. Aylmer, dearest Aylmer, I am dying!"

Alas! it was too true! The fatal hand had grappled with the mystery of life, and was the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal frame. As the last crimson tint of the birthmark—that sole token of human imperfection—faded from her cheek, the parting breath of the now perfect woman passed into the atmosphere, and her soul, lingering a moment near her husband, took its heavenward flight.

In 1846, Hawthorne was appointed Surveyor in the Custom-House at Salem. This appointment lasted for three years, and furnished our author the theme and skeleton for his first popular work, *The Scarlet Letter*. Among a number of musty and mouldy papers in the second story of the Custom-House, Hawthorne finds the letter A made of scarlet cloth, together with "a small roll of dingy paper" containing a meagre history of it. Out of such scanty materials he fabricates one of the most interesting, weird, and tragical of romances. It is not possible to produce an extract that will serve as an exhibit of the many and strange humors and vicissitudes of this marvelous story. And we offer the following simply as one of its cheeriest pictures. The speakers are Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, the hero and heroine of the story:

A FLOOD OF SUNSHINE.

"Do I feel joy again?" cried he, wondering at himself. "Methought the germ of it was dead in me! O Hester, thou art my better angel! I seem to have flung myself—sick, sin-stained, and sorrow-blackened—down upon these forest-leaves, and to have risen up all made anew, and with new powers to glorify Him that hath been merciful! This is already the better life! Why did we not find it sooner?"

"Let us not look back," answered Hester Prynne. "The past is gone! Wherefore should we linger upon it now? See! With this symbol, I undo it all, and make it as it had never been!"

So speaking, she undid the clasp that fastened the scarlet letter, and, taking it from her bosom, threw it to a distance among the withered leaves. The mystic token alighted on the hither verge of the stream. With a hand's breadth further flight it would have fallen into the water, and have given the little brook another woe to carry onward, besides the unintelligible tale which it still kept murmuring about. But there lay the embroidered letter, glittering like a lost jewel, which some ill-fated wanderer might pick up, and thenceforth be haunted by strange phantoms of guilt, sinkings of the heart, and unaccountable misfortune.

The stigma gone, Hester heaved a long, deep sigh, in which the burden of shame and anguish departed from her spirit. O exquisite relief! She had not known the weight until she felt the freedom! By another impulse she took off the formal cap that confined her hair, and down it fell upon her shoulders, dark and rich, with at once a shadow and a light in its abundance, and imparting the charm of softness to her features. There played around her mouth and beamed out of her eyes a radiant and tender smile, that seemed gushing from the very heart of womanhood.

A crimson flush was glowing on her cheek, that had been long so pale. Her sex, her youth, and the whole richness of her beauty came back from what men call the irrevocable past, and clustered themselves, with her maiden hope, and a happiness before unknown, within the magic circle of this hour. And, as if the gloom of the earth and sky had been but the effluence of these two mortal hearts, it vanished with their sorrow.

All at once, as with a sudden smile of heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmuting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming adown the gray trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto, embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy.

Such was the sympathy of Nature—that wild, heathen Nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law, nor illumined by higher truth—with the bliss of these two spirits! Love, whether newly born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance, that it overflows upon the outward world. Had the forest still kept its gloom, it would have been bright in Hester's eyes, and bright in Arthur Dimmesdale's!

Our author's next work was the *House of the Seven Gables*, published in 1851. This is a story of wrong which, though careering through several generations, is finally overtaken by retribution. The old Seven-Gabled House is alike the scene and symbol of the whole struggle. Under its foundation timbers is bedded a curse, which, in time, worm-like, bores through its every rafter, crazing and marring the whole goodly edifice. Ghosts, bats, vermin, melancholy winds, and spectral gloom mostly haunt its deserted apartments; but rays of light, too, occasionally stray across its threshold, and cheery voices now and then animate its deadness. One such ray and note the student will recognize in the following extract.

THE FIRST CUSTOMER.

But, at this instant, the shop-bell, right over her head, tinkled as if it were bewitched. The old gentlewoman's heart seemed to be attached to the same steel spring, for it went through a series of sharp jerks, in unison with the sound. The door was thrust open, although no human form was perceptible on the other side of the half-window. Hepzibah, nevertheless, stood at a gaze, with her hands clasped, looking very much as if she had summoned up an evil spirit, and were afraid, yet resolved, to hazard the encounter.

"Heaven help me!" she groaned, mentally. "Now is my hour of need!"

The door, which moved with difficulty on its creaking and rusty hinges, being forced quite open, a square and sturdy little urchin became apparent, with cheeks as red as an apple. He was clad rather shabbily (but, as it seemed, more owing to his mother's carelessness than his father's poverty), in a blue apron, very wide and short trousers, shoes somewhat out at the toes, and a chip-hat, with the frizzles of his curly hair sticking through its crevices.

A book and a small slate, under his arm, indicated that he was on his way to school. He stared at Hepzibah a moment, as an elder customer than himself would have been likely enough to do, not knowing what to make of the tragic attitude and queer scowl wherewith she regarded him.

"Well, child," said she, taking heart at sight of a personage so little formidable,—"well, my child, what did you wish for?"

"That Jim Crow, there in the window," answered the urchin, holding out a cent, and pointing to the gingerbread figure that had attracted his notice, as he loitered along to school; "the one that has not a broken foot."

So Hepzibah put forth her lank arm, and taking the effigy from the shop-window, delivered it to her first customer.

"No matter for the money," said she, giving him a little push towards the door; for her old gentility was contumaciously squeamish at sight of the copper coin, and, besides, it seemed such pitiful meanness to take the child's pocket-money in exchange for a bit of stale gingerbread. "No matter for the cent. You are welcome to Jim Crow."

The child, staring, with round eyes, at this instance of liberality, wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent shops, took the man of gingerbread, and quitted the premises No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was!) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him, with a pettish ejaculation or two about the troublesomeness of young people, and particularly of small boys.

She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window, when again the shop-bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open, with its characteristic jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth.

"What is it now, child?" asked the maiden lady, rather impatiently; "did you come back to shut the door?"

"No," answered the urchin, pointing to the figure that had just been put up; "I want that other Jim Crow."

"Well, here it is for you," said Hepzibah, reaching it down; but, recognizing that this pertinacious customer would not quit her on any other terms, so long as she had a gingerbread figure in her shop, she partly drew back her extended hand—"Where is the cent?"

The little boy had the cent ready, but, like a true-born Yankee, would have preferred the better bargain to the worse. Looking somewhat chagrined, he put the coin into Hepzibah's hand and departed, sending the second Jim Crow in quest of the former one.

The new shop-keeper dropped the first solid result of her commercial enterprise into the till. It was done. The sordid stain of that copper coin could never be washed away from her palm. The little school-boy, aided by the impish figure of the negro dancer, had wrought an irreparable ruin. The structure of ancient aristocracy had been demolished by him, even as if his childish gripe had torn down the seven-gabled mansion!

Succeeding the above publication followed *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, *True Stories*, *The Snow Image, and other Twice-Told Tales*, mostly juvenile stories. "These delicious stories, (the *Wonder Book*,) founded on the mythology of Greece, were written for children, but they delight men and women as well. Hawthorne never pleases grown people so much as when he writes with an eye to the enjoyment of little people."*

Possessed now of no little fame, and of a competence, as the results of his literary labors, Hawthorne buys himself a cottage in Concord, and here adds the *Blithedale Romance* to his already published works. This is pronounced "one of the most original and inventive of our author's productions;" being an account, largely romantic and dramatic, of his experience as a member, for a time, of a society of communists at Brook Farm. Of the composition and occupation of this society the following passage from the romance will convey a vivid idea:

A MODERN ARCADIA.

In the interval of my seclusion, there had been a number of recruits to our little army of saints and martyrs. . . . Thoughtful, strong-lined faces were among them; sombre brows, but eyes that did not require spectacles, unless prematurely dimmed by the student's lamplight, and hair that seldom showed a thread of silver. . . .

We had very young people with us it is true—downy lads, rosy girls in their first teens, and children of all heights above one's knee—but these had chiefly been sent hither for education, which it was one of the objects and methods of our institution to supply. Then we had boarders, from town and elsewhere, who lived with us in a familiar way, sympathized more or less in our theories, and sometimes shared our labors. On the whole, it was a society such as has seldom met together; nor, perhaps, could it reasonably be expected to hold together long.

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Arcadians though we were, our costume bore no resemblance to the be-ribboned doublets, silk breeches and stockings, and slippers fastened with artificial roses, that distinguish the pastoral people of poetry and the stage. In outward show, I humbly conceive, we looked rather like a gang of beggars, or banditti, than either a company of honest laboring men, or a conclave of philosophers. Whatever might be our points of difference, we all of us seemed to have come to Blithedale with the one thrifty and laudable idea of wearing out our old clothes.

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, 1860.

Such garments as had an airing whenever we strode a field! Coats with high collars and with no collars, broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, and with the waist at every point between the hip and armpit; pantaloons of a dozen successive epochs, and greatly defaced at the knees by the humiliations of the wearer before his lady-love; in short, we were a living epitome of defunct fashions, and the very raggedest presentment of men who had seen better days. It was gentility in tatters. . . .

We might have been sworn comrades to Falstaff's ragged regiment. Little skill as we boasted in other points of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scarecrow. And the worst of the matter was, that the first energetic movement essential to one downright stroke of real labor was sure to put a finish to these poor habiliments. So we gradually flung them all aside, and took to honest homespun and linsey-woolsey. . . .

After a reasonable training, the yeoman life throve well with us. Our faces took the sunburn kindly; our chests gained in compass, and our shoulders in breadth and squareness; our great brown fists looked as if they had never been capable of kid gloves. The plough, the hoe, the scythe, and the hay-fork, grew familiar to our grasp. The oxen responded our voices. . . .

To be sure, our next neighbors pretended to be incredulous as to our real proficiency in the business which we had taken in hand. They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them a-field when yoked, or to release the poor brutes from their conjugal bond at night-fall. They had the face to say, too, that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking-time, and invariably kicked over the pails; partly in consequence of our putting the stool on the wrong side, and partly because, taking offence at the whisking of their tails, we were in the habit of holding these natural fly-flappers with one hand, and milking with the other.

They further averred that we hoed up whole acres of Indian corn and other crops, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; and that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages; and that, by dint of unskillful planting, few of our seeds ever came up at all, or, if they did come up, it was stern-foremost; and that we spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans, which had thrust themselves out of the ground in this unseemly way.

They quoted it as nothing more than an ordinary occurrence for one or other of us to crop off two or three fingers, of a morning, by our clumsy use of the hay-cutter. Finally, and as an ultimate catastrophe, these mendacious rogues circulated a report that we communitarians were exterminated to the last man, by severing ourselves asunder with the sweep of our own scythes!—and that the world had lost nothing by this little accident.

In 1853, on the accession of Franklin Pierce to the Presidency, Hawthorne was appointed Consul at Liverpool. His stay in Europe was productive of a volume of sketches of scenery, of national characteristics, and of historic spots, known as *Our Old Home.*

Shortly after, he is found rambling among the art galleries, the standing and the prostrate glories of architecture, and the Etruscan hills of Italy. Like as a bee sips substance from many and diverse flowers, so Hawthorne, from magnificent St. Peter's, from tumultuous Corso del Popolo, from statue- and picture-decked Vatican, from hideous Catacomb, and from Arcadian Monte Beni, derives the ingredients of one of the most irresolvable compounds of romance ever originated, *The Marble Faun*, published in 1860. It is a poet's and psychologist's, not an ecclesiast's, essay at guessing the origin, portraying the growth, the transforming and humanizing energy, and determining the office of sin in the human heart and life.

Quoting the author: "This romance was sketched out during a residence of considerable length in Italy, and has been re-written and prepared for the press in England. . . . Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America. . . . Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

"It is justifiable for a romancer to sting the curiosity of his readers with a mystery, only on the implied obligation to explain it at last; but this story begins in mystery only to end in mist. The suggestive faculty is tormented rather than genially excited, and in the end is left a prey to doubts."*

The following is the most exciting and tragical crisis of the romance: it is composed of the fragments of two chapters, the first being named,

ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

MEANWHILE, Miriam had not noticed the departure of the rest of the company; she remained on the edge of the precipice, and Donatello along with her.

"It would be a fatal fall, still," she said to herself, looking over the parapet, and shuddering as her eye measured the depth. "Yes; surely yes! Even without the weight of an overburdened heart, a human body would fall heavily enough upon those stones to shake all its joints asunder. How soon it would be over!"

Donatello, of whose presence she was possibly not aware, now pressed closer to her side; he, too, like Miriam, bent over the low parapet and trembled violently. Yet he seemed to feel that perilous fascination which haunts the brow of precipices, tempting the unwary one to fling himself over for the very horror of the thing, for, after drawing hastily back, he again looked down, thrusting himself out further than before. He then stood silent a brief space, struggling, perhaps, to make himself conscious of the historic associations of the scene.

"What are you thinking of, Donatello?" asked Miriam.

"Who were they," said he, looking earnestly in her face, "who have been flung over here in days gone by?"

"Men that cumbered the world," she replied. "Men whose lives were the bane of their fellow-creatures. Men who poisoned the air, which is the common breath of all, for their own selfish purposes. There was short work with such men in old Roman times. Just in the moment of their triumph a hand, as of an avenging giant, clutched them, and dashed the wretches down this precipice."

"Was it well done?" asked the young man.

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, 1860.

"It was well done," answered Miriam; "innocent persons were saved by the destruction of a guilty one, who deserved his doom."

While this brief conversation passed, Donatello had once or twice glanced aside with a watchful air, just as a hound may often be seen to take sidelong note of some suspicious object, while he gives his more direct attention to something nearer at hand. Miriam seemed now first to become aware of the silence that had followed upon the cheerful talk and laughter of a few moments before. Looking round, she perceived that all her company of merry friends had retired, and Hilda, too, in whose soft and quiet presence she had always an indescribable feeling of security. All gone; and only herself and Donatello left hanging over the brow of the ominous precipice.

Not so, however; not entirely alone! In the basement wall of the palace, shaded from the moon, there was a deep, empty niche, that had probably once contained a statue; not empty, either; for a figure now came forth from it and approached Miriam.

She must have had cause to dread some unspeakable evil from this strange persecutor, and to know that this was the very crisis of her calamity; for, as he drew near, such a cold, sick despair crept over her, that it impeded her breath, and benumbed her natural promptitude of thought. Miriam seemed dreamily to remember falling on her knees; but, in her whole recollection of that wild moment, she beheld herself as in a dim show, and could not well distinguish what was done and suffered; no, not even whether she were really an actor and sufferer in the scene.

Hilda, meanwhile, had separated herself from the sculptor, and turned back to rejoin her friend. At a distance she still heard the mirth of her late companions, who were going down the cityward descent of the Capitoline Hill; they had set up a new stave of melody, in which her own soft voice, as well as the powerful sweetness of Miriam's, was sadly missed.

The door of the little courtyard had swung upon its hinges, and partly closed itself. Hilda (whose native gentleness pervaded all her movements) was quietly opening it, when she was startled, midway, by the noise of a struggle within, beginning and ending all in one breathless instant. Along with it, or closely succeeding it, was a loud, fearful cry, which quivered upward through the air, and sank quivering downward to the earth. Then a silence! Poor Hilda had looked into the courtyard, and saw the whole quick passage of a deed, which took but that little time to grave itself in the eternal adamant.

THE FAUN'S* TRANSFORMATION.

THE door of the courtyard swung slowly, and closed itself of its own accord. Miriam and Donatello were now alone there. She clasped her hands, and looked wildly at the young man, whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him. It had kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known. But that simple and joyous creature was gone forever.

"What have you done?" said Miriam, in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes. "I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? Had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny—she was not sure whether it might be so, or no—that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart, when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror?—or ecstasy?—or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly, when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more, while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below, had come an unutterable horror.

"And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. On the pavement, below, was a dark mass, lying in a heap, with little or nothing human in its appearance, except that the hands were stretched out, as if they might have clutched, for a moment, at the small square stones. But there was no motion in them, now. Miriam watched the heap of mortality while she could count a hundred, which she took pains to do. No stir; not a finger moved!

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* Donatello's fanciful name.

"You have killed him, Donatello! He is quite dead!' said she. "Stone dead! Would I were so too!"

"Did you not mean that he should die?" sternly asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. "There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance, when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will—say that he died without your whole consent—and, in another breath, you shall see me lying beside him."

"Oh, never!" cried Miriam. "My one, own friend! Never, never, never!"

She turned to him—the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman—she turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

"Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!" said she; "my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent!"

Hawthorne died in the town of Plymouth, New Hampshire, on the 19th of May, 1864, when on the point of undertaking a journey for improving his health. Since his death there have been published several volumes of *Note Books*, both American and European, and *Italian Journals.* They consist of scraps of daily experience and observation, and of sketches and hints of stories for future elaboration. Though, evidently, they were never intended by their author for the public eye, yet they exhibit all the charm of style and peculiarity of thought of the master. Their chief importance consists in the light they throw upon Hawthorne's method of procedure as a writer.

Hawthorne stands out in American literature as the apostle of morbid psychological romance. His characters are, for the most part, personifications of individual sins

He seizes on some abnormal phase of spirit, and makes a man or woman out of it; subordinating every other affection, passion, and aim, to its despotic rule. For proof of this one need only consider such characters as the Leech, Judge Pyncheon, Clifford, Donatello, Miriam, Hilda, and numerous heroes and heroines of his tales.

He seldom seeks to impress a moral, but, like a true pre-Raphaelite, aims only to delineate nature. This he himself virtually confesses in his preface to the *The House of the Seven Gables.* He says: "The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron rod, or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly, thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first."

The result of this unique treatment is that his favorite and chief creations, in the main, strike one as being unnaturally and repulsively sombre. Speaking of *The Scarlet Letter*, he himself says: "It wears to my eye a stern and sombre aspect; too much ungladdened by genial sunshine; too little relieved by the tender and familiar influences which soften almost every scene of nature and real life, and, undoubtedly, should soften every picture of them. . . . It is no indication, however, of a lack of cheerfulness in the writer's mind; for he was happier, while straying through the gloom of these sunless fantasies, than at any time since he had quitted the Old Manse."

The touches of simplicity, gayety, and humor, which here and there appear—for Hawthorne resembles Shakspeare in his wealth of episode—are charming and restful, but too delicate to constitute a contrast with the abounding dark pigment of his canvas. So delicately drawn are his characters that they may hardly be said to be well-defined; and there is a mysterious, suggestive life in them that transcends the description.

This passion for portraying the distempers of human nature has not, however, prevented Hawthorne from enriching us with some of the tenderest, purest, and cheeriest touches in the language. His mind was equally capable of revolving the mystery of sin and retribution, or of rambling with a prattling, spotless child in search of toys and sights.

"Every one, whether cultivated or uncultivated, acknowledges the charm of Hawthorne's style; but the most cultivated best appreciate the wonder of that power by which he wakens into clear consciousness shades of feeling and delicacies of thought, that perhaps have been experienced by us all, but were never embodied in words before. . . . Judging by this standard—the power of creating understanding within those whom he addresses—Hawthorne takes rank with the highest order of artists."*

"Hawthorne not only writes English, but the sweetest, simplest, and clearest English that ever has been made the vehicle of equal depth, variety, and subtilty of thought and emotion."†

* *Atlantic Monthly*, Sept., 1868.

† *Ibid.*, May, 1860.

STOWE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812. From her fifteenth until her twenty-first year she was associated with an older sister in the conduct of a female seminary at Hartford. She then married the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, and removed to the West, locating at Cincinnati. Early in life she began, in spirited and pithy articles and pamphlets, a war against the great national curse—Slavery; and a large proportion of her entire writings is directed in one form or another against her first enemy.

Without attempting to sketch the history of her numerous literary ventures, we shall simply enumerate the principal ones of them. They are, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1853), *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* (1854), *Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* (1856), *House and Home Papers* (1864), *The Chimney Corner* (1868), *Oldtown Folks* (1869), *Oldtown Fireside Stories* (1871).*

Of all Mrs. Stowe's works, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is by far the most elaborate, and the most meritorious of its kind; and it has doubtless become the most popular work ever published, its circulation being estimated by millions of copies. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe and into many of those of Asia: moreover, it has been dramatized in some thirty different forms, and acted in every capital in Europe, not to speak of its favor on the American stage.

"There never was a fairer nor a kinder book than *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* for the entire odium of the revelation fell upon the Thing (Slavery), not upon the unhappy mortals who were born and reared under its shadow. The reader felt that Legree was not less but far more the victim of slavery than Uncle Tom, and the effect of the book was to concentrate wrath upon the system which tortured the slave's body and damned the master's soul. Wonderful magic of genius! The hovels and cotton-fields which this authoress scarcely saw she made all the world see, and see more vividly and more truly than the busy world can ever see remote objects with its own unassisted eyes.

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* *Poganuc People* (1878).

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"That book, we may almost say, went into every household in the civilized world, which contained one person capable of reading it. And it was not an essay; it was a vivid exhibition; it was not read from a sense of duty, not from a desire to get knowledge; it was read with passion; it was devoured; people sat up all night reading it; those who could read read it to those who could not; and hundreds of thousands who would never have read it saw it played upon the stage. Who shall presume to say how many soldiers that book added to the Union army? Who shall estimate its influence in hastening emancipation in Brazil, and in preparing the amiable Cubans for a similar measure? Both in Cuba and Brazil the work has been read with the most passionate interest."*

Speaking of the authoress, the same writer quoted above remarks: "She is the only woman yet produced on the continent of America to whom the world assigns equal rank in literature with the great authoresses of Europe. If, in addition to the admirable talents with which she is endowed, she had chanced to possess one more, namely, the excellent gift of plodding, she had been a consummate artist, and had produced immortal works. All else she has, the seeing eye, the discriminating intelligence, the sympathetic mind, the fluent word, the sure and happy touch; and these gifts enabled her to render her country the precise service which it needed most. Others talked about slavery; she made us *see* it. She showed it to us in its fairest and in its foulest aspect; she revealed its average and ordinary working."

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* *Topics of the Time*, by James Parton.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—CHAPTER XXV.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.

IT was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclining on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded, under an awning of transparent gauze, from the outrages of mosquitos, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading it,—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps, with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rummaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it; and Eva had accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie after dozing a while, "I must send to the city after my old Doctor Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it, these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains, and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue; I don't believe it's heart complaint."

"I dare say *you* don't," said Marie; "I was prepared to expect *that.* You can be alarmed enough, if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this, when it's too late!" said Marie; "but, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to, it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came, at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room, which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened on to the verandah, and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!" And, in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now," she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is that I can't be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up and gave her a hymn to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau, and got a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces, to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out, and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant, either, if they had their own way with them! let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indignation that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they should have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught; I've talked till I'm tired; I've whipped her, I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, Mas'r! old Missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I spects, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head it wouldn't do no good, neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them, Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Donno nothin' bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but had you any brother or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try and be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I war ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin! *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother, or friends; because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake—it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears—large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed—while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do—only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! *you* can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about."

"O, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart—it's a queer kind of a fact—but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular—how can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child has been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

IRVING.

Washington Irving was born April 3, 1783, in the city of New York. Though his schooling was only ordinary, yet influenced by the literary examples of his elder brothers and the companionship of the best old English authors, especially Chaucer and Spenser, he early attained that culture in taste, style, thought, and fancy, which often the curriculum of a college, faithfully pursued, fails to impart. As early as his sixteenth year, Irving commenced the study of the law, and, although seven years afterwards he was admitted to the bar, yet he never entered on its practice, preferring the more congenial profession of letters.

In 1802 we find him, under the droll mask of Jonathan Oldstyle, contributing articles on the theatres, city manners, and kindred topics to the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper conducted by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. But experiencing symptoms of ill health, and impelled, doubtless, by a desire for the pleasure and profit of foreign travel, he visited, in 1804, the South of Europe, making the tour of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Holland.

The circumstance of meeting the artist Washington Allston, his fellow countryman, at Rome, and of visiting with him the world-renowned art-treasures of the city, almost determined Irving to become a painter; for which profession, it is reported, he had no small natural capacity. A return home, however, after a two years' absence, decided the matter in favor of literature; for the next year, in company with Paulding and his brother William, he began, and continued through twenty numbers, the publication of *Salmagundi; or, The Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others.*

Following the above work at an interval of two years (1809), appeared *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, the purport of which is set forth by the author in the following unique title: *A History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty: containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous projects of William the Testy, and the chivalric achievements of Peter the Headstrong; the three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam; being the only authentic history of the times that ever hath been or ever will be published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker.*

"The style of Knickerbocker is of great felicity. There is just enough flavor of English classical reading to give the *riant*, original material, the highest gusto. The descriptions of nature and manners are occasionally very happy in a serious way, and the satire is, much of it, of that universal character which will bear transplantation to wider scenes and interests. The laughter-compelling humor is irresistible, and we may readily believe the story of that arch wag himself, Judge Brackenridge, exploding over a copy of the work, which he had smuggled with him to the bench."*

It was to this work—"the most elaborate piece of humor in our literature"—that Irving owed his fortunate introduction to Sir Walter Scott. We subjoin the following chapter, necessarily abridged, from this work:

CHAPTER VIII.

Containing the most horrible Battle ever recorded in Poetry or Prose; with the admirable Exploits of Peter the Headstrong.

Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast, and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript,—expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina.

The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns; the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone,—while even Posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

And now the mighty chieftains marshaled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks,—incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined the breastworks in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly, that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's-head.

There came on the intrepid Peter,—his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful squire Van Corlear trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then lugging out his trusty sabre, Peter brandished it three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to sound a charge, and shouting the words "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forward. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covert-way, until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked around, insomuch that certain springs burst forth from their sides, which continue to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful fire, had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads at the moment of discharge. The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counterscarp, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious outcries.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missiles. Bang! went the guns; whack! went the broadswords; thump! went the cudgels; crash! went the musket-stocks; blows, kicks, cuffs, scratches, black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene. Thick thwack, cut and hack, helterskelter, higgledypiggledy, hurlyburly, head-over-heels, rough-and-tumble! Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen; splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes.

Storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig Peter. Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh. Tanta-rar-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear;—until all voice and sound became unintelligible,—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke; trees shrunk aghast and withered at the sight; rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits; and even Christina creek ran from its course, and ran up a hill in breathless terror!

Just at this juncture a vast and dense column of smoke was seen slowly rolling toward the scene of battle. The combatants paused for a moment, gazing in mute astonishment, until the wind, dispelling the murky cloud, revealed the flaunting banner of Michael Paw, the Patroon of Communipaw. That valiant chieftain came fearlessly on at the head of a phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians and a *corps de reserve* of the Van Arsdales and Van Bummels, who had remained behind to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten.

And now the deities who watched over the fortunes of the Nederlanders, having unthinkingly left the field, and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had wellnigh ensued. Scarce had the myrmidons of Michael Paw attained the front of battle, when the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh, leveled a shower of blows full at their tobacco-pipes. Astounded at this assault, and dismayed at the havoc of their pipes, these ponderous warriors gave way, and like a drove of frightened elephants broke through the ranks of their own army.

The little Hoppers were borne down in the surge; the sacred banner emblazoned with the gigantic oyster of Communipaw was trampled in the dirt; on blundered and thundered the heavy-bodied fugitives, the Swedes pressing on their rear and applying their feet with a vigor that prodigiously accelerated their movements; nor did the renowned Michael Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe-leather.

But what, O Muse! was the rage of Peter Stuyvesant, when from afar he saw his army giving way! In the transports of his wrath he sent forth a roar, enough to shake the very hills. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage at the sound, or, rather, they rallied at the voice of their leader, of whom they stood more in awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom. Without waiting for their aid, the daring Peter dashed, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Wherever he went, the enemy shrank before him.

One aimed a blow full at his heart; but the protecting power which watches over the great and good turned aside the hostile blade and directed it to a side-pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers, doubtless from bearing the portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Peter Stuyvesant turned like an angry bear upon the foe, and, seizing him, as he fled, by an immeasurable queue, "Ah, vile caterpillar," roared he, "here's what shall make worms' meat of thee!" So saying, he whirled his sword and dealt a blow that would have decapitated the varlet, but that the pitying steel struck short and shaved the queue forever from his crown.

Thus waged the fight, when the stout Risingh, surveying the field from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his troops banged, beaten, and kicked by the invincible Peter. Drawing his falchion and uttering a thousand anathemas, he strode down to the scene of combat. When the rival heroes came face to face, each made a prodigious start in the style of a veteran stage-champion. Then did they regard each other for a moment with the bitter aspect of two furious ram-cats on the point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves into one attitude, then into another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left; at last at it they went with incredible ferocity.

At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow, enough to cleave his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly, that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen in which he carried his liquor—thence pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat-pocket, stored with bread and cheese—which provant, rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the great battle to wax more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The biting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver, and would have cracked the crown of any one not endowed with supernatural hardness of head; but the brittle weapon shivered in pieces on the skull of Hardkoppig Piet, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grizzly visage.

The good Peter reeled with the blow, and turning up his eyes beheld a thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament; at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came with a crash which shook the surrounding hills. The furious Risingh, in despite of the maxim cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but, as he stooped to give a fatal blow, Peter Stuyvesant dealt him a thwack over the sconce with his wooden leg, which set a chime of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum.

The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and the wary Peter seizing a pocket-pistol, which lay hard by, discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake; it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone pottle charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Antony Van Corlear carried about him by way of replenishing his valor, and which had dropped from his wallet during the furious encounter. The hideous weapon sang through the air, and true to its course as was the fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the battle. The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast; his knees tottered under him: a deathlike torpor seized upon his frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such violence, that old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory: the Swedes gave way, the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell-mell, through the sally-port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus in a little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was declared by all the writers whom he had hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom!

Irving's next production was the *Sketch-Book*, which was first published in pamphlet form in New York, in 1819, and the next year, through the kindly services of Sir Walter Scott, in London, England. It consists of a series of articles descriptive of English life, mainly, both rural and city, and, besides a few of our author's happiest strokes at humor, it contains some of the noblest and tenderest reflections in the language. To particularize, "His stories of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow are perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that the country has produced, next to the works of Scott."*

RIP VAN WINKLE.

(HIS RETURN AFTER THE LONG SLEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS.)

HE had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

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* Chambers's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes;—all this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in his hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobaccosmoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of Seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and the left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they!—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired.

"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point,—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no more courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What's your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

In 1820, Irving took up his residence in Paris, where, the next year, he penned *Bracebridge Hall*, which, in 1822, was published both in London and New York. This volume devotes itself to picturing the home, the manners, the employments, both in-doors and out-doors, of a thorough English country gentleman; together with sketches of local characters and pastimes, these all tinged and heightened in interest by the atmosphere of romance, legend, and mystery that surrounds and unites them.

Tales of a Traveller appeared in 1824. They comprehend marvelous stories by a Nervous Gentleman, Buckthorne and his Friends—a history of great expectations sadly thwarted, The Italian Banditti, and The Money-Diggers—incredible tales of the searchers after Captain Kidd's supposed hidden treasures.

From France, Irving was called, in 1826, to Madrid, for the purpose of translating an important series of newly-found documents relating to the voyages of Columbus. This employment gave rise to the conception and afterwards facilitated the completion of Irving's great historical work, namely: *The History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, published in 1828.

"This is one of those works which are at the same time the delight of readers and the despair of critics. It is as nearly perfect as any work can be. . . . For the particular kind of historical writing in which Mr. Irving is fitted to labor and excel, the Life of Columbus is undoubtedly one of the very best—perhaps we might say, without the fear of mistake, the very best, subject afforded by the annals of the world. . . . In treating this happy and splendid subject, Mr. Irving has brought out the full force of his genius, as far as a just regard for the principles of historical writing would admit."*

We present the following extract from the concluding part of the work:

COLUMBUS was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

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* Alexander H. Everett.

His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereign but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated vice-royalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labor and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions?

His conduct as a discoverer was characterized by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of scouring the newly-found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoverers, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbors. He was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them, of conciliating and civilizing the natives, of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting everything to the control of law, order and religion, and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble, which it was his misfortune to command; with whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint.

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury or injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient; yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit and by the strong power of his mind, brought himself to forbear and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge; how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable influences from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of Nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams.

He was devoutly pious: religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and the melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself on the earth and render up thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina* and other vesper hymns were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanor. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken "in the name of the Holy Trinity," and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the Church in the wildest situations. The Sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port, unless in a case of extreme necessity.

He was decidedly a visionary; but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent, imaginative, and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions, at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered, and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!

Three years later (1831) there was added to the foregoing a kindred volume, entitled *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus.*

During 1828 and 1829, Irving made a tour to the south of Spain, and there gleaned the facts and caught the weird inspiration which he has so vividly embodied in his *Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada.* "His Chronicle, at times, wears almost the air of romance, yet the story is authenticated by frequent reference to existing documents, proving that he has substantial foundation for his most extraordinary incidents."*

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* *London Quarterly Review.*

Next in order of publication appeared *The Alhambra* which was issued in 1832. Irving spent three months in the old Moorish palace, and thoroughly acquainting himself with its history and its numerous traditions, has, by the witchery of his pen, caused to rise before the imagination of the reader not simply a renovated palace of mediæval magnificence, but also a panorama of the life and pomp, the squalor, the festivity, the crime, the anguish, and all the possible vicissitudes of human experience that have, through the long past, swept in successive waves through its marble halls and gilded courts. Nothing can exceed the minuteness and accuracy of the description of the material splendors of the palace, nor the delicacy and vivacity of the delineations of human life and customs that now exist or have existed in its proud precincts.

Legends of the Conquest of Spain, published in 1835, and *Mahomet and his Successors*, in 1849, complete, with one exception, the catalogue of Irving's works on foreign topics. "These complete a series of Spanish and Moorish subjects, marked by the same genial and poetic treatment; the fancy of the writer evidently luxuriating in the personal freedom of movement of his heroes, their humor of individual character, and the warm Oriental coloring of the theme." *

In July, 1829, Irving again went to England, this time as Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy; whence, after an interval of three years, he returned home, having been absent some seventeen years. And what eventful years in Irving's life! He left home as an obscure writer of a few humorous sketches, he returned as an historian of eminent rank, and as a most graceful and life-like delineator of nature and society. His performance had exceeded his fairest promise, and he who had gone forth all but weeping over precarious health, and distrustful of ability, came again, bringing with him a bountiful harvest of golden sheaves.

The innate love of travel and adventure, which had prompted Irving's extensive European trip, did not permit him long to remain in New York, but now carried him into the far West of his own country—the prairies and wilds of the vast regions stretching from the Missouri River west and south to the Rocky Mountains. These experiences he has chronicled in his usual fascinating style, in *Crayon Miscellany* (published in 1835), *Astoria* (1836), and the *Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.* (1837).

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

For two years from 1839 he contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* a series of articles, consisting chiefly of recollections of foreign travel, and of romantic and marvelous tales, which were collected in 1855 into book form, under the name of *Wolfert's Roost.*

The distinction of United States Minister to the court of Spain was conferred on Irving in 1842, in which position he continued for the next four years. He then returned home, and took up his residence at "Sunnyside," a beautiful spot on the banks of the Hudson. Here he lived "in the midst of a family circle composed of his brother and his nieces, hospitably entertaining his friends, occasionally visiting different portions of the country, and employing his pen in the composition of his *Life of Washington.*"*

This work, elaborated through five volumes, was published from 1855 to 1859. "It proved, as all anticipated who knew the author, an eminently judicious work, with no excitement of false heat or exaggeration of any kind, but with a steady, patriotic purpose, true to the national life, and an instinctive appreciation of character responsive to every noble and generous trait, and condemnatory of every unworthy motive of the many personages of that busy era who flocked to his pages. The *Life of Washington* is in fact a history of the Revolution, which his genius and disposition did so much to shape. . . Nothing is sacrificed to those literary temptations which might be supposed to beset an author whose natural disposition led him to the fanciful in composition, and an easy indulgence in the picturesque and humorous."*

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

Retracing our narrative a step, we must not omit to mention Irving's *Oliver Goldsmith*, issued in 1849. It is an interesting, sympathetic, and yet severely truthful tribute to the life and name of the great English poet and writer.

Irving survived the summer following the completion of his *Washington;* "and as the autumnal season of the American climate, so fondly dwelt upon in his writings, was drawing to its end, he was suddenly called away, as he was retiring to rest, on the night of November 28, 1859."*

Speaking of his writings in general, "the charm is in the proportion, the keeping, the happy vein which inspires happiness in return. It is the felicity of but few authors, out of the vast stock of English literature, to delight equally young and old. The tales of Irving are the favorite authors of childhood, and their good humor and amenity can please where most literature is weariness, in the sick room of the convalescent. Every influence which breathes from his writings is good and generous. Their sentiment is always just and manly, without cant or affectation; their humor is always within the bounds of propriety.

"They have a fresh inspiration of American nature, which is not the less nature for the art with which it is adorned. The color of personality attaches us throughout to the author, whose humor of character is always to be felt. This happy art of presenting rude and confused objects in an orderly, pleasurable aspect, everywhere to be met with in the pages of Irving, is one of the most beneficent in literature.

"The philosopher Hume said a turn for humor was worth to him ten thousand a year, and it is this gift which the writings of Irving impart. To this quality is allied an active fancy and poetic imagination, many of the choicest passages of Irving being interpenetrated by this vivifying power."*

* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

PRESCOTT.

William Hickling Prescott was born, May 4, 1796, at Salem, Massachusetts. When nearly twelve years of age he removed to Boston, and here and in Cambridge was educated, graduating at Harvard College in 1814.

While in his junior year at college, an accident, singularly trivial in its origin, but most serious in its effects, changed the whole plan of his life. A fellow student playfully threw a crust of bread across the table where Prescott and some of his class-mates were dining. The apparently harmless missile struck young Prescott in the eye with such violence as utterly to destroy its sight. The inflammation arising from the wounded member seriously affected his remaining eye, and threatened total blindness.

This misfortune compelled Prescott, after completing his course at college, to relinquish his cherished design of following the profession of law; and he travelled abroad in search of medical relief. Two years were consumed in visiting the most noted parts of England, France, and Italy, when he returned home, improved in general health, but unrestored in his unhappy vision. Not content, however, to indulge in that ease which both his means and his infirmity invited, he resolved, with a purpose truly heroic, to become a historian.

Ten years of the most systematic and persevering preparatory study supplemented this resolution, through all of which, though experiencing intense pain from inflammation of his eye, and though often obliged to depend upon the friendly services of other eyes, "his industry never flagged, his courage never faltered; his spirits, buoyant by nature, never sank under the burden imposed upon them. It was the period when he laid deep and sure foundations of his coming successes."*

The result of these years of study was the production of *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.* The object of this work is to indicate and fairly estimate the political movements which conspired in making Spain at one time a mighty, compact monarchy, namely, the overthrow of Moslem power in Western Europe, and the discovery of America and its wealth. The work first appeared in 1838, and not only has it passed through a number of editions in this country and in England, but it has also been translated into the leading modern languages of the Continent.

One of the most astute of reviews † has remarked of this work, "With all its errors and omissions of manner and matter, Mr. Prescott's is by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced, and one that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began."

Pursuing the same rich vein of study, with a view to describing the effects upon Spain and on Europe generally of the Spanish conquests on the American continent, Prescott published, in 1843, his *Conquest of Mexico,* and, four years later, his *Conquest of Peru.* "The first, from the very nature of its subject, is the most effective and popular; comprehending that marvelous series of military adventures, which read more like a cruel romance than the results of sober history; while the last, so full of philosophy in its accounts of the early traditions of Peru, and so full of wisdom in its explanation of the healing government of Gasca, is no less important for its teachings to the world. Both are written in Mr. Prescott's most attractive and brilliant style."‡

From the former of these works, Volume II., we make the following extract:

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*

† *London Quarterly Review,* June, 1839.

‡ Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

CHAPTER IX.

With the first faint streak of dawn, the Spanish general was up, mustering his followers. They gathered, with beating hearts, under their respective banners, as the trumpet sent forth its spirit-stirring sounds across water and woodland, till they died away in distant echoes among the mountains. The sacred flames on the altars of numberless *teocallis*, dimly seen through the grey mists of morning, indicated the site of the capital, till temple, tower, and palace were fully revealed in the glorious illumination which the sun, as he rose above the eastern barrier, poured over the beautiful valley. It was the eighth of November, 1519; a conspicuous day in history, as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World.

Cortés with his little body of horse formed a sort of advanced guard to the army. Then came the Spanish infantry, who in a summer's campaign had acquired the discipline, and the weather-beaten aspect, of veterans. The baggage occupied the centre; and the rear was closed by the dark files of Tlascalan warriors. The whole number must have fallen short of seven thousand, of which less than four hundred were Spaniards.

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Everywhere the Conquerors beheld the evidence of a crowded and thriving population, exceeding all they had yet seen. The temples and principal buildings of the cities were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the level beams of the morning. The margin of the great basin was more thickly gemmed, than that of Chalco, with towns and hamlets. The water was darkened by swarms of canoes filled with Indians, who clambered up the sides of the causeway, and gazed with curious astonishment on the strangers. And here, also, they beheld those fairy islands of flowers, overshadowed occasionally by trees of considerable size, rising and falling with the gentle undulation of the billows.

At the distance of half a league from the capital they encountered a solid work or curtain of stone, which traversed the dike. It was twelve feet high, was strengthened by towers at the extremities, and in the centre was a battlemented gate-way, which opened a passage to the troops. It was called the Fort of Xoloc, and became memorable in aftertimes as the position occupied by Cortés in the famous siege of Mexico.

Here they were met by several hundred Aztec chiefs, who came out to announce the approach of Montezuma, and to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. They were dressed in the fanciful gala costume of the country, with the *maxtlatl*, or cotton sash, around their loins, and a broad mantle of the same material, or of the brilliant feather-embroidery, flowing gracefully down their shoulders. On their necks and arms they displayed collars and bracelets of turquoise mosaic, with which delicate plumage was curiously mingled, while their ears, under-lips, and occasionally their noses, were garnished with pendants formed of precious stones, or crescents of fine gold.

As each cacique made the usual formal salutation of the country separately to the general, the tedious ceremony delayed the march more than an hour. After this, the army experienced no further interruption till it reached a bridge near the gates of the city. It was built of wood, since replaced by one of stone, and was thrown across an opening of the dike, which furnished an outlet to the waters, when agitated by the winds, or swollen by a sudden influx of the rainy season. It was a draw-bridge; and the Spaniards, as they crossed it, felt how truly they were committing themselves to the mercy of Montezuma, who, by thus cutting off their communications with the country, might hold them prisoners in his capital.

In the midst of these unpleasant reflections, they beheld the glittering retinue of the emperor emerging from the great street which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state, bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy featherwork, powdered with jewels and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow, measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground.

When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted, and Montezuma, descending from his litter, came forward leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan, his nephew and brother, both of whom, as we have seen, had already been known to the Spaniards. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him. Such was the homage paid to the Indian despot, showing that the slavish forms of Oriental adulation were to be found among the rude inhabitants of the Western World.

Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak (*tilmatli*) of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the *chalchivitl*—a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs—were conspicuous. On his head he wore no other ornament than a *panache* of plumes of the royal green, which floated down his back, the badge of military, rather than of regal, rank.

He was at this time about forty years of age. His person was tall and thin, but not ill-made. His hair, which was black and straight, was not very long; to wear it short was considered unbecoming persons of rank. His beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than is often found in his dusky, or rather copper-colored race. His features, though serious in their expression, did not wear the look of melancholy, indeed, of dejection, which characterizes his portrait, and which may well have settled on them at a later period. He moved with dignity, and his whole demeanor, tempered by an expression of benignity not to have been anticipated from the reports circulated of his character, was worthy of a great prince. Such is the portrait left to us of the celebrated Indian emperor, in this his first interview with the white men.

The army halted as he drew near. Cortés, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and, supported by a few of the principal cavaliers, advanced to meet him. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. In Montezuma, Cortés beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the burden of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince saw the strange being whose history seemed to be so mysteriously connected with his own; the predicted one of his oracles; whose achievements proclaimed him something more than human.

But, whatever may have been the monarch's feelings, he so far suppressed them as to receive his guest with princely courtesy, and to express his satisfaction at personally seeing him in his capital. Cortés responded by the most profound expressions of respect, while he made ample acknowledgments for the substantial proofs which the emperor had given the Spaniards of his munificence. He then hung round Montezuma's neck a sparkling chain of colored crystal, accompanying this with a movement as if to embrace him, when he was restrained by the two Aztec lords, shocked at the menaced profanation of t sacred person of their master.

After the interchange of these civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother to conduct the Spaniards to their residence in the capital, and again entering his litter was borne off amidst prostrate crowds in the same state in which he had come. The Spaniards quickly followed, and with colors flying and music playing soon made their entrance into the southern quarter of Tenochtitlan.

Here, again, they found fresh cause for admiration in the grandeur of the city, and the superior style of its architecture. The dwellings of the poorer classes were, indeed, chiefly of reeds and mud. But the great avenue through which they were now marching was lined with the houses of the nobles, who were encouraged by the emperor to make the capital their residence. They were built of a red porous stone drawn from quarries in the neighborhood, and, though they rarely rose to a second story, often covered a large space of ground. The flat roofs (*azoteas*) were protected by stone parapets, so that every house was a fortress. Sometimes these roofs resembled parterres of flowers, so thickly were they covered with them, but more frequently they were cultivated in broad terraced gardens, laid out between the edifices.

Occasionally a great square or market-place intervened, surrounded by its porticos of stone and stucco; or a pyramidal temple reared its colossal bulk, crowned with its tapering sanctuaries, and altars blazing with unextinguishable fires. The great street facing the southern causeway, unlike most others in the place, was wide, and extended some miles in nearly a straight line, as before noticed, through the centre of the city. A spectator standing at one end of it, as his eye ranged along the deep vista of temples, terraces, and gardens, might clearly discern the other, with the blue mountains in the distance, which, in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land, seemed almost in contact with the buildings.

But what most impressed the Spaniards was the throngs of people who swarmed through the streets and on the canals, filling every door-way and window, and clustering on the roofs of the buildings. "I well remember the spectacle," exclaims Berual Diaz; "it seems now, after so many years, as present to my mind as if it were but yesterday."

But what must have been the sensations of the Aztecs themselves, as they looked on the portentous pageant! as they heard, now, for the first time, the well-cemented pavement ring under the iron tramp of the horses,—the strange animals which fear had clothed in such supernatural terrors; as they gazed on the children of the East, revealing their celestial origin in their fair complexions; saw the bright falchions and bonnets of steel, a metal to them unknown, glancing like meteors in the sun, while sounds of unearthly music—at least, such as their rude instruments had never wakened—floated in the air!

Resuming the thread of Spanish history at a date more recent than that of his first work, Prescott next favored the public with a *History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain;* the first two volumes of which were published in 1855. "The excellences of the author's previous works are all here—the picturesque narrative, the lucid style, the generous yet judicial spirit, the thorough digestion and scrupulous sifting of the materials— . . . and above and pervading all, the thorough integrity of purpose, the earnest and interesting pursuit and ever present love of truth, which, amid his many admirable qualities, is that which is perhaps his prime characteristic as a historian." *

A third volume had hardly more than appeared, awakening, as had its predecessors, high anticipations, when its gifted author was suddenly and fatally prostrated by paralysis, at his home in Boston, January 28, 1859.

We present, in an abridged form, from his first volume of Philip II.,

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* *English Cyclopædia of Biography.*

CHAPTER IV.—PHILIP'S THIRD MARRIAGE.

So soon as Philip should be settled in Spain, it had been arranged that his young bride, Elizabeth of France, should cross the Pyrenees. Early in January, 1560, Elizabeth,—or Isabella, to use the corresponding name by which she was known to the Spaniards,—under the protection of the Cardinal de Bourbon and some of the French nobility. reached the borders of Navarre, where she was met by the duke of Infantado, who was to take charge of the princess, and escort her to Castile.

Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, fourth duke of Infantado, was the head of the most illustrious house of Castile. He was at this time near seventy years of age, having passed most of his life in attendance at court, where he had always occupied the position suited to his high birth and his extensive property, which, as his title intimated, lay chiefly in the north. He was a fine specimen of the old Castilian hidalgo, and displayed a magnificence in his way of living that became his station. He was well educated, for the time; and his fondness for books did not prevent his excelling in all knightly exercises. He was said to have the best library and the best stud of any gentleman in Castile.

He appeared on this occasion in great state, accompanied by his household and his kinsmen, the heads of the noblest families in Spain. The duke was attended by some fifty pages, who, in their rich dresses of satin and brocade, displayed the gay colors of the house of Mendoza. The nobles in his train, all suitably mounted, were followed by twenty-five hundred gentlemen, well equipped, like themselves. So lavish were the Castilians of that day in the caparisons of their horses, that some of these are estimated, without taking into account the jewels with which they were garnished, to have cost no less than two thousand ducats!

Several days were spent in settling the etiquette to be observed before the presentation of the duke and his followers to the princess—a perilous matter with the Spanish hidalgo. When at length the interview took place, the cardinal of Burgos, the duke's brother, opened it by a formal and rather long address to Isabella, who replied in a tone of easy gayety, which, though not undignified, savored much more of the manners of her own country than those of Spain. The place of meeting was at Roncesvalles—a name which to the reader of romance may call up scenes very different from those presented by the two nations now met together in friendly courtesy.

From Roncesvalles the princess proceeded, under the strong escort of the duke, to his town of Guadalajara, in New Castile, where her marriage with King Philip was to be solemnized. Great preparations were made by the loyal citizens for celebrating the event in a manner honorable to their own master and their future queen. A huge mound, or what might be called a hill, was raised at the entrance of the town, where a grove of natural oaks had been transplanted, amongst which was to be seen abundance of game.

Isabella was received by the magistrates of the place, and escorted through the principal streets by a brilliant cavalcade, composed of the great nobility of the court. She was dressed in ermine, and rode a milk-white palfrey, which she managed with an easy grace that delighted the multitude. On one side of her rode the duke of Infantado, and on the other the cardinal of Burgos.

After performing her devotions at the church, where *Te Deum* was chanted, she proceeded to the ducal palace, in which the marriage ceremony was to be performed. On her entering the court, the Princess Joanna came down to receive her sister-in-law, and, after an affectionate salutation, conducted her to the saloon, where Philip, attended by his son, was awaiting his bride.

It was the first time that Isabella had seen her destined lord. She now gazed on him so intently, that he good-humoredly asked her "if she were looking to see if he had any gray hairs in his head." The bluntness of the question somewhat disconcerted her. Philip's age was not much less than that at which the first gray hairs made their appearance on his father's temples. Yet the discrepancy between the ages of the parties in the present instance was not greater than often happens in a royal union. Isabella was in her fifteenth year, and Philip in his thirty-fourth.

From all accounts, the lady's youth was her least recommendation. "Elizabeth de Valois," says Brantôme, who knew her well, "was a true daughter of France—discreet, witty, beautiful, and good, if ever woman was so." She was well made, and tall of stature, and on this account the more admired in Spain, where the women are rarely above the middle height. Her eyes were dark, and her luxuriant tresses, of the same dark color, shaded features that were delicately fair. There was sweetness mingled with dignity in her deportment, in which Castilian stateliness seemed to be happily tempered by the vivacity of her own nature. "So attractive was she," continues the gallant old courtier, "that no cavalier durst look on her long, for fear of losing his heart, which in that jealous court might have proved the loss of his life."

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When the nuptials were concluded, the good people of Guadalajara testified their loyalty by all kinds of festivities in honor of the event,—by fireworks, music, and dancing. The fountains flowed with generous liquor. Tables were spread in the public squares, laden with good cheer, and freely open to all. In the evening, the regidores of the town, to the number of fifty or more, presented themselves before the king and queen. They were dressed in their gaudy liveries of crimson and yellow velvet, and each one of these functionaries bore a napkin on his arm, while he carried a plate of sweetmeats, which he presented to the royal pair and the ladies of the court.

The following morning Philip and his consort left the hospitable walls of Guadalajara, and set out with their whole suite for Toledo. At parting, the duke of Infantado made the queen and her ladies presents of jewels, lace, and other rich articles of dress; and the sovereigns took leave of their noble host, well pleased with the princely entertainment he had given them.

At Toledo preparations were made for the reception of Philip and Isabella in a style worthy of the renown of that ancient capital of the Visigoths. In the broad *vega* before the city, three thousand of the old Spanish infantry engaged in a mock encounter with a body of Moorish cavalry, having their uniforms and caparisons fancifully trimmed and ornamented in the Arabesque fashion. Then followed various national dances by beautiful maidens of Toledo, dances of the Gypsies, and the old Spanish "war-dance of the swords."

On entering the gates, the royal pair were welcomed by the municipality of the city, who supported a canopy of cloth of gold over the heads of the king and queen, emblazoned with their ciphers. A procession was formed, consisting of the principal magistrates, the members of the military orders, the officers of the Inquisition,—for Toledo was one of the principal stations of the secret tribunal,—and, lastly, the chief nobles of the court. In the cavalcade might be distinguished the iron form of the duke of Alva, and his more courtly rival, Ruy Gomez de Silva, count of Melito,—the two nobles highest in the royal confidence.

Triumphal arches, ornamented with quaint devices and emblematical figures from ancient mythology, were thrown across the streets, which were filled with shouting multitudes. Gay wreaths of flowers and flaunting streamers adorned the verandahs and balconies, which were crowded with spectators of both sexes in their holiday attire, making a show of gaudy colors that reminds an old chronicler of the richly tinted tapestries and carpetings of Flanders. In this royal state, the new-married pair moved along the streets towards the great cathedral; and after paying their devotions at its venerable shrine, they repaired to the *alcazar*,—the palace fortress of Toledo.

For some weeks, during which the sovereigns remained in the capital, there was a general jubilee. All the national games of Spain were exhibited to the young queen; the bull-fight, the Moorish sport of the *cañas*, or tilt of reeds, and tournaments on horseback and on foot, in both of which Philip often showed himself armed *cap-à-pie* in the lists, and did his *devoir* in the presence of his fair bride, as became a loyal knight. Another show, which might have been better reserved for a less joyous occasion, was exhibited to Isabella. As the court and the cortes were drawn together in Toledo, the Holy Office took the occasion to celebrate an *auto de fé*, which, from the number of the victims and quality of the spectators, was the most imposing spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in that capital.

The festivities of the court were suddenly terminated by the illness of Isabella, who was attacked by the small-pox. Her life was in no danger; but great fears were entertained lest the envious disease should prove fatal to her beauty. Her mother, Catherine de Medicis, had great apprehensions on this point; and couriers crossed the Pyrenees frequently, during the queen's illness, bringing prescriptions—some of them rather extraordinary—from the French doctors for preventing the ravages of the disorder. Whether it was by reason of these nostrums, or her own excellent constitution, the queen was fortunate enough to escape from the sick room without a scar.

Philip seems to have had much reason to be contented, not only with the person, but the disposition, of his wife. As her marriage had formed one of the articles in the treaty with France, she was called by the Spaniards *Isabel de la Paz*—"Isabella of the Peace." Her own countrymen no less fondly styled her the "Olive Branch of Peace"—intimating the sweetness of her disposition. In this respect she may be thought to have formed a contrast to Philip's former wife, Mary of England; at least after sickness and misfortune had done their work upon that queen's temper, in the latter part of her life

If Isabella was not a scholar, like Mary, she at least was well instructed for the time, and was fond of reading, especially poetry. She had a ready apprehension, and learned in a short time to speak the Castilian with tolerable fluency, while there was something pleasing in her foreign accent, that made her pronunciation the more interesting. She accommodated herself so well to the usages of her adopted nation, that she soon won the hearts of the Spaniards. "No queen of Castile," says the loyal Brantôme, "with due deference to Isabella the Catholic, was ever so popular in the country." When she went abroad, it was usually with her face uncovered, after the manner of her countrywomen. The press was always great around her whenever she appeared in public, and happy was the man who could approach so near as to get a glimpse of her beautiful countenance.

As a historian, the peculiarities of Prescott are thus succinctly stated by one of the best of American critics.* He "makes no pretension to analytical power, except in the arrangement of his materials; he is content to describe, and his talents are more artistic than philosophical; neither is any cherished theory or principle obvious; his ambition is apparently limited to skilful narration. Indefatigable in research, sagacious in the choice and comparison of authorities, serene in temper, graceful in style, and pleasing in sentiment, he possesses all the requisites for an agreeable writer; while his subjects have yielded so much of picturesque material and romantic interest, as to atone for the lack of any more original or brilliant qualities in the author."

"The character of Prescott, indeed, was of singular worth. With a profound modesty it united a remarkable self-denial and lofty perseverance in duty. Possessed of wealth, with a deprivation of sight so nearly entire that it might have seemed to justify any self-indulgence, with elegant tastes which are apt to withdraw men from earnest labors, he yet devoted his life to one of the most onerous departments of literary research. . . . The fidelity of his studies is seen on every page, and not less marked in that happy, flowing narrative, presenting every incident clearly and in order, burdened with no superfluous matter."*

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

BANCROFT.

George Bancroft was born at Worcester, Massachusetts October 3, 1800. His early school-days were passed at the academy of Dr. Abbott, at Exeter, New Hampshire, where, according to the testimony of his worthy master, "he took his rank among the first scholars in the academy," and "appeared to have the stamina of a distinguished man."

From the academy, at thirteen, he entered Harvard College, whence he graduated four years later, second in his class, and honored with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was too enthusiastic a student, however, to rest content with these attainments; and, accordingly, he spent the next three or four years at the eminent universities of Gottingen and Berlin, quaffing German and classic culture at the very fountain-head. To this study, before returning home in 1822, he added the instructive and pleasurable experience of a tour through Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and England.

The feelings and sentiments inspired by his travels, Bancroft embodied in a small volume of poems, published at Boston in 1823, while the more immediate results of his European university discipline were shown in various philosophical summaries of Roman history and of the literature of Germany, published shortly after his return home.

These productions, together with the translations of the chief minor poems of Schiller, Goethe, and other German writers, and a few magazine articles, constituted the sum of Bancroft's literary efforts prior to his twenty-fourth year.

For a year after his return from Europe he was occupied as tutor of Greek at Harvard, then, for some time, as principal of the Round Hill school, at Northampton, Massachusetts. In later years he figured not a little prominently in political life, having been appointed, in 1845, Secretary of the Navy, under Polk; while from 1846 to 1849 he served the country in the distinguished capacity of Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain.

Bancroft's great work, and for the upbuilding of which he has enlisted the best energies of a long and laborious life, is his *History of the United States.* The first volume was issued in 1834, since when ten additional volumes have been published, the last closing with the end of the Revolution.

For the prosecution of this vast labor Bancroft has enjoyed peculiar facilities. His positions of State, both at home and abroad, laid open to him the most important national papers and archives, while his extensive acquaintance in literary circles, gave him access to the treasures of valuable private collections. And of these advantages he has shown himself singularly appreciative.

Inasmuch as this work has engaged Bancroft's genius almost entirely, so far as its literary activity is concerned, for the past thirty-six years, it will not be surprising if his *History* be the burden of the criticisms we quote.

"Among the historians who have attained a high and deserved reputation in the United States, we are inclined to yield the first place to George Bancroft. His experience in political and diplomatic life, no less than his rare and generous culture, and his singular union of the highest mental faculties, enable us to predict with confidence that his work will be reckoned among the genuine masterpieces of historical genius."*

"To this noble task he brought great and patient industry, an eloquent style, and a capacity to array the theme in the garb of philosophy. Throughout he is the advocate of democratic institutions; and in the early volumes, where by the nature of the subject, there is little scope for attractive detail, by infusing a reflective tone, he rescues the narrative from dryness and monotony. Instead of a series of facts arranged without any unity of sentiment, we have the idea and principle of civic advancement towards freedom as a thread of gold upon which the incidents are strung. . . . In sentiment and principles, it is thoroughly American; but in its style and philosophy it has that broad and eclectic spirit appropriate both to the general interest of the subject and the enlightened sympathies of the age."*

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* *Westminster Review.*

"There are more graceful narrators than Bancroft. There may be annalists more searching and profound—though we can scarcely name them—but for union of history and philosophy, the actual and the ideal, in a continuous synthetic composition, he certainly bears away the palm. . . . Mr. Bancroft's narrative is distinguished for its freedom from vagueness, and its exact nicety of description. In the sphere of facts, he deals in no unmeaning generalities. Whether delineating character or natural scenery, his epithets are choice, short-cut, and of expressive fidelity."†

The only other of Bancroft's works is *Literary and Historical Miscellanies*, a volume issued in 1855, and containing essays from reviews, poetical translations from the German, historical articles, addresses, and orations.

Our author, now above seventy years of age, is still engaged on his *History*, of which, as he himself tells us, "one volume more will complete the American Revolution, including the negotiations for peace in 1782. For that volume the materials are collected and arranged, and it will be completed and published without any unnecessary delay." But when this promise, made now nearly five years ago, shall have been realized, it is not improbable that, both because of his own ripe age and the numberless uninscribed pages of the entire work, the pen so long, so faithfully, and so eloquently active, must shortly drop from the master's hand: let us hope, for our national honor, into hands equally worthy.

From Vol. VII. of the *History* we make the following extract, descriptive of—

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

† George Ripley.

BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

At half-past two o'clock, or a very little later, General Howe, not confining his attack to the left wing alone, advanced to a simultaneous assault on the whole front from the redoubt to Mystic River. In Burgoyne's opinion, "his disposition was soldierlike and perfect." Of the two columns which were put in motion, the one was led by Pigot against the redoubt; the other by Howe himself against the flank, which seemed protected by nothing but a fence of rails and hay easy to be scrambled over, when the left of Prescott would be turned, and he would be forced to surrender on finding the enemy in his rear.

As they began to march, the dazzling lustre of a summer's sun was reflected from their burnished armor; the battery on Copp's Hill, from which Clinton and Burgoyne were watching every movement, kept up an incessant fire, which was seconded by the Falcon and the Lively, the Somerset and the two floating batteries; the town of Charlestown, consisting of five hundred edifices of wood, burst into a blaze; the steeple of its only church became a pyramid of fire; and the masts of the shipping, and the heights of the British camp, the church towers, the housetops of a populous town, and the acclivities of the surrounding country were crowded with spectators, to watch the battle which was to take place, in full sight, on a conspicuous eminence, and which, as the English thought, was to assure the integrity of the British empire; as the Americans believed, was to influence the freedom and happiness of mankind.

As soon as Prescott perceived that the enemy were in motion, he commanded Robinson, his lieutenant-colonel, the same who conducted himself so bravely in the fight at Concord, and Henry Woods, his major, famed in the villages of Middlesex for ability and patriotism, with separate detachments to flank the enemy; and they executed his orders with prudence and daring. He then went through the works to encourage and animate his inexperienced soldiers. "The redcoats will never reach the redoubt," such were his words, as he himself used to narrate them, "if you will but withhold your fire till I give the order, and be careful not to shoot over their heads." After this round, he took his post in the redoubt, well satisfied that the men would do their duty.

The British advanced in line in good order, steadily and slowly, and with a confident imposing air, pausing on the march to let their artillery prepare the way, and firing with muskets as they advanced. But they fired too soon, and too high, doing but little injury.

Encumbered with their knapsacks, they ascended the steep hill with difficulty, covered as it was with grass reaching to their knees, and intersected with walls and fences. Prescott waited till the enemy had approached within eight rods as he afterwards thought, within ten or twelve rods as the committee of safety of Massachusetts wrote, when he gave the word: "Fire." At once from the redoubt and breastwork every gun was discharged.

Nearly the whole front rank of the enemy fell, and the rest, to whom this determined resistance was unexpected, were brought to a stand. For a few minutes, fifteen or ten, who can count such minutes! each one of the Americans, completely covered while he loaded his musket, exposed only while he stood upon the wooden platform or steps of earth in the redoubt to take aim, fought according to his own judgment and will; and a close and unremitting fire was continued and returned, till the British staggered, wavered, and then in disordered masses retreated precipitately to the foot of the hill, and some even to their boats.

The column of the enemy, which advanced near the Mystic under the head of Howe, moved gallantly forward against the rail-fence, and when within eighty or one hundred yards displayed into line with the precision of troops on parade. Here, too, the Americans, commanded by Stark and Knowlton, cheered on by Putnam, who, like Prescott, bade them reserve their fire, restrained themselves as if by universal consent, till at the proper moment, resting their guns on the rails of the fence, they poured forth a deliberate, well-directed, fatal discharge. Here, too, the British recoiled from the volley, and after a short contest, were thrown into confusion, and fell back till they were covered by the ground.

Then followed moments of joy in that unfinished redoubt, and behind the grassy rampart, where New England husbandmen, so often taunted with cowardice, beheld veteran battalions shrink before their arms. Their hearts bounded as they congratulated each other. The night-watches, thirst, hunger, danger, whether of captivity or death, were forgotten. They promised themselves victory.

As the British soldiers retreated, the officers were seen, by the spectators on the opposite shore, running down to them, using passionate gestures, and pushing them forward with their swords.

After an interval of about fifteen minutes, during which Prescott moved round among his men, encouraging them and cheering them with praise, the British column under Pigot rallied and advanced, though with apparent reluctance, in the same order as before, firing as they approached within musket shot.

This time the Americans withheld their fire till the enemy were within six or five rods of the redoubt, when, as the order was given, it seemed more fatal than before. The enemy continued to discharge their guns, and pressed forward with spirit. "But from the whole American line, there was," said Prescott, "a continuous stream of fire," and though the British officers were seen exposing themselves fearlessly, remonstrating, threatening, and even striking the soldiers to urge them on, they could not reach the redoubt, but in a few moments gave way in greater disorder than before. The wounded and the dead covered the ground in front of the works, some lying within a few yards of them.

On the flank, also, the British light infantry again marched up its companies against the grass fence, but could not penetrate it. "Indeed," wrote some of the survivors, "how could we penetrate it? Most of our grenadiers and light infantry, the moment of presenting themselves, lost three-fourths, and many, nine-tenths of their men. Some had only eight or nine men in a company left, some only three, four, or five." On the ground where but the day before the mowers had swung the scythe in peace, "the dead," relates Stark, "lay as thick as sheep in a fold." Howe for a few seconds was left nearly alone, so many of the officers about him having been killed or wounded; and it required the utmost exertion of all, from the generals down to the subalterns, to repair the rout.

At intervals the artillery from the ships and batteries was playing, while the flames were rising over the town of Charlestown, and laying waste the places of the sepulchres of its fathers, and streets were falling together, and ships at the yards were crashing on the stocks, and the kindred of the Americans, from the fields and hills around, watched every gallant act of their defenders. "The whole," wrote Burgoyne, "was a complication of horror and importance beyond anything it ever came to my lot to be witness to. It was a sight for a young soldier, that the longest service may not furnish again."

"If we drive them back once more," cried Prescott, "they cannot rally again." To the enduring husbandmen about him the terrible and appalling scene was altogether new. "We are ready for the red-coats again," they shouted, cheering their commander, and not one of them shrunk from duty.

In the longer interval that preceded the third attack, a council of officers disclosed the fact, that the ammunition was almost exhausted. Though Prescott had sent in the morning for a supply, he had received none, and there were not fifty bayonets in his party. A few artillery cartridges were discovered, and as the last resource the powder in them was distributed, with the direction, that not a kernel of it should be wasted.

The royal army, exasperated at retreating before an enemy whom they had professed to despise, and by the sight of many hundreds of their men who lay dead or bleeding on the ground, prepared to renew the engagement. While the light infantry and a part of the grenadiers were left to continue the attack at the rail-fence, Howe concentrated the rest of his forces upon the redoubt. Cannon were brought to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breastwork, from one end of it to the other, so that the Americans were obliged to crowd within their fort.

Then the British troops, having disencumbered themselves of their knapsacks, advanced in column with fixed bayonets. Clinton, who from Copp's Hill had watched the battle, at this critical moment, and without orders, pushed off in a boat, and put himself at the head of two battalions, the marines and the forty-seventh, which seemed to hesitate upon the beach as if uncertain what to do. These formed the extreme left of the British, and advanced from the south; the fifth, the thirty-eighth, and forty-third battalions formed the centre, and attacked from the east; on their right was the fifty-second with grenadiers, who forced the now deserted entrenchments.

The Americans within the redoubt, attacked at once on three sides by six battalions, at that time numbered less than seven hundred men. Of these some had no more than one, none more than three or four rounds of ammunition left. But Prescott's self-possession increased with danger. He directed his men to wait until the enemy were within twenty yards, when they poured upon them a deadly volley. The British wavered for an instant, and then sprang forward without returning the fire. The American fire slackened, and began to die away. The British reached the rampart on the southern side. Those who first scaled the parapet were shot down as they mounted. Major Pitcairn fell mortally wounded. just as he was entering the redoubt.

A single artillery cartridge furnished powder for the last muskets which the Americans fired. For some time longer they kept the enemy at bay, confronting them with the butt end of their guns, and striking them with the barrels after the stocks were broken. The breastwork being abandoned, the ammunition all expended, the redoubt half filled with regulars, and on the point of being surrounded, and no other reinforcements having arrived, at a little before four, Prescott gave the word to retreat. He himself was among the last to leave the fort; escaping unhurt, though with coat and waistcoat rent and pierced by bayonets, which he parried with his sword.

The men, retiring through the sally-port or leaping over the walls, made their way through their enemies, each for himself, without much order, and the dust which rose from the dry earth now powdered in the sun, and the smoke of the engagement, gave them some covering. The British, who had turned the north-eastern end of the breastwork, and had likewise come round the angle of the redoubt, were too much exhausted to use the bayonet against them with vigor, and at first the parties were so closely intermingled as to interrupt the firing; it also appeared that a supply of ball for the artillery, sent from Boston during the battle, was too large for the field-pieces which accompanied the detachment.

The little handful of brave men would have been effectually cut off, but for the unfailing courage of the provincials at the rail-fence and the bank of the Mystic. They had repulsed the enemy twice; they now held them in check, till the main body had left the hill. Not till then did the Connecticut companies under Knowlton, and the New Hampshire soldiers under Stark, quit the station, which they had "nobly defended."

The retreat was made with more regularity than could have been expected of troops who had been for so short a time under discipline, and many of whom had never before seen an engagement. Trevett and his men drew off the only field-piece that was saved. Pomeroy walked backwards, facing the enemy and brandishing his musket till it was struck and marked by a ball. The redoubt, the brow of Bunker Hill, and the passage across the Charlestown causeway, were the principal places of slaughter.

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The British were unable to continue the pursuit beyond the isthmus. They had already brought their best forces into the field; more than a third of those engaged lay dead or bleeding and the survivors were fatigued, and overawed by the courage of their adversaries. The battle put an end to all offensive operations on the part of Gage.

From Vol. VIII. we extract the following comprehensive and brilliant portrait of—

JOHN ADAMS.

His nature was robust and manly; now he was in the happiest mood of mind for asserting the independence of his country. . . . Looking into himself he saw weakness enough; but neither meanness, nor dishonesty, nor timidity. His overweening self-esteem was his chief blemish; and if he compared himself with his great fellow-laborers, there was some point on which he was superior to any one of them; he had more learning than Washington, or any other American statesman of his age; better knowledge of liberty as founded in law than Samuel Adams; clearer insight into the constructive elements of government than Franklin; more power in debate than Jefferson; more courageous manliness than Dickinson; more force in motion than Jay; so that, by varying and confining his comparisons. he could easily fancy himself the greatest of them all.

He was capable of thinking himself the centre of any circle of which he had been no more than a tangent; his vanity was in such excess that in manhood it sometimes confused his judgment and in age bewildered his memory; but the stain did not reach beyond the surface; it impaired the lustre, not the hardy integrity of his character. He was humane and frank, generous and clement; yet he wanted that spirit of love which reconciles to being outdone

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He was no weakling to whine about injured feelings; he went to his task, bright, and cheery, and brave; he was the hammer and not the anvil; and it was for others to fear his prowess and to shrink under his blows. His courage was unflinching in debate and everywhere else; he never knew what fear is; and had he gone into the army as he once longed to do, he would have taken there the virtues of temperance, decision, and intrepidity. To his latest old age his spirit was robust, buoyant, and joyous; he saw ten times as much pleasure as pain in the world; and after his arm quivered and his eye grew dim, he was ready to begin life anew and fight its battle over again.

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He was of the choleric temperament: though his frame was compact and large, yet from physical organization he was singularly sensitive; could break out into uncontrollable rage, and, with all his acquisitions, never learned to rule his own spirit; but his anger did not so much drive him to do wrong, as to do right ungraciously. No man was less fitted to gain his end by arts of indirection; he knew not how to intrigue, was indiscreetly talkative, and almost thought aloud; whenever he sought to win an uncertain person to his support, his ways of courtship were uncouth, so that he made few friends except by his weight of character, ability, public spirit, and integrity, was unapt as the leader of a party, and never appeared so well as when he acted from himself.

Hating intolerance in all its forms, an impassioned lover of civil liberty, as the glory of man and the best evidence and the best result of civilization, he, of all men in Congress, was incomparable as a dogmatist; essentially right-minded; loving to teach with authority; pressing onward unsparingly with his argument; impatient of contradiction; unequalled as a positive champion of the right. He was the Martin Luther of the American Revolution, borne on to utter his convictions fearlessly by an impulse which forbade him acting otherwise. He was now too much in earnest, and too much elevated by the greatness of his work, to think of himself; too anxiously desiring aid, to disparage those who gave it.

In the fervor of his activity his faults disappeared. His intellect and public spirit, all the noblest parts of his nature, were called into the fullest exercise and strained to the uttermost of their healthful power. Combining more than any other, farness of sight and fixedness of belief with courage and power of utterance, he was looked up to as the ablest debater in Congress. Preserving some of the habits of the lawyer, he was redundant in words and cumulative in argument; but his warmth and sincerity kept him from the affectations of the pedant or the rhetorician. Forbearance was no longer in season; the irrepressible talent of persevering, peremptory assertion was wanted the more he was borne along by his own vehement impulses the better; now his country, humanity the age, the hour, demanded that the right should be spoken out, his high excitement had not the air of passion, but appeared, as it was, the clear perception of the sublimity of his task.

MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was born, April 15, 1814, at Dorchester, Massachusetts. Harvard, of American colleges, claims the honor of having graduated him. This was in 1831. The knowledge here imbibed, however, served only as an appetizer for still more extensive and profound acquisitions, in search of which he betook himself, like his illustrious predecessor, Bancroft, to the universities of Göttingen and Berlin, remaining about a year at each. Subsequently, a journey through Southern Europe, particularly Italy, was undertaken, adding, as it were, an æsthetic finish to his generous culture.

On his return home, Motley studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. But he did not relish the dull routine and drudgery of this profession, and soon abandoned it. Two years later he appeared before the public as an author. His work was entitled *Morton's Hope;* and this was followed, at a brief interval, by *Merry Mount.* In the latter our author has worked up into a picturesque romance the history of a company of jovial adventurers who, in early times, established themselves, for a brief space, at Mount Wollaston, Mass., under the leadership of one Thomas Morton.

"Both of these fictions are written with spirit; the descriptions, which are frequent, are carefully elaborated; and the narrative is enlivened with frequent flashes of humor."* Nevertheless, both have died.

A long interval elapsed before Motley again appeared as author of a distinct work. The time, however, was busily and nobly employed, and in quite a different field of thought and labor from the one he first cultivated, among

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*

Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish, and German chroniclers and historians; among State papers, letters and pamphlets, and manuscript histories and unpublished documents in the royal archives of the Hague, Brussels, and Dresden. The product of this toil was *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, published in three volumes, in 1856.

Of this work a brother historian* has remarked: "Far from making his book a mere register of events, he has penetrated deep below the surface and explored the causes of these events. He has carefully studied the physiognomy of the times, and given finished portraits of the great men who conducted the march of the revolution. Every page is instinct with the love of freedom and with that personal knowledge of the working of free institutions which could alone enable him to do justice to his subject. We congratulate ourselves that it was reserved for one of our countrymen to tell the story—better than it had yet been told—of this memorable revolution, which in so many of its features bears a striking resemblance to our own."

This work secured Motley immediate admission, at the hands of eminent foreign reviewers, to the circle of distinguished historians; and honorary degrees from Harvard, Oxford, and the Institute of France, were speedily conferred upon him. Besides enjoying a deserved popularity at home and in England, it has been rendered into the Dutch, German, and French, in which languages it has achieved a wide renown.

The above work took up the history of the Dutch republic at its foundation, and traced it to the middle of the sixteenth century. To complete the record, Motley has followed up his first successful effort, and given us, in instalments from 1860 to 1867, four new volumes, entitled *The History of the United Netherlands.* The unwearying spirit of investigation, of thorough digestion, and vivid representation which marked the former work, equally distinguishes the latter, both of which have been styled, by a discriminating critic,* "works of elaborate research and artistic finish, written with an earnest sympathy in the struggles of those who laid the foundations of civil and religious freedom, and with a force and grace of style both appropriate and attractive."

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* Wm. H. Prescott.

"All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him: and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. . . . The style is excellent, clear, vivid, eloquent."†

As illustrative of our author's power in graceful and graphic description, both of places and persons, we excerpt the following passage from Volume I. of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic:*

CHAPTER I.

Abdication of Charles resolved upon—Brussels in the sixteenth century—Hall of the palace described—Portraits of prominent individuals present at the ceremony.

On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain, even to shabbiness, in his own costume, and usually attired in black, no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. . . .

The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatized in a manner worthy the august character of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels; for an imperia abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century been staled by custom.

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* H. T. Tuckerman.

† *North British Review.*

The gay capital of Brabant—of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance"—was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and, at that day, numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old. Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure, cultivated gardens shady groves, fertile corn-fields, flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Seune, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircle and stairways of an amphitheatre.

Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height, a miracle of needlework in stone. rivaling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly-wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right. The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls.

The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armorers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers, whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world.

Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels, and was supposed at that epoch, during which astronomy was in its infancy and astrology in its prime, to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences. Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates, and, upon the occasion of the present ceremony, it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences, that seven crowned heads would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened, had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, enclosed by an iron railing, in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish-ponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, race-courses and archery grounds.

The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held. Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool" vouchsafed to that renowned champion, the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands.

At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces. Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction. In the rear of these were other benches, for the members of the three great councils. In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs. All the seats upon the platform were vacant, but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all the states but two—Gelderland and Overyssel—had already taken their places. Grave magistrates, in chain and gown, and executive officers in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted.

The remainder of the hall was crowded with the more favored portion of the multitude which had been fortunate enough to procure admission to the exhibition. The archers and hallebardiers of the body-guard kept watch at all the doors. The theatre was filled—the audience was eager with expectation—the actors were yet to arrive. As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip the Second and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.

Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted.

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All the company present had risen to their feet as the emperor entered. By his command, all immediately afterwards resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition, it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old, but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed.

Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds, that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration."

In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead, and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The following extract from Volume III. of *History of the United Netherlands*, we quote as a fair specimen of the more impassioned style of Motley's writings. The event herein described is the same that Macaulay has immortalized in verse.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

On the night of the 12th–13th March, Henry* occupied Saint Andér, a village situated on an elevated and extensive plain four leagues from Nonancourt, in the direction of Ivry, fringed on three sides by villages and by a wood, and commanding a view of all the approaches from the country between the Seine and Eure. It would have been better had Mayenne been beforehand with him, as the sequel proved; but the duke was not famed for the rapidity of his movements.

During the greater part of the night, Henry was employed in distributing his orders for that conflict which was inevitable on the following day. His army was drawn up according to a plan prepared by himself, and submitted to the most experienced of his generals for their approval. He then personally visited every portion of the encampment, speaking words of encouragement to his soldiers, and perfecting his arrangements for the coming conflict. Attended by Marshals d'Aumont and Biron, he remained on horseback during a portion of the night, having ordered his officers to their tents, and reconnoitered as well as he could the position of the enemy.

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* King Henry of Navarre.

Towards morning he retired to his headquarters at Fourainville, where he threw himself half-dressed on his truckle bed, and although the night was bitterly cold, with no covering but his cloak. He was startled from his slumber before the dawn by a movement of lights in the enemy's camp, and he sprang to his feet supposing that the duke was stealing a march upon him despite all his precaution. The alarm proved to be a false one, but Henry lost no time in ordering his battle.

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The Duke of Mayenne, seeing too late the advantage of position which he might have easily secured the day before, led his army forth with the early light, and arranged it in an order not very different from that adopted by the king, and within cannon shot of his lines. . . .

Very different was the respective appearance of the two armies, so far especially as regarded the horsemen on both sides. Gay in their gilded armor and waving plumes, with silken scarves across their shoulders, and the fluttering favors of fair ladies on their arms or in their helmets, the brilliant champions of the Holy Catholic Confederacy clustered around the chieftains of the great house of Guise, impatient for the conflict. It was like a muster for a brilliant and chivalrous tournament. The Walloon and Flemish nobles, outrivalling even the self-confidence of their companions in arms, taunted them with their slowness. The impetuous Egmont, burning to eclipse the fame of his ill-fated father at Gravelines and St. Quintin in the same holy cause, urged on the battle with unseemly haste, loudly proclaiming that if the French were faint-hearted he would himself give a good account of the Navarrese prince without any assistance from them.

A cannon-shot away, the grim puritan nobles who had come forth from their mountain fastnesses to do battle for king and law and for the rights of conscience against the Holy League—men seasoned in a hundred battle-fields, clad all in iron, with no dainty ornaments nor holiday luxury of warfare—knelt on the ground, smiting their mailed breasts with iron hands, invoking blessings on themselves and curses and confusion on their enemies in the coming conflict, and chanting a stern psalm of homage to the God of battles and of wrath. And Henry of France and Navarre, descendant of Lewis the Holy and of Hugh the Great, beloved chief of the Calvinist cavaliers, knelt among his heretic brethren, and prayed and chanted with them. But not the staunchest Huguenot of them all, not Duplessis, nor D'Aubigné, nor De la Noue with the iron arm, was more devoted on that day to crown and country than were such papist supporters of the rightful heir as had sworn to conquer the insolent foreigner on the soil of France or die.

When this brief prelude was over, Henry made an address to his soldiers, but its language has not been preserved. It is known, however, that he wore that day his famous snow-white plume, and that he ordered his soldiers, should his banner go down in the conflict, to follow wherever and as long as that plume should be seen waving on any part of the field. He had taken a position by which his troops had the sun and wind on their backs, so that the smoke rolled toward the enemy and the light shone in their eyes.

The combat began with the play of artillery, which soon became so warm that Egmont, whose cavalry—suffering and galled—soon became impatient, ordered a charge. It was a most brilliant one. The heavy troopers of Flanders and Hainault, following their spirited chieftain, dashed upon old Marshal Biron, routing his cavalry, charging clean up to the Huguenot guns and sabring the cannoneers. The shock was square, solid, irresistible, and was followed up by the German riders under Eric of Brunswick, who charged upon the battalia of the royal army, where the king commanded in person.

There was a panic. The whole royal cavalry wavered, the supporting infantry recoiled, the day seemed lost before the battle was well begun. Yells of "Victory! victory! up with the Holy League! down with the heretic Béarnese!" resounded through the Catholic squadrons. The king and Marshal Biron, who were near each other, were furious with rage, but already doubtful of the result. They exerted themselves to rally the troops under their immediate command, and to reform the shattered ranks.

The German riders and French lancers under Brunswick and

Bassompierre had, however, not done their work as thoroughly as Egmont had done. The ground was so miry and soft that in the brief space which separated the hostile lines they had not power to urge their horses to full speed. Throwing away their useless lances, they came on at a feeble canter, sword in hand, and were unable to make a very vigorous impression on the more heavily armed troopers opposed to them. Meeting with a firm resistance to their career, they wheeled, faltered a little, and fell a short distance back. Many of the riders, being of the Reformed religion, refused, moreover, to fire upon the Huguenots, and discharged their carbines in the air.

The king, whose glance on the battle-field was like inspiration, saw the blot and charged upon them with his whole battalia of cavalry. The veteran Biron followed hard upon the snow-white plume. The scene was changed, victory succeeded to impending defeat, and the enemy was routed. The riders and cuirassiers, broken into a struggling heap of confusion, strewed the ground with their dead bodies, or carried dismay into the ranks of the infantry as they strove to escape. Brunswick went down in the mêlée, mortally wounded as it was believed. Egmont renewing the charge at the head of his victorious Belgian troopers, fell dead with a musket-ball through his heart. The shattered German and Walloon cavalry, now pricked forward by the lances of their companions, under the passionate command of Mayenne and Aumale, now falling back before the furious charges of the Huguenots, were completely overthrown and cut to pieces.

Seven times did Henry of Navarre lead his troopers to the charge; but suddenly, in the midst of the din of battle and the cheers of victory, a message of despair went from lip to lip throughout the royal lines. The king had disappeared. He was killed, and the hopes of Protestantism and of France were fallen for ever with him. The white standard of his battalia had been seen floating wildly and purposelessly over the field; for his bannerman, Pot de Rhodes, a young noble of Dauphiny, wounded mortally in the head, with blood streaming over his face and blinding his sight, was utterly unable to control his horse, who gallopped hither and thither at his own caprice, misleading many troopers who followed in his erratic career. A cavalier, armed in proof, and wearing the famous snow-white plume, after a hand-to-hand struggle with a veteran of Count

Bossu's regiment, was seen to fall dead by the side of the bannerman.

The Fleming, not used to boast, loudly asserted that he had slain the Béarnese, and the news spread rapidly over the battlefield. The defeated Confederates gained new courage, the victorious Royalists were beginning to waver, when suddenly, between the hostile lines, in the very midst of the battle, the king gallopped forward, bareheaded, covered with blood and dust, but entirely unhurt. A wild shout of "*Vive le Roi!*" rang through the air. Cheerful as ever, he addressed a few encouraging words to his soldiers, with a smiling face, and again led a charge. It was all that was necessary to complete the victory.

The enemy broke and ran away on every side in wildest confusion, followed by the Royalist cavalry, who sabred them as they fled. The panic gained the foot-soldiers, who should have supported the cavalry, but had not been at all engaged in the action. The French infantry threw away their arms as they rushed from the field and sought refuge in the woods. The Walloons were so expeditious in the race that they never stopped till they gained their own frontier. The day was hopelessly lost, and although Mayenne had conducted himself well in the early part of the day, it was certain that he was excelled by none in the celerity of his flight when the rout had fairly begun. Pausing to draw breath as he gained the wood, he was seen to deal blows with his own sword among the mob of fugitives, not that he might rally them to their flag and drive them back to another encounter, but because they encumbered his own retreat.

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Few cavalry actions have attained a wider celebrity in history than the fight of Ivry. Yet there have been many hard-fought battles, where the struggle was fiercer and closer, where the issue was for a longer time doubtful, where far more lives on either side were lost, where the final victory was immediately productive of very much greater results, and which, nevertheless, have sunk into hopeless oblivion.

Our author's last work was *The Life and Death of John Barneveld*, published in 1874.

Motley died May 27, 1877, near Dorchester, England.

TAYLOR.

Bayard Taylor was born, January 11, 1825, in the village of Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The history of his life is full of instruction and incitement for the youthful aspirant. His early education consisted only in such meagre instruction as could be got in a country school. With this he entered a printing-office in West Chester, believing such employment would increase and facilitate his learning.

Here his leisure moments were spent in the sober and praiseworthy task of studying Latin and French, and in penning verses, for which he evinced an early aptitude. These poems he collected and published, when but nineteen years old, in a volume entitled *Ximena.* His object in publishing these youthful effusions was to make reputation enough to secure for himself a position as correspondent to some leading newspaper, while making the tour of Europe.

Success, in a measure, attended his effort, and he started on his cherished adventure with the paltry purse of $140, but also with the wealth of high hopes and resolves. With some further aid from home, he made, on foot, the tour of England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. About two years were consumed in this journey, and its total expenses amounted to $500. He has told us how all this was accomplished in *Views-a-Foot,* published in 1846.

In 1848, Taylor became a permanent correspondent of the *New York Tribune.* About the same time he issued a volume entitled *Rhymes of Travel.* The succeeding two years were spent in travel in California and Mexico, which afforded the materials for his next volume, *El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire.*

A third volume, *A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs,* was given to the public in 1851, as a sort of farewell, or, may be, propitiatory offering, on the occasion of his departure on an extensive tour in the East. On this journey he was absent over two years, during which time he travelled some fifty thousand miles, visiting Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, Soudan, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Turkey, Southern Europe, India, China, and Japan. These all became the subjects of his florid and descriptive pen under titles which we name below.

In the winter of 1856–7, Taylor penetrated to the extreme northern parts of Europe, and since has described these and later experiences in *Northern Travel* and *Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland*, which volumes were issued in 1858.

A few years since, our author, an adventurer by nature, made bold to try the perils of a new field of labor, namely, Fiction; and fetched us from its marvellous realms two stories, *Hannah Thurston, a Story of American Life*, published in 1863, and *John Godfrey's Fortunes, related by Himself*, published in 1865. "These works are original in their material and treatment; the characters and incidents are drawn from the writer's observation and experience; they exhibit town and country life in America, with the opinions and ideas of the day, and are pervaded by a healthy and natural sentiment."* The same comment may be applied as well to a still later story than the above, entitled *The Story of Kennett*, published in 1866.

And now, just as we are about concluding this sketch, Mr. Taylor steps before us again in strange and unsuspected guise. His air is that of a foreign-bred gentleman, and is profoundly scholarly. In a word, he introduces himself to us as the translator of Goethe's *Faust.* "Mr. Taylor translates 'Faust' in the original metres, with the rhymes, monosyllabic and dissyllabic, almost invariably as they are in the German, and also with a very remarkable degree of literalness, though not with so great literalness as we could have desired. . . . Now and then a precious phrase is lost; but on the whole the translation is so good that if the reader does not recur to the German he will certainly not know from poverty of the English that he has suffered any deprivation. Here, as elsewhere in Mr. Taylor's rendering, those who read the verse aloud will perceive how he has filled himself with the music of Goethe, and how perfectly he echoes it."*

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

"The characteristics of Mr. Taylor's writings are, in his poems, ease of expression, with a careful selection of poetic capabilities, a full, animated style, with a growing attention to art and condensation. The prose is equable and clear, in the flowing style; the narrative of a genial, healthy observer of the many manners of the world which he has seen in the most remarkable portions of its four quarters."†

We append a list of such of Taylor's works as have not already been enumerated:

A Journey to Central Africa; The Lands of the Saracen; or, *Pictures of Palestine; Asia Minor*, *Sicily*, *and Spain; A Visit to India*, *China*, *and Japan; Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete; Cyclopædia of Modern Travel; At Home and Abroad*, *A Sketch-book of Life; Scenery and Men*—First Series; *Scenery and Men*—Second Series; *Byways of Europe; Life*, *Travels*, *and Books of Alexander von Humboldt; Colorado; Picture of St. John; The Poet's Journal; Poems of Home and Travel;*‡ *Poems of the Orient.* (*See Supplement H.*)

PROGRESS NORTHWARDS—A STORM.

CHAPTER V. (abridged)—*Northern Travel.*

WE arose betimes on Christmas morn, but the grim and deliberate landlady detained us an hour in preparing our coffee The horses were at last ready; we muffled up carefully and set out. The dawn was just streaking the East, the sky was crystal clear, and not a breath of air stirring. As it grew lighter, we were surprised to find that our postilion was a girl. She had a heavy sheepskin over her knees, a muff for her hands, and a shawl around her head, leaving only the eyes visible. Thus accoutred, she drove on merrily, and, except that the red of her cheeks became scarlet and purple, showed no signs of the weather.

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1871.

† Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

‡ Includes *Rhymes of Travel* and the *Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs,* before mentioned.

The cold, however, played some grotesque pranks with us. My beard, moustache, cap, and fur collar were soon one undivided lump of ice. Our eye-lashes became snow-white and heavy with frost, and it required constant motion to keep them from freezing together. We saw everything through visors barred with ivory. Our eyebrows and hair were as hoary as those of an octogenarian, and our cheeks a mixture of crimson and orange, so that we were scarcely recognizable by each other. Every one we met had snow-white locks, no matter how youthful the face, and whatever was the color of our horses at starting, we always drove milk-white steeds at the close of the post. The irritation of our nostrils occasioned the greatest inconvenience, and as the handkerchiefs froze instantly, it soon became a matter of pain and difficulty to use them. You might as well attempt to blow your nose with a poplar chip.

We could not bare our hands a minute without feeling an iron grasp of cold which seemed to squeeze the flesh like a vice, and turn the very blood to ice. In other respects we were warm and jolly, and I have rarely been in higher spirits. The air was exquisitely sweet and pure, and I could open my mouth (as far as its icy grating permitted) and inhale full draughts into the lungs with a delicious sensation of refreshment and exhilaration.

This was arctic travel at last. By Odin, it was glorious! The smooth, firm road, crisp and pure as alabaster, over which our sleigh-runners talked with the rippling, musical murmur of summer brooks; the sparkling, breathless firmament; the gorgeous rosy flush of morning, slowly deepening until the orange disc of the sun cut the horizon; the golden blaze of the tops of the bronze firs, the glittering of the glassy birches; the long, dreary sweep of the landscape; the icy nectar of the perfect air; the tingling of the roused blood in every vein, all alert to guard the outposts of life against the besieging cold; it was superb! The natives themselves spoke of the cold as being unusually severe, and we congratulated ourselves all the more on our easy endurance of it. Had we judged only by our own sensations, we should not have believed the temperature to be nearly so low.

The sun rose a little after ten, and I have never seen anything finer than the spectacle which we then saw for the first time, but which was afterwards almost daily repeated—the illumination of the forests and snow-fields in his level orange beams, for even at midday he was not more than eight degrees above the horizon. The tops of the trees only were touched, still and solid as iron and covered with sparkling frost-crystals, their trunks were changed to blazing gold, and their foliage to a fiery orange-brown. The delicate purple sprays of the birch, coated with ice, glittered like wands of topaz and amethyst, and the slopes of virgin snow, stretching towards the sun, shone with the fairest saffron gleams.

There is nothing equal to this in the South—nothing so transcendently rich, dazzling, and glorious. Italian dawns and twilights cannot surpass those we saw every day, not, like the former, fading rapidly into the ashen hues of dusk. but lingering for hour after hour with scarce a decrease of splendor. Strange that Nature should repeat these lovely aerial effects in such widely different zones and seasons! I thought to find in the winter landscapes of the far North a sublimity of death and desolation—a wild, dark, dreary monotony of expression—but I had, in reality, the constant enjoyment of the rarest, the tenderest, the most enchanting beauty.

The people one meets along the road harmonize with these unexpected impressions. They are clear-eyed and rosy as the morning, straight and strong as the fir-saplings in their forests, and simple, honest, unsophisticated beyond any class of men I have ever seen. They are no milksops either. Under the serenity of those blue eyes and smooth, fair faces, burns the old Berserker rage, not easily kindled, but terrible as the lightning when once loosed. "The cold in climate are cold in blood," sings Byron, but they are only cold through superior self-control and freedom from perverted passions. Better is the assertion of Tennyson:

> "That bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South,
> And dark, and true, and tender is the North."

There are tender hearts in the breasts of these northern men and women, albeit they are as undemonstrative as the English—or we Americans, for that matter. It is exhilarating to see such a people—whose digestion is sound, whose nerves are tough as whip-cord, whose blood runs in a strong full stream, whose impulses are perfectly natural, who are good without knowing it and who are happy without trying to be so.

We made two Swedish miles by noon, and then took a breakfast of fried reindeer meat and pancakes, of which we ate enormously, to keep up a good supply of fuel. Braisted and I consumed about a pound of butter between us. This intense cold begets a necessity for fat, and with the necessity comes the taste—a wise provision of Nature! The consciousness now dawned upon me that I might be able to relish train-oil and tallow-candles before we had done with Lapland.

I had tough work at each station to get my head out of my wrappings, which were united with my beard and hair in one solid lump. The cold increased instead of diminishing, and by the time we reached Gumboda, at dusk, it was 40° below zero. When the thermometer was brought in, the mercury was frozen, and on unmuffling I found the end of my nose seared as if with a hot iron. The inn was capital; we had a warm carpeted room, beds of clean, lavendered linen, and all civilized appliances.

The weather became worse as we advanced, traversing the low, broad hills, through wastes of dark pine forests. The wind cut like a sharp sword in passing the hollows, and the drifting snow began to fill the tracks. We were full two hours in making the ten miles to Frostkage, and the day seemed scarcely nearer at hand. The leaden, lowering sky gave out no light, the forests were black and cold, the sun a dusky gray—such horribly dismal scenery I have rarely beheld. We warmed ourselves as well as we could, and started anew, having for postilions two rosy boys, who sang the whole way and played all sorts of mad antics with each other to keep from freezing.

At the next station we drank large quantities of hot milk, flavored with butter, sugar, and cinnamon, and then pushed on, with another chubby hop-o'-my-thumb as guide and driver. The storm grew worse and worse: the wind blew fiercely over the low hills, loaded with particles of snow as fine as the point of a needle and as hard as crystal, which struck full on my eyeballs and stung them so that they could scarcely see. I had great difficulty in keeping my face from freezing, and my companion found his cheek touched.

By the time we reached Abyn it blew a hurricane, and we were compelled to stop. It was already dusk, and our cosy little room was doubly pleasant by contrast with the wild weather outside. Our cheerful landlady, with her fresh complexion and splendid teeth, was very kind and attentive, and I got on very well in conversation, notwithstanding her broad dialect. She was much astonished at my asking for a bucket of cold water for bathing. "Why," said she, "I always thought that if a person put his feet into cold water in winter, he would die immediately." However, she supplied it, and was a little surprised to find me none the worse in the morning. I passed a terrible night from the pain in my face, and was little comforted, on rising, by the assurance that much snow had fallen. The mercury had risen to zero, and the wind still blew, although not so furiously as on the previous day. We therefore determined to set out and try to reach Pitea. The landlady's son, a tall young Viking, with yellow locks hanging on his shoulders, acted as postilion, and took the lead.

We started at nine, and found it heavy enough at first. It was barely light enough to see our way, and we floundered slowly along through deep drifts for a mile, when we met the snow-plows, after which our road became easier. These plows are wooden frames, shaped somewhat like the bow of a ship—in fact, I have seen very fair clipper models among them—about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide at the base, and so light that, if the snow is not too deep, one horse can manage them. The farmers along the road are obliged to turn out at six o'clock in the morning whenever the snow falls or drifts, and open a passage for travelers. Thus, in spite of the rigorous winter, communication is never interrupted, and the snow-road, at last, from frequent plowing, becomes the finest sleighing track in the world.

The wind blew so violently, however, that the furrows were soon filled up, and even the track of the baggage-sled, fifty yards in advance, was covered. There was one hollow where the drifts of loose snow were five or six feet deep, and here we were obliged to get out and struggle across, sinking to our loins at every step. It is astonishing how soon one becomes hardened to the cold Although the mercury stood at zero, with a violent storm, we rode with our faces fully exposed, frost-bites and all, and even drove with bare hands, without the least discomfort. But of the scenery we saw this day, I can give no description. There was nothing but long drifts and waves of spotless snow, some dim, dark, spectral fir-trees on either hand, and beyond that a wild chaos of storm.

The snow came fast and blinding, beating full in our teeth. It was impossible to see; the fine particles so stung our eyeballs that we could not look ahead. My eyelashes were loaded with snow, which immediately turned to ice and froze the lids together unless I kept them in constant motion. The storm hummed and buzzed through the black forests; we were all alone on the road, for even the pious Swedes would not turn out to church on such a day. It was terribly sublime and desolate, and I enjoyed it amazingly. We kept warm, although there was a crust of ice a quarter of an inch thick on our cheeks, and the ice in our beards prevented us from opening our mouths. At one o'clock we reached the second station, Gefre, unrecognizable by our nearest friends. Our eyelashes were weighed down with heavy fringes of frozen snow, there were icicles an inch long hanging to the eaves of our moustaches, and the handkerchiefs which wrapped our faces were frozen fast to the flesh. The skin was rather improved by this treatment, but it took us a great while to thaw out.

TO THE NILE.

From "Poems of the Orient."

Mysterious Flood,—that through the silent sands
  Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of green Egyptian lands,
      Which were not, but for thee,—

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,
  Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began,
When dawned upon thy fresh, untrampled shore
      The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
  Where the gray Past records its ancient speech;
But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
      What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and fears
  Run blended, o'er the plains of History:
Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand years
      Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals?
  Or Memnon's music on the Theban plain?
The carnage, when Cambyses made thy halls
    Ruddy with royal slain?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines were built
  For worship of thine own majestic flood;
For thee the incense burned,—for thee was spilt
    The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose
  Above thy palms, the pageantry and state,
Thy current flowed, calmly as now it flows,
    Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might give,
  Whose being is his bounty: from the slime
Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
    Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
  Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the balm
    Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I bring
  No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme;
But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
    To float upon thy stream!

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

From "Romances and Lyrics."

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
    Of which our world can boast,—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
    Illumes thy golden coast,—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
    Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
    To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

Taylor died at Berlin, December 19, 1878, being at the time of his decease United States Minister to Germany.

WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. Owing to his father's moderate means, his own rather delicate health, but more perhaps to the crude and exceedingly elementary character of the periodic schools of the day, his early instruction was very meagre and imperfect. At fifteen, however, he entered Dartmouth College, whence he graduated in 1797. While here, besides evincing fine abilities as a scholar, he gave no mean promise of the public and distinguished character of his future career, having at this time pronounced two orations which, considering his youth, were notable.

Immediately on leaving college, Webster began the study of law in his native town, which he completed while in the office of Hon. Christopher Gore, in Boston, and was admitted to the bar in 1805.

Webster began his long and illustrious career of statesmanship in 1813, as a member of the House of Representatives from Rockingham county, Massachusetts. He continued in this capacity until 1817, when he withdrew from public life for a space of six years. He was then returned to Congress from Boston.

The ability he manifested through two terms of service as representative, as a profound and patriotic statesman, and as a clear, logical and eloquent debater, was, in 1827, rewarded by the still higher distinction of United States Senator. In this capacity he spent twelve of the most eventful and glorious years of his life. His speeches on Foot's Resolution, in the second of which occurs the most memorable of Congressional efforts in oratory in this country, if not in modern times—his reply to Hayne; his exposition of the principles and genius of the Constitution, in opposition to the doctrines of Calhoun; his views on national finance and on slavery—these were the momentous concerns which crowded themselves into the life of the great Senator.

In the summer of 1839, Webster visited England, where he was everywhere received with marked consideration; his presence fully corroborating the lofty reputation, which, as a statesman, a jurist, and an orator, had long preceded him.

When General Harrison became President, in 1841, Webster was appointed Secretary of State, and continued as such "through evil report as well as through good report" until 1843.

In 1845, Webster was again returned to the Senate, and remained there until 1850, when he was a second time called to the Department of State. This was the last call his admiring fellow-citizens were permitted to make upon the great statesman; for death, entering the peaceful precincts of his lovely farm-home at Marshfield, bade him, on Sunday morning, October 24, 1852, attend a higher than earthly summons.

Webster's style is "remarkable for great clearness of statement. It is singularly emphatic. It is impressive rather than brilliant, and occasionally rises to absolute grandeur. It is evidently formed on the higher English models; and the reader conjectures his love of Milton from the noble simplicity of his language, and fondness for sublime rather than apt figures. Clearness of statement, vigor of reasoning, and a faculty of making a question plain to the understanding by the mere terms in which it is presented, are the traits which uniformly distinguish his writings, evident alike in a diplomatic note, a legislative debate, and an historical discourse.

"His dignity of expression, breadth of view, and force of thought, realize the ideal of a republican statesman, in regard, at least, to natural endowments; and his presence and manner, in the prime of his life, were analogous. Independent of their logical and rhetorical merit, these writings may be deemed invaluable from the nationality of their tone and spirit. They awaken patriotic reflection and sentiment, and are better adapted to warn, to enlighten, and to cheer the consciousness of the citizen, than any American works, of a didactic kind, yet produced."*

Inasmuch as Webster's oratory ranged over three great fields of activity—the bar, the legislative hall, and the public rostrum—we will aim to present such selections from his speeches as will demonstrate his mastery in each of these directions.

Of his popular efforts we present an extract from his oration on *The Completion of Bunker Hill Monument*, delivered on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1843. "The thrill of admiration," says Edward Everett, "which ran through the assembled thousands, when, at the commencement of his discourse on that occasion, Mr. Webster apostrophized the monument itself as the mute orator of the day, has been spoken of by those who had the good fortune to be present as an emotion beyond the power of language to describe. The gesture, the look, the tone of the speaker, as he turned to the majestic shaft, seemed to invest it with a mysterious life; and men held their breath as if a solemn voice was about to come down from its towering summit."

THE Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and, visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

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* *A Sketch of American Literature*, by H. T. Tuckerman.

It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around me. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscription, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light; it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. . . .

To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those, who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country. . . .

Banners and badges, processions and flags, announce to us, that amidst this uncounted throng are thousands of natives of New England now residents in other States. Welcome, ye kindred names, with kindred blood! From the broad savannas of the South, from the newer regions of the West, from amidst the hundreds of thousands of men of Eastern origin who cultivate the rich valley of the Genesee, or live along the chain of the lakes, from the mountains of Pennsylvania, and from the thronged cities of the coast, welcome, welcome! Wherever else you may be strangers, here you are all at home. You assemble at this shrine of liberty, near the family altars at which your earliest devotions were paid to Heaven; near to the temples of worship first entered by you, and near to the schools and colleges in which your education was received. You come hither with a glorious ancestry of liberty. You bring names which are on the rolls of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. You come, some of you, once more to be embraced by an aged Revolutionary father, or to receive another, perhaps a last, blessing, bestowed in love and tears, by a mother, yet surviving to witness and to enjoy your prosperity and happiness.

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Few topics are more inviting, or more fit for philosophical discussion, than the influence of the New World upon the Old. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington! "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

The structure now standing before us, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives, as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or single State, but by all the families of man, ascends the colossal grandeur of the character and life of Washington. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty.

Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution; he is all, all our own! Washington is ours! That crowded and glorious life,

"Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come"—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples;—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

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Let us remember the trust, the sacred trust, attaching to the rich inheritance we have received from our fathers. Let us feel our personal responsibility, to the full extent of our power and influence, for the preservation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. And let us remember that it is only religion, and morals, and knowledge that can make men respectable and happy under any form of government. . . . And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the house appointed for all living, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered round it, and when the one shall speak to the other of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall rise from every youthful breast the ejaculation, "Thank God, I—I also—AM AN AMERICAN!"

As a notable instance of the moral element which vitalizes many of Webster's legal efforts, we adduce the following passage from his speech to the jury in the memorable case of John F. Knapp. Of this speech Everett remarks: "The record of the *causes célèbres* of no country or age will furnish either a more thrilling narrative, or a forensic effort of greater ability. A passage on the power of conscience will arrest the attention of the reader. There is nothing in the language superior to it." This passage we present:

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how great soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly-excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned.

The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meanwhile the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

The remaining great theatre of Webster's oratory is, undoubtedly, represented in its highest perfection by his *Second Speech on Foote's Resolution.* "It was on Tuesday, January the 26th, 1830,—a day to be hereafter for ever memorable in Senatorial annals,—that the Senate resumed the consideration of Foote's resolution. . . . To witness this great intellectual contest, multitudes of strangers had for two or three days previous been rushing into the city, and the hotels overflowed. As early as 9 o'clock of this morning, crowds poured into the Capitol in hot haste; at 12 o'clock, the hour of meeting, the Senate chamber—its galleries, floor, and even lobbies—was filled to its utmost capacity. The very stairways were dark with men, who clung to one another, like bees in a swarm.

"Mr. Webster perceived, and felt equal to, the destinies of the moment. The very greatness of the hazard exhilarated him. His spirits rose with the occasion. . . . . He was, too, at this period, in the very prime of manhood. He had reached middle age,—an era in the life of man when the faculties, physical or intellectual, may be supposed to attain their fullest organization and most perfect development."*

"Of the effectiveness of Mr. Webster's manner in many parts, it would be in vain to attempt to give any one not present the faintest idea. It has been my fortune to hear some of the ablest speeches of the greatest living orators on both sides of the water, but I must confess I never heard anything which so completely realized my conception of what Demosthenes was when he delivered the Oration for the Crown."†

From this speech we quote, first, his

DEFENCE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman‡ on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable gentleman goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it within his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

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* March's *Reminiscences of Congress.*

† Edward Everett.

‡ Mr Hayne.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

And secondly,

THE PERORATION.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—**Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!**

CLAY.

Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, Virginia, April 12, 1777. From being the "Mill-boy of the Slashes" and a country store-keeper, he was transferred, through the influence of his kind-hearted stepfather, Captain H. Watkins, to a situation as copyist in the office of the clerk of the Virginia Court of Chancery.

This was an event of no small moment in Clay's life; for, in all probability, it was the peculiar surroundings of this situation—its associations of documents and doctors of the law—which confirmed, if they did not awaken, his design of following the legal profession. At any rate, we find him shortly afterwards (in 1797) qualified for practicing law. He then removed to Lexington, Kentucky, opened an office there, and speedily gained an extensive practice.

Clay's first political honors were bestowed in 1803, in his election to the State Legislature. Subsequently, after filling two partial terms as United States Senator, he was elected (in 1811) to the House of Representatives, and, on taking his seat, was complimented in an extraordinary manner by being chosen Speaker. This was the beginning of a long and eminent national service, which numbered among its distinctions Member and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Commissioner for negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, and Secretary of State; in all of which he shone with no light borrowed of the dignity of the office, but with a native lustre of integrity, devotion, and ability which might well have glorified any responsibility.

Henry Clay died in the city of Washington, June 29, 1852.

"His speeches are sincere and impassioned, qualities which distinguished the man, and which were among the chief causes of the great personal popularity he enjoyed.

Full, flowing, sensuous, his style of oratory was modulated by a voice of sustained power and sweetness, and a heart of chivalrous courtesy. Of the great triumvirate of the Senate, Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, respectively representing the South, the East, and the West, the last was the great master of feeling.

"His frank bearing, his self-developed vigor, his spontaneous eloquence and command of language, were Western characteristics, and reached the heart of the whole country. . . . There was at once something feminine and manly in his composition. He united the gentlest affections of woman with the pride of the haughtiest manhood. When his last moments came, he died, as he had lived, with simplicity and dignity." *

SPEECH ON THE COMPROMISE RESOLUTIONS.

Delivered in the Senate, Feb. 5 and 6, 1850.

Mr. President, I am directly opposed to any purpose of secession or separation. I am for staying within the Union, and defying any portion of this confederacy to expel me or drive me out of the Union. I am for staying within the Union and fighting for my rights, if necessary, with the sword, within the bounds and under the safeguard of the Union. I am for vindicating those rights, not by being driven out of the Union harshly and unceremoniously by any portion of this confederacy. Here I am within it, and here I mean to stand and die, as far as my individual wishes or purposes can go—within it to protect my property and defend myself, defying all the power on earth to expel me or drive me from the situation in which I am placed.

Sir, I have said that I thought there was no right on the part of one or more States to secede from the Union. I think so. The Constitution of the United States was made not merely for the generation that then existed, but for posterity—unlimited, undefined, endless, perpetual posterity. And every State that then came into the Union, and every State that has since come into the Union, came into it binding itself, by indissoluble bands, to remain within the Union itself, and to remain within it by its

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*

posterity for ever. Like another of the sacred connections in private life, it is a marriage which no human authority can dissolve or divorce the parties from. And if I may be allowed to refer to some examples in private life, let me say to the North and to the South, what husband and wife say to each other: We have mutual faults; neither of us is perfect; nothing in the form of humanity is perfect; let us, then, be kind to each other—forbearing, forgiving each other's faults—and, above all, let us live in happiness and peace together.

Mr. President, I have said, what I solemnly believe, that dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inevitable; and they are convertible terms; and such a war as it would be, following a dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating—not even the wars of Greece, including those of the Commoners of England and the Revolution of France—none, none of them all would rage with such violence, or be characterized with such bloodshed and enormities, as would the war which must succeed, if that event ever happens, the dissolution of the Union. And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent stretching the revenues of each portion of the dissevered members, would take place. An exterminating war would follow—not, sir, a war of two or three years' duration, but a war of interminable duration—and exterminating wars would ensue, until, after the struggles and exhaustion of both parties, some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise and cut the Gordian knot, and solve the problem of the capacity of man for self-government, and crush the liberties of both the severed portions of this common empire. Can you doubt it?

Look at all history—consult her pages, ancient or modern—look at human nature; look at the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of war following in the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested; and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final disposition of the whole would be some despot treading down the liberties of the people—the final result would be the extinction of this last and glorious light which is leading mankind who are gazing upon it, in the hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be diffused throughout the whole of the civilized world?

Sir, can you lightly contemplate these consequences? Can you yield yourself to the tyranny of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far too tame of what the result would be if that direful event to which I have referred should ever occur? Sir, I implore gentlemen, I adjure them, whether from the South or the North, by all that they hold dear in this world—by all their love of liberty—by all their veneration for their ancestors—by all their regard for posterity—by all their gratitude to Him who has bestowed on them such unnumbered and countless blessings—by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and by all the duties which they owe to themselves, to pause, solemnly to pause, at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and dangerous leap be taken into the yawning abyss below, from which none who ever take it shall return in safety. Finally, Mr. President, and in conclusion, I implore, as the best blessing which Heaven can bestow upon me upon earth, that if the direful event of the dissolution of this Union is to happen, I shall not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

EVERETT.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794. From earliest youth circumstances seemed to favor, and even court, his advancement. Furnished with the best education his own country afforded, he was privileged to quaff yet higher culture at the great universities of Germany and France. Foreign travel, also, lent its charms of nature and treasures of art, its instruction and its marvel; and the acquaintance of such master-spirits as Scott, Byron, Jeffrey, Campbell, Mackintosh, and Davy, yielded its exhilarating influence to enrich, and polish, and inspire the young and susceptible student.

With such generous preparation, rivaled only by the capacity and genius of the man, Everett entered on that public career which was to be so long, so varied, so honorable, so beneficial, and so brilliant. In that almost Briarean-handed career we find embraced the stations of minister at the Brattle Street Church, Boston; professor of Greek at Harvard; editor of the North American Review; representative in the National Congress for ten successive years, from Middlesex; Governor of Massachusetts, for four years; Minister to England; President of Harvard College; Secretary of State, and United States Senator.

Through all these blooming fields of varied honors Everett bore aloft one chosen flower of rare and dazzling worth—the flower of Oratory. His orations and speeches constitute the most voluminous, scholarly, and rhetorical productions of the sort to be found in American literature. They are one hundred and eighty-six in number, and are extraordinary in the variety of subjects they treat of, in the familiarity they evince with those subjects, in the lucid statement, the exquisite polish and electric vigor of diction.

the nationality and patriotism of tone, and the rare poetic flavor and picturesqueness in which they abound.

"We hesitate not to declare that Edward Everett's *Orations* are as pure in style, as able in statement, and as authentic as expressions of popular history, feeling, and opinion, in a finished and elegant shape, as were those of Demosthenes and Cicero in their day. . . . If a highly-cultivated foreigner were to ask us to point him to any single work which would justly inform him of the spirit of our institutions and history, and at the same time afford an adequate idea of our present degree of culture, we should confidently designate these *Orations*.

"The great battles of the Revolution, the sufferings and principles of the early colonists, the characters of our leading statesmen, the progress of arts, sciences, and education among us—all those great interests which are characteristic to the philosopher of a nation's life—are here expounded, now by important facts, now by eloquent illustration, and again in the form of impressive and graceful comments. History, essays, descriptive sketches, biographical data, picturesque detail, and general principles, are all blent together with a tact, a distinctness, a felicity of expression, and a unity of style unexampled in this species of writing."*

"In all that Mr. Everett does, there is a singular completeness in the execution as well as the conception. . . . He leaves no thought ill comprehended, no sentence badly expressed. . . . His style combines purity and great richness of phrase, with that numerous rhythm which belongs to the higher forms of prose eloquence. The delicate perception by which the artist shades and tints his pictures, until the eye rests upon them with a conscious but unspeakable and inexplicable delight, is analogous to that well-trained sense of the beauties and proprieties and harmonies of speech, which guides a writer like Mr. Everett in the choice of his words, the combination of his clauses, and the moulding of his periods into forms that dwell in the mind of the hearer for ever.

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* *Sketch of American Literature*, by H. T. Tuckerman.

"The fine contrasts between simplicity of expression in narrative or unimpassioned passages, and the more elevated and embellished manner into which the harmoniously-attuned spirit naturally rises in moments of inspiration, form one of the highest charms of a finished literary style. This charm everywhere casts its spell over the writings of Mr. Everett.

"Mr. Everett's fame as a scholar runs back 'even to his boyish days.' It was, however, the first Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Cambridge in 1824, that placed him before the public as one of the greatest and most accomplished orators who had ever appeared in America. The subject of this oration was *The Circumstances Favorable to the Progress of Literature in America.* About forty years after, Everett, now venerable in years, veteran in distinguished services, rich in public honors, and crowned with trophies from almost two hundred fields of oratory, passed, as it were, from the very rostrum, to rest. And be it said, as his highest praise, that his life, both public and private, comported with his faultless and noble eloquence."*

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

An Extract from a Speech delivered on the 1st of August, 1853.

I need not say to this company, assembled on the shore of the haven for which so many noble hearts on that terrible voyage throbbed with sickening expectancy—that quiet haven where the Mayflower furled her tattered sails—that a greater, a nobler work was never performed by man. Truly, the *opus magnum—the* great work of humanity. You bid me speak of that portion of it which devolved on the Pilgrims.

Would to Heaven I could find words to do justice even to my own poor conceptions, and still more that I could find conceptions not far below the august reality! A mighty work of improvement, in which (not to speak of what has been done in other portions of the continent) the poor, solitary Mayflower, so to say, has multiplied herself into the thousand vessels that bear the flag of the Union to every sea; has scattered her progeny through the land, to the number of nearly a quarter of a million for every individual in that drooping company of one hundred; and in place of the simple compact which was signed in her cabin, has exhibited to the admiration of mankind a constitution of republican government for all this growing family of prosperous States. But the work is in its infancy. It must extend throughout the length and breadth of the land, and what is not done directly by ourselves must be done by other governments and other races, by the light of our example.

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* *North American Review,* October, 1850.

The work, the work must go on. It must reach at the North to the enchanted cave of the magnet, within never-melting barriers of Arctic ice; it must bow to the lord of day on the altar-peaks of Chimborazo; it must look up and worship the Southern Cross. From the easternmost cliff on the Atlantic, that blushes in the kindling dawn, to the last promontory on the Pacific, which catches the parting kiss of the setting sun as he goes down to his pavilion of purple and gold, it must make the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice in the gladsome light of morals, and letters, and arts. Emperors, and kings, and parliaments—the oldest and the strongest governments in Europe—must engage in this work in some part or other of the continent, but no part of it shall be so faithfully and successfully performed as that which was undertaken by the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, on the spot where we are now gathered.

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There are two master ideas, greatest of the spiritual images enthroned in the mind of man—the only ideas, comparatively speaking, which deserve a name among men, springs of all the grand beneficent movements of modern times—by whose influence the settlement of New England may be rationally explained. You have anticipated me, descendants of the Pilgrims: these great ideas are God and Liberty. It was these that inspired our fathers; by these that their weakness was clothed with power, that their simplicity was transmuted to wisdom; by these that the great miracle of their enterprise was wrought.

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The Pilgrims were actuated by that principle, which, as I have just said, has given the first impulse to all the great movements of the modern world—I mean profound religious faith. They had the frailties of humanity. This exalted principle itself was combined with human weakness. It was mingled with the prejudices and errors of age and country and sect; it was habitually gloomy; it was sometimes intolerant; but it was reverent, sincere, all-controlling. It did not influence, it possessed the soul. It steeled the heart to the delights of life; it raised the frame above bodily weakness; it enabled the humble to brave the frowns of power; it triumphed over cold and hunger, the prison and the scaffold; it taught uneducated men to speak with persuasive fervor; it gave manly strength and courage to tender and delicate women.

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But, sir, our fathers embraced that second grand idea of civil liberty with not less fervor than the first. It was a kindred fruit of the same stock. They cherished it with a zeal not less intense and resolute. This is a topic for a volume, rather than the closing sentence of a speech. I will only say that the highest authorities in English history, Hume, Hallam, Macaulay, neither of them influenced by sympathy with the Puritans, concur in the opinion that England was indebted to them for the preservation of her liberties in that most critical period of her national existence, when the question between prerogative and law, absolute authority and constitutional government, was decided for ever.

In coming to this country, our fathers most certainly contemplated, not merely a safe retreat beyond the sea, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, but a local government founded on popular choice. That their foresight stretched onward through the successive stages of colonial and provincial government which resulted in the establishment of a great republican confederacy, it would be extravagant to pretend. But from the primitive and venerable compact signed on the 11th of November, 1620, on board the Mayflower, while she yet nestled in the embrace of Princetown harbor, after her desolate voyage, like a weary child at even-song in its mother's arms, through every document and manifesto which bears on the question, there is a distinct indication of a purpose to establish civil government on the basis of republican equality.

In a word, Mr. President, their political code united religion and liberty, morals and law, and it differed from the wild license which breaks away from these restraints, as the well-guided railway engine, instinct with mechanical life, conducted by a bold, but skilful and prudent hand, and propelled in safety towards its destination, with glowing axle, along its iron grooves, differs from the same engine when its speed is rashly urged beyond the point of safety, or when, driven by criminal recklessness or murderous neglect, it leaps madly from the track, and plunges with its crushed and shrieking train into the jaws of destruction.

THE USES OF ASTRONOMY.

Extract from a Discourse delivered at the Inauguration of Dudley Observatory, Albany, August 28, 1856.

In the first place, then, we derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies, which are made at an observatory, our only adequate measure of time and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial timekeepers -- clocks, watches, and chronometers — however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them under any circumstances to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our timekeeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clock-work of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion balances, and our compensation pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope—

> 'Tis with our watches as our judgments; none
> Go just alike, but each believes his own.

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men—each upon his own meridian—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight;—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour;—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the empyrean;—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

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There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. . . . Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth!

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw;—it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

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There is much by day to engage the attention of the observatory; the sun, his apparent motions, his dimensions, the spots on his disc, a solar eclipse, a transit of the inferior planets, the mysteries of the spectrum; all phenomena of vast importance and interest. But night is the astronomer's accepted time; he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest.

A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life; terrestrial objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts. There they shine and there they move, as they moved and shone to the eyes of Newton and Galileo, of Keppler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus; yea, as they moved and shone when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. All has changed on earth; but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plough passes over the site of mighty cities, the homes of powerful nations are desolate, the languages they spoke are forgotten; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us; the same eclipses run their steady cycle; the same equinoxes call out the flowers of spring and send the husbandman to the harvest; the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began; and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star and constellation and galaxy, still bear witness to the power, the wisdom, and the love of Him who placed them in the heavens, and upholds them there.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.*

There is a splendid monumental pile in England, the most magnificent perhaps of her hundred palaces, founded in the time of Queen Ann at the public cost, to perpetuate the fame of Marlborough. The grand building, with its vast wings and spacious courts, covers seven acres and a half of land. It is approached on its various sides by twelve gates or bridges, some of them triumphal gates, in a circumference of thirteen miles, enclosing the noble park of twenty-seven hundred acres, in which the castle stands, surrounded by the choicest beauties of forest and garden and fountain and lawn and stream. All that gold could buy, or the bounty of his own or foreign princes could bestow, or taste devise, or art execute, or ostentation could lavish, to perfect and adorn the all but regal structure, without and within, is there.

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* This Address was originally delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, on February 22, 1856; but, during the next three years, was, by public invitation, redelivered in the principal cities of the Union, one hundred and nineteen times in all, for the benefit of a fund then being raised for the purchase and preservation of Mount Vernon. It was the author's good fortune to hear the Address from Mr. Everett's lips, and the passage which moved the audience on that occasion more sensibly than any other is here presented.

Its saloons and its galleries, its library and its museum, among the most spacious in England for a private mansion, are filled with the rarities and wonders of ancient and modern art. Eloquent inscriptions from the most gifted pens of the age set forth on triumphal arches and columns the exploits of him to whom the whole edifice and the domains which surround it are one gorgeous monument. Lest human adulation should prove unequal to the task, Nature herself has been called in to record his achievements. They have been planted, rooted in the soil. Groves and coppices, curiously disposed, represent the position, the numbers, the martial array of the hostile squadrons at Blenheim. Thus, with each returning year, Spring hangs out his triumphal banners. May's Æolian lyre sings of his victories through her gorgeous foliage; and the shrill trump of November sounds "Malbrook" through her leafless branches.

Twice in my life I have visited the magnificent residence,—not as a guest; once when its stately porticos afforded a grateful shelter from the noonday sun, and again, after thirty years' interval, when the light of a full harvest moon slept sweetly on the banks once shaded by fair Rosamond's bower,—so says tradition,—and poured its streaming bars of silver through the branches of oaks which were growing before Columbus discovered America. But to me, at noontide or in the evening, the gorgeous pile was as dreary as death, its luxurious grounds as melancholy as a churchyard.

It seemed to me, not a splendid palace, but a dismal mausoleum, in which a great and blighted name lies embalmed like some old Egyptian tyrant, black and ghastly in the asphaltic contempt of ages, serving but to rescue from an enviable oblivion the career and character of the magnificent peculator and miser and traitor to whom it is dedicated; needy in the midst of his ill-gotten millions; mean at the head of his victorious armies; despicable under the shadow of his thick-woven laurels; and poor and miserable and blind and naked amidst the lying shams of his tinsel greatness. The eloquent inscriptions in Latin and English as I strove to read them seemed to fade from arch and column, and three dreadful words of palimpsestic infamy came out in their stead like those which caused the knees of the Chaldæan tyrant to smite together, as he beheld them traced by no mortal fingers on the vaulted canopy which spread like a sky over his accursed revels; and those dreadful words were, *Avarice, Plunder, Eternal Shame!*

There is a modest private mansion on the banks of the Potomac, the abode of George Washington and Martha, his beloved, his loving, faithful wife. It boasts no spacious portal nor gorgeous colonnade, nor massy elevation, nor storied tower. The porter's lodge at Blenheim Castle, nay, the marble dog-kennels were not built for the entire cost of Mount Vernon. No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.

From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior—the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make their pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

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Washington in the flesh is taken from us; we shall never behold him as our fathers did; but his memory remains, and I say, let us hang to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever, as the 22d of February returns, let us remember, that while with these solemn and joyous rites of observance we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love.

Nor we, nor they alone—beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to

West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the Golden Gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There, and there only, in barbarous archipelagoes, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, due honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

CALHOUN.

John C. Calhoun was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782. Until his twentieth year, his education was pursued under peculiar difficulties, a village academy, fifty miles distant from his home—which he attended but a short time—and a circulating library of no great extent, being the main sources. And yet, it is not improbable, that the authors he met with in this humble library, such as Rollins, Robertson, Voltaire, and Locke, had not a little to do with forming that severe, critical, and logical development of mind which so strongly marked him in after life; and it is quite certain that from his father's lips he received the substance, at least, of those peculiar political views, which afterwards he so sedulously and ably elaborated in the halls of Congress.

In 1802 he entered Yale College. He afterwards studied law at Litchfield, and was admitted to the bar in 1807. He entered public life in 1808, as a member of the South Carolina Legislature, and three years afterwards was elected to the National House of Representatives. His public stations were both many and distinguished, comprehending those of Secretary of War and of State, Vice-President and Senator. The latter he held at the time of his death, which occurred at Washington, March 31, 1850.

"In his personal character, Calhoun was of great purity and simplicity. His mode of life on his plantation at Fort Hill was simple and unostentatious, but ever warmhearted and hospitable."*

"I have known no man who wasted less of life in what is called recreation, or employed less of it in any pursuit not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty.

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* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

He seemed to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends.

"His eloquence was part of his intellectual character. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."*

AN EXTRACT OF A SPEECH ON THE OREGON BILL.

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE, JUNE 27, 1848.

SOCIETY can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty, or freedom, must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty, as the safety and well-being of the race is to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty.

On the contrary, government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of government and the liberty of the citizen, or subject, in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man,—the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

It follows, from all this, that the quantum of power on the part of the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must, necessarily, be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For, just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty extinct.

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* Daniel Webster, in the Senate, April 1, 1850.

So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man,—instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them,—they are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston, May 25th 1803. He was educated at Harvard College, where he took his degree in 1821. At an early age, having turned his attention to divinity, he became pastor of a Unitarian congregation in Boston. This sphere of activity, however, he shortly afterward exchanged for the more congenial one of literature, and removed to Concord, where he has since resided.

From the date of his first work until now, Emerson's activity as essayist, lecturer, and poet has been unremitting, and its products now lie open both to the American and the English publics in the following volumes:

Nature,* published in 1839. *Essays and Lectures* (first series), published in 1841. *Essays and Lectures* (second series), published in 1844. *Poems*, published in 1847. *Representative Men*, published in 1850. *English Traits*, published in 1856. *The Conduct of Life*, published in 1860. *May Day, and other Poems*, published in 1867. *Society and Solitude*, published in 1870. *A New Volume of Essays*, published in 1871. *Parnassus: A Selection of Poems from many Years' Reading*, (1871). *Letters and Social Aims* (1876).

Surely no American writer, if indeed any English, has flourished, concerning whose works there exists such a latitude of opinion among critics, as there does concerning Emerson's. "A more independent and original thinker," says one review,† "can nowhere in this age be found;" while by another‡ his fancies are described as mere typographical tricks, as "tumid epithets which arrest the attention by their strangeness, not by the appositeness," and he is accused of introducing foreign idioms merely to display scholarship.

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* Now, with other pieces, called *Miscellaneous.*

† *Blackwood's Magazine.*

‡ *London Athenæum.*

His doctrines of life are regarded with like extreme views. While by one class they are avowed to be the purest emanations of an enlightened and truly philosophical mind attempered by a gentle and philanthropic spirit; in a word, the rarest joint products of human reason, instinct, and experience; by another class* they are pronounced "not true," and "as destitute of authority as his poetry is of life, and his philosophy of wisdom."

Perhaps as fair an estimate of Emerson's ability in regard both to style and sentiment as has yet been made, is that of an American critic,† which we here quote. "Whoever turns to Emerson's *Essays* for a system, a code, or even a set of definite principles, will be disappointed. The chief good thus far achieved by this class of thinkers has been negative; they have emancipated many minds from the thraldom of local prejudices and prescriptive opinion, but have failed to reveal any positive and satisfactory truth unknown before.

"Emerson has an inventive fancy; he knows how to clothe truisms in startling costume; he evolves beautiful or apt figures and apophthegms that strike at first, but when contemplated, prove, as has been said, usually either true and not new, or new and not true. His volumes, however, are suggestive, tersely, and often gracefully written; they are thoughtful, observant, and speculative, and indicate a philosophic taste rather than power. As contributions to American literature, they have the merit of a spirit, beauty, and reflective tone previously almost undiscoverable in the didactic writings of the country."

BEAUTY.

(AN ABRIDGMENT OF CHAPTER III. OF NATURE.)

FIRST, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

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* British *Quarterly Review*.

† H. T. Tuckerman.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of færie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed, blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed, the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

2. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner and abdicate his kingdom as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution.

When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America; before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture?

In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bends her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus. And in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons, the opinions, and the day, and nature became ancillary to a man.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the All-fair. Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

NAPOLEON; OR, THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

(An Extract from "Representative Men.")

The art of war was the game in which he exerted his arithmetic. It consisted, according to him, in having always more forces than the enemy on the point where the enemy is attacked, or where he attacks: and his whole talent is strained by endless manœuver and evolution, to march always on the enemy at an angle, and destroy his forces in detail. It is obvious that a very small force, skillfully and rapidly manœuvering, so as always to bring two men against one at the point of engagement, will be an overmatch for a much larger body of men.

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Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not therefore be set down as cruel; but only as one who knew no impediment to his will; not bloodthirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! Not bloodthirsty, but not sparing of blood,—and pitiless. He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. "Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." "Let him carry the battery." "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" "Forward, forward!"

Seruzier, a colonel of artillery, gives, in his *Military Memoirs* the following sketch of a scene after the battle of Austerlitz. 'At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat, painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the

Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed toward the artillery. 'You are losing time,' he cried; 'fire upon those masses; they must be engulfed: fire upon the ice!' The order remained unexecuted for ten minutes. In vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill to produce the effect: their balls and mine rolled upon the ice without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating light howitzers. The almost perpendicular fall of the heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was immediately followed by the adjoining batteries, and in less than no time we buried some thousands of Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations, and the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello, I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse, and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of the battle." "Before he fought a battle, Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune."

Read his account, too, of the way in which battles are gained: "In all battles a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage; and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretence, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity and to invent the pretence. At Arcola I won the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet, and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavor to frighten each other: a moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions, he distinguishes that moment without difficulty: it is as easy as casting up an addition."

He had hours of thought and wisdom. In intervals of leisure, either in the camp or the palace, Napoleon appears as a man of genius, directing on abstract questions the native appetite for truth, and the impatience of words, he was wont to show in war He could enjoy every play of invention, a romance, a *bon mot* as well as a stratagem in a campaign. He delighted to fascinate Josephine and her ladies, in a dim-lighted apartment, by the terrors of a fiction, to which his voice and dramatic power lent every addition.

Bonaparte was singularly destitute of generous sentiments. The highest-placed individual in the most cultivated age and population of the world—he has not the merit of common truth and honesty. He is unjust to his generals; egotistic and monopolizing; meanly stealing the credit of their great actions from Kellermann, from Bernadotte; intriguing to involve his faithful Junot in hopeless bankruptcy, in order to drive him to a distance from Paris, because the familiarity of his manners offends the new pride of his throne. He is a boundless liar. The official paper, his "Moniteurs," and all his bulletins, are proverbs for saying what he wished to be believed; and worse—he sat, in his premature old age, in his lonely island, coldly falsifying facts, and dates, and characters, and giving to history a theatrical eclat.

Like all Frenchmen, he has a passion for stage effect. Every action that breathes of generosity is poisoned by this calculation. His star, his love of glory, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all French. "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power could not last three days." To make a great noise is his favorite design. "A great reputation is a great noise: the more there is made, the farther off it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations, all fall; but the noise continues, and resounds in after ages."

His doctrine of immortality is simply fame. His theory of influence is not flattering. "There are two levers for moving men—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name. I love nobody. I do not even love my brothers: perhaps Joseph, a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him too; but why?—because his character pleases me: he is stern and resolute, and I believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue to be what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women: but men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war and government."

He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip, and opened letters, and delighted in his infamous police, and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that "he knew everything;" and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and compliments of the street, incognito.

His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears, and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humor, and of pulling the ears and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at key-holes, or, at least, that he was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last; but with an impostor and a rogue: and he fully deserves the epithet of *Jupiter Scapin*, or a sort of Scamp Jupiter.

WHIPPLE.

Edwin P. Whipple was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8, 1819. He early removed to Salem, and was educated at the High School of that place. His bent, and also ability, for literary work manifested themselves at the early age of fourteen, at which time he contributed articles to a Salem newspaper.

Whipple's introduction to the public as a lecturer took place in 1840, on the occasion of his delivering a satirical poem before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston. Since then he has charmed and roused audiences in almost all the great cities of the East and North by his critical lectures, and has been a prominent contributor to the leading magazines of the country. These lectures and articles, together with others, have found their way into the following volumes: *Essays and Reviews*—two volumes (1848–49), *Lectures on Literature and Life* (1849), *Character and Characteristic Men* (1866), *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (1869), *Success and Its Conditions* (1871), *Literature and Life* (1871).

His articles are "marked by their astute characterization and fertility of illustration. His lectures are philosophical in their texture, marked by nice discrimination, occasionally pushing a favorite theory to the verge of paradox; and when the reasoning faculties of his audience are exhausted, relieving the discussion by frequent picked anecdote, and pointed thrusts of wit and satire."*

"For faculty of pure criticism we know not Mr. Whipple's equal. The judgment-seat shines in his eye. We seem to be hearing all the time the kindly sentence of an infallible sight. We should be afraid of the decree which

* Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature.*

such knowledge, intuition, imagination, and logic combine to pronounce, but that no grudge provokes, or bribe can ever bias the court; and, while its just conscience cannot acquit hollow pretensions, over its own decisions preside an absolute purity and the loftiest ideal of human life."*

"He enters deeply into the spirit of the work he examines, is peculiarly sensitive to its beauties and excellencies, and writes of them with keen discrimination, cheerful confidence, and unhesitating freedom. . . . His style is sensuous, flowing, and idiomatic, abounding in unforced antitheses, apt illustrations, and natural graces."†

BOOKS.

(From a lecture on "Authors in their Relations to Life," delivered before the Literary Societies of Brown University, September 1, 1846.)

What words can declare the immeasurable worth of books,--what rhetoric set forth the importance of that great invention which diffused them over the whole earth to glad its myriads of minds? The invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, in a most especial sense, the brain and not the arm, the thinker and not the soldier, books and not kings, were to rule the world; and weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-axe. The conflicts of the world were not to take place altogether on the tented field; but Ideas, leaping from a world's awakened intellect, and burning all over with indestructible life, were to be marshalled against principalities and powers.

The great and the good, whose influence before had been chiefly over individual minds, were now to be possessed of a magic, which, giving wings to their thoughts, would waft them, like so many carrier doves, on messages of hope and deliverance to the nations. Words, springing fresh and bright from the soul of a master-spirit, and dropping into congenial hearts like so many sparks of fire, were no longer to lose this being with the vibrations of the air they disturbed, or moulder with the papyrus on which they were written, but were to be graven in everlasting characters, and rouse, strengthen, and illumine the minds of all ages.

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* *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1866.

† Griswold's *Prose Writers of America*.

There was to be a stern death-grapple between Might and Right—between the heavy arm and the ethereal thought—between that which *was* and that which ought *to be;* for there was a great spirit abroad in the world, whom dungeons could not confine, nor oceans check, nor persecutions subdue—whose path lay through the great region of ideas, and whose dominion was over the mind.

Books—lighthouses erected in the great sea of time—books, the precious depositories of the thoughts and creations of genius —books, by whose sorcery times past become time present, and the whole pageantry of the world's history moves in solemn procession before our eyes,—these were to visit the firesides of the humble, and lavish the treasures of the intellect upon the poor. Could we have Plato, and Shakspeare, and Milton, in our dwellings, in the full vigor of their imaginations, in the full freshness of their hearts, few scholars would be affluent enough to afford them physical support; but the living images of their minds are within the eyes of all. From their pages their mighty souls look out upon us in all their grandeur and beauty, undimmed by the faults and follies of earthly existence, consecrated by time.

Precious and priceless are the blessings which books scatter around our daily paths. We walk, in imagination, with the noblest spirits through the most sublime and enchanting regions—regions which, to all that is lovely in the forms and colors of earth,

> "Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

A motion of the hand brings all Arcadia to sight. The war of Troy can, at our bidding, rage in the narrowest chamber. Without stirring from our firesides, we may roam to the most remote regions of the earth, or soar into realms where Spencer's shapes of unearthly beauty flock to meet us, where Milton's angels peal in our ears the choral hymns of Paradise.

Science, art, literature, philosophy—all that man has thought, all that man has done—the experience that has been bought with the sufferings of a hundred generations,—all are garnered up for us in the world of books. There, among realities, in a "substantial world," we move with the crowned kings of thought. There our minds have a free range, our hearts a free utterance Reason is confined within none of the partitions which trammel it in life. The hard granite of conventionalism melts away as a thin mist. We call things by their right names. Our lips give not the lie to our hearts. We bend the knee only to the great and good. We despise only the despicable, we honor only the honorable. In that world no divinity hedges a king, no accident of rank or fashion ennobles a dunce or shields a knave.

We can select our companions from among the most richly gifted of the sons of God, and they are companions who will not desert us in poverty, or sickness, or disgrace. When everything else fails—when fortune frowns, and friends cool, and health forsakes us—when this great world of forms and shows appears a "two-edged lie, which *seems* but *is* not"—when all our earth-clinging hopes and ambitions melt away into nothingness,

> "Like snow-falls on a river,
> One moment white, then gone for ever,"—

we are still not without friends to animate and console us—friends, in whose immortal countenances, as they look out upon us from books, we can discern no change; who will dignify low fortunes and humble life with their kingly presence; who will people solitude with shapes more glorious than ever glittered in palaces; who will consecrate sorrow and take the sting from care; and who, in the long hours of despondency and weakness, will send healing to the sick heart, and energy to the wasted brain. Well might Milton exclaim, in that impassioned speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, where every word leaps with intellectual life,—"Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden upon the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond life!"

GENIUS.

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY, 1848.

INDEED, genius has commonly been incompletely defined, because each definition has been but a description of some order of genius. A true definition would be a generalization made up from many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of genius in action and thought. Genius is not a single power, but a combination of great powers. It reasons, but it is not reasoning; it judges, but it is not judgment; it imagines, but it is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but it is not passion. It is neither, because it is all. It is another name for the perfection of human nature, for genius is not a fact, but an ideal.

It is nothing less than the possession of all the powers and impulses of humanity, in their greatest possible strength and most harmonious combination; and the genius of any particular man is great in proportion as he approaches this ideal of universal genius. Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton, were so combined as to act in perfect harmony; a mind vital in every part, conceiving everything with intensity, and yet conceiving everything under its due relations, as swift in its volitions as in its thoughts,—conceive of a mind like this, and you will have a definition of genius.

As it is, it requires the energies of all men of genius to produce the results of genius. It exists somewhat in fragments. No one human mind comprehends all its elements. The nearest approach to universality of genius in intellect is Shakspeare; in will, Napoleon; in harmony of combination, Washington. It is singular that Washington is not generally classed among men of genius. Lord Brougham declares him to be the greatest man that ever lived, but of moderate talents,—as if being the soul of a revolution and the creator of a country, did not suppose energies equal to those employed in the creation of a poem,—as if there were any other certain test of genius but its influence, any other measure of the power of a cause but the magnitude of its effects!

* * * * * * * * *

The usual distinction between genius and talent is, that one represents creative thought, the other practical skill; one invents, the other applies. But the truth is, that high genius applies its own inventions better than talent alone can do. . . . But still there doubtless is a marked distinction between men of genius and men simply of talent.

Talent repeats; Genius creates. Talent is a cistern; Genius, a fountain. Talent deals with the actual, with discovered and realized truths, analyzing, arranging, combining, applying positive knowledge, and in action looking to precedents. Genius deals with the possible, creates new combinations, discovers new laws, and acts from an insight into principles. Talent jogs to conclusions to which Genius takes giant leaps. Talent accumulates knowledge, and has it packed up in the memory; Genius assimilates it with its own substance, grows with every new accession, and converts knowledge into *power*. Talent gives out what it has taken in; Genius, what has risen from its unsounded wells of living thought. Talent, in difficult situations, strives to untie knots, which Genius instantly cuts, with one swift decision. Talent is full of thoughts; Genius, of thought: one has definite acquisitions; the other, indefinite power.

But the most important distinction between the two qualities is this:—one, in conception, follows mechanical processes; the other, vital. Talent feebly conceives objects with the senses and understanding; Genius, fusing all its powers together in the alembic of an impassioned imagination, clutches everything in the concrete; conceives objects as living realities, gives body to spiritual abstractions and spirit to bodily appearances, and, like

"A gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat!"

* * * * * * * * *

Genius, mental power, wherever you look, you see the radiant footprints of its victorious progress. It has surrounded your homes with comfort; it has given you the command of the blind forces of matter; it has exalted and consecrated your affections; it has brought God's immeasurable universe nearer to your hearts and imaginations; it has made flowers of paradise spring up even in poor men's gardens. And, above all, it is never stationary; its course being ever onward to new triumphs, its repose but harmonious activity, its acquisitions but stimulants to discoveries. Answering to nothing but the soul's illimitable energies, it is always the preacher of hope, and brave endeavor, and unwearied, elastic effort.

It is hard to rouse in their might these energies of thought; but when once roused, when felt tingling along every nerve of sensation, the whole inward being thrilling with their enkindling inspiration,

"And all the God comes rushing on the soul," there seem to be no limits to their capacity, and obstacles shrivel into ashes in their fiery path. This deep feeling of power and joy, this ecstasy of the living soul, this untamed and untamable energy of Genius,—you cannot check its victorious career as it leaps exultingly from discovery to discovery, new truths ever beckoning imploringly in the dim distance, a universe ever opening and expanding before it, and above all a Voice still crying, On! on!—On! though the clay fall from the soul's struggling powers!—On! though the spirit burn through its garment of flesh, as the sun through mist!—On! on!

"Along the line of limitless desires."

SUPPLEMENT.

A.

THE following is a fuller list of theological writers of this epoch, together with the names of a few of their leading works: Charles Hodge, *Systematic Theology;* James McCosh, *The Laws of Discursive Thought, Christianity and Positivism* and *The Scottish Philosophy;* Mark Hopkins, *Evidences of Christianity;* Noah Porter, *The Human Intellect*; Thomas C. Upham, *Elements of Mental Philosophy;* Laurens P. Hickok, *The Logic of Reason;* Francis Wayland, *The Elements of Moral Science, The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy;* W. G. T. Shedd, *History of Christian Doctrine;* W. R. Alger, *History of the Doctrine of the Future Life;* Horace Bushnell, *Nature and the Supernatural.*

In addition to the above, standard works of a denominational character have been prepared by the following divines: Perry, Punchard, Dexter, Gillet, Stevens, Conant, Barnes, McClintock, Beecher (Henry Ward), Hall, Taylor (William M.), Brooks, and others of the orthodox school; and by Bush, James, Parsons (Theophilus), Abbot (Ezra), and others of the so-called heterodox branch.

B.

In order to make the list of poets already given more nearly complete, we would add the following more or less well-known names: Richard N. Stoddard, J. T. Trowbridge, Joaquin Miller, John Hay, E. C. Stedman, Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne, Forceythe Willson, Elbridge J. Cutler, William Winter, George P. Lathrop, Margaret J. Preston, Elizabeth Aken Allen, Rose Terry Cooke, Nora Perry, Celia Thaxter, Helen Fiske Jackson ("H. H."), Mrs. Piatt, D. G. Rossetti, Edgar Fawcett.

C.

The following names of novelists also deserve a place in our list: Edward Eggleston, Robert M. Bird, William Gilmore Simms, John E. Cooke, Charles F. Briggs, Susan and Anna Warner, Maria S. Cummins, "Grace Greenwood" (Sara J. Lippincott), "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. James Parton), G. P. Lathrop.

Among the most prominent of our later writers of fiction may be numbered: W. D. Howells, author of *Venetian Life*, *A Counterfeit Presentment*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *The Undiscovered Country*, *Dr. Breen's Practice*, and several other works; Julian Hawthorne, author of *Bressant*, *Garth*, and others; Henry James, Jr., author of *Roderick Hudson*, *The American*, *Confidence*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, and others; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of *The Gates Ajar*, *The Story of Avis*, *Friends: A Duet*, and others; Louisa M. Alcott, author of *Little Women* and other works; T. B. Aldrich, author of *The Queen of Sheba*, *The Stillwater Tragedy*, and others; J. G. Holland, author of *The Story of Sevenoaks*, *Miss Gilbert's Career*, *The Bay Path*, and several others.

A Fool's Errand, by Hon. A. W. Tourgee, published in 1879, is a most interesting and graphic portraiture of Southern society during the late reconstructive period. That it is a book of extraordinary power and interest is attested by the fact that no work since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has met with so extensive a sale. Other works by the same author are *Figs and Thistles*, a romance of the Western Reserve, and *Bricks Without Straw*, a novel.

D.

In this place, to supply what was confessedly an omission in our former list, we shall present both the real and the assumed names of the leading modern humorists of American literature: Seba Smith ("Major Jack Downing"), B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), George H. Derby ("John Phœnix"), Charles T. Browne ("Artemus Ward"), Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). To these the name of Charles Dudley Warner should be added as that of a humorist of a particularly delicate and genuine type

The writings of some of the above-named humorists warrant us in recalling the remark made on page 31 with reference to the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

E.

In 1872, Longfellow published a volume entitled *Three Books of Song*, which comprised a second day's instalment of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," the drama of "Judas Maccabæus" and "A Handful of Translations." This volume was followed the next year by *Aftermath*, a third day's gleaning of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and also by a third flight of "Birds of Passage." His next book appeared in 1875, and embraced *The Masque of Pandora*—its title-poem—"The Hanging of the Crane," "Morituri Salutamus," a poem commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825, his own graduating class in Bowdoin College, a fourth flight of "Birds of Passage" and a "A Book of Sonnets." *Kéramos*, Longfellow's next book, was issued in 1878, and, besides its title-poem, contains a fifth flight of "Birds of Passage," a second "Book of Sonnets," "Translations" of short poems from the classic Latin writers, and the rendering into English of "Seven Sonnets" from the Italian of Michael Angelo. Still another volume entitled *Ultima Thule*, appeared in 1880.

Like wine, Longfellow's poetic faculty seemed to ripen and improve with years. For its artistic perfection and Greek-like beauty of style, his *Masque of Pandora* deserves a place by the side of Goethe's "Iphigenia in Tauris;" the old-time melody and grace of diction, felicity of imagery, and wholesomeness of sentiment reappear in undiminished degree in that charming domestic epic "The Hanging of the Crane;" while, by virtue of its solemn, exalting thought and profound life-wisdom, his "Morituri Salutamus" must be regarded as the masterpiece of his poems of sentiment.

Perhaps the most universal and heartfelt sorrow that has ever been occasioned by the death of a poet was that experienced on the announcement that on the afternoon of March 24, 1882, Longfellow, after a few days' illness, had died.

Sweeter or more ennobling poetry than Longfellow's was never written; nor has it been, nor can it be, illustrated more fully by any than by his own beautiful life.

F.

Whittier published in 1872 a descriptive poem entitled *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*, which may best be characterized in the following words from his own pen: "I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colors of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible."

Hazel-Blossoms, issued in 1874, is a volume of short poems within which is included a handful of verses from the pen of his "beloved sister," Elizabeth H. Whittier. His remaining volumes are *The Vision of Echard and Other Poems*, published in 1878, and *The King's Missive and Other Poems*, in 1881. In perusing these later poems, and remarking, as one must, their fidelity to nature and to natural feelings, their charm of simple statement, their breadth and depth and height of manly, kindly, religious sentiment, one feels bound to confess that Whittier's lyre, like a well-kept and skilfully-handled violin, seems to yield a sweeter and fuller response to each last touch of the master.

G.

The "Breakfast-Table" series was completed in 1872 with the publication of *The Poet of the Breakfast-Table. The Guardian Angel*—a novel of which a London critic has said, "It is full of wit and wisdom and interest, and, indeed, of all those good qualities which most novels are without"—was issued in 1867. *John Lothrop Motley: A Memoir* and *The Iron Gate* (1881) complete the list of Holmes's writings.

H.

The following works will complete the list already given of Taylor's writings: *Californian Ballads and Poems; The Masque of the Gods* (1872), a dramatic poem; *Lars: A Pastoral of Norway* (1873); *The Prophet: A Tragedy* (1874); *Home Pastorals, Ballads and Odes* (1874); *The Echo Club and Other Literary Diversions* (1876); *The National Ode* (read at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876); and *Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama* (1878).

I.

Our list of essayists and critics ought also to include James T. Fields, John Fiske, G. W. Curtis, Richard Grant White, Noah Porter, Joseph Cook, J. F. Clarke, Edward E. Hale, Charles G. Leland, James Barton.

J.

Others of our caterers for juvenile literary appetites are Susan Coolidge, Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Diaz, Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Helen Jackson ("H. H."), Sarah O. Jewett, "Mark Twain."

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